

MUSINGS

by

GRN PODCASTS

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THERE ARE A FEW SIMPLE IDEAS, pertaining to the creative impetus, the experienced writer will have garnered, in beginning new work. There will, in general, have been a passage of time, since he or she previously left off

writing... during which he will have, perhaps, coached himself, on numerous occasions, towards beginning anew. But, for want of the most conducive conditions, he or she may have refrained, as beginning a new project, takes a certain resolve, and determination. For myself, it was only when my usual cognitive environs, and expectations, appeared to be so crossed, washed over, by the

towering waves, and surf, for long
enough, and I had been tossed
about, so helplessly enough...

before the inner gumption, towards
the empty page, began to build. As

I sit writing these words, the rip
current is such that, I feel as if I
simply must grasp the reins, so to
speak, and re take a measure of
control, over my expressive inner
being. When I can write, in an
ordered fashion, and think more

clearly upon the notebook, than in my mind, of itself, I'll throw off the fetters of my lower mind, and arise lucidly onto the lasting media... and then be secure, in at least these written language symbols upon this page. As the human mind is polarized, more some times, and less so others, the writer may find there to be semblances, of a conversation being passed around a table... first one perspective, then

another... or of a spinning color wheel, each color representing a different view, which, in turning, allows, then, a conversation to flow down the written page, each line of thought, within the previous... right down the page. As I have found, on many occasions, previously, it's the sense of helplessness and powerlessness, at some times... or when there are more questions than answers... when I will write. This

will simply be a grasping, of ones' stylus, and notebook... and peering within the space of an empty page (i.e. consulting the ancestors,) This form of questing, helps to illuminate the shadowy features perceived within, like a lamp within a darkened room. In beginning anew, again today, I am grasping around my mind, looking for cogent filaments of expression, in connecting, and harmonizing the

lights within... looking for meaning,
and symphony, within my otherwise
muddled mind. 'To me, the source
of new thinking... of new thought...
is elemental... of natural origins.'

One can begin in this fashion:

Postulating, or floating, an
hypothesis, or premise... or by the
using of an sort of broad brush
stroke... in the form of a question,
or querry... and then stepping away
from the note book, for an hour, or

two... just resting... and, try and trust that thought will be formed. With an question, or posit, like this, an kind of momentum will gather; this will later become a new paragraph, when you return, the next day. And in seeing this process, as a sort of conversation, or dialogue, you'll feel more continnuity, and connectedness, with past times... past writings. If new thought, is seen as component

unto the turning expanding
universe, isn't it then, the ethereal,
human planes' attempts to describe,
or elucidate, the always changing
shadowy, hidden subconscious and
unconscious wheels of heaven and
earth, which point toward the
figmentary trends, and signs, of
things yet to be, within that same
ethereal human perspective? A
question: Is the human
perspective, anything less than the

heart of the universe? As I can
easily see, from here, the
summertime green fields, and
trees.... dripping with verdant
foliage, do not appear, so much the
core, or heart of the universe... but
more, some of the creatures, and
life, which one indeed does find, in
this most habitable corner of the
universe. The time, nor place isn't
so important, here.... trees, clover
flowers, and heather grow as well

here, as anywhere... birds, rabbits,
armidillo, opossum, and skunks...
as well as arthropods... insects,
arachnids... and lizards, and
amphibians, find I think, that the
present time, and climate, right
here, is just about as fine, to live,
and flourish within, as any... neither
antiquity, nor modernity has any
special claim on this life. And, so
we can easily see. A question, or
hypothesis, isnt an ending... its a

place to start. Subtractively
working back from, a posit, and
arriving at a well reasoned insight, I
might speculate, is the benefit of
our thinking, human minds, and
consciousnesses, over time... which
can easily make room for a poetic,
iddy oh sin cratic, or anachronistic
posit, or hypothesizing, when the
end results, are satisfactory, or
stimulating discourse is given.
To peer, into the silvery, almost

slick, aetherial matrix around ones'
self... a writer uses stylus, and
notebook, in flowing fashion, onto
the page. Upon placing some initial
language symbols, upon his or her
media, an hope is born... as one can
easily reflect, and recall, many,
many previous sessions... starting
out, when there immediately is,
leaping forth, an great relief, and
excitement, in seeing the dark,
narrow, thicket of briars around

oneself, opening up into much easier walking. The intellectual venue, so to speak, then changes, and makes the leap, from the tired, sore middle of the head, to a relationship, growing ever more balanced, in time... between writers' mind, and eye... to his or her hand, holding the ball point pen, in writing, and onto the page. So, the hope of finding balance anew, is renewed... rekindled... any time one

starts out, to write, again.

What is found herein? Stirring notions, around the 'art of writing' itself, (especially as it pertains, unto the revealing, and illumining, of the human heart, and soul.) As we, as people, inhabit an constantly changing, flowing, morphing world, the human mind can be seen to have unknown, unconscious realms, as pertains to the individual, as well as an emergent, interior, subconscious

field of view, of factors, which are only partly visible... only gradually coming into view, or which are just worries, or doubts, around probabilities, and liklihoods... superstitions, or tales. And thirdly, the mind entertains, and entrains the visible conscious plane... the observable qualities around the quantifiable dense physical world around himself, and the real world of physiological causes, and effects,

within self. As I find congruence,
between this present writing, and
previous trys... a good
understanding forms, and one can
use the constants... the templates
and patterns of the past, to guide
the new. This can easily become...
as one finds inner guidance... the
scaffolding, which begins and
supports new work. In the past, I
would brainstorm... using pre
intuition... using only the higher

inspiration... this was the thrill, of
raw talent... I didn't always
understand much of its origins...
but, simply and without conscious
precedent... attuning unto classical,
time worn patterns, as if by
downlinking, from above. This,
indeed, became its own structural
designs, which were all new to
myself... but through perspective,
and time, I can see, this sort of
thing is of sound design, or not.

The feeling of rightness must be present... and must tend to build... and build a cohesiveness. The biggest hinderances, unto writers of my ilk, I think, is the kind of jumbled, disordered natures, in which new thought appears to be given... a muddle of run-on sentences, and ommitted punctuation. You'll find, however, how through repeated re reads, one can gradually work the flaws out of

a piece of writing... allowing this
gradual clarifying, to bring the
piece through the shadow lands of
mediocrity... unto a more
perfected quality. The definite
problem with nature, of herself... is
the tendency of such designs, to
quickly decay, and decline, into
confusion, and transience. The
human is guided from above, and
must abandon ambiguity, for the
definite lands of classic design. To

use only strong, recognisable
motifs, in the written sense,
requires many re reads, gradually
distilling only the essential
thoughts, and forms, of the day.

So, this is the idea.

~

Peering within, the spaces of my
empty page, today, I can see the
timely qualities of my written

words, now, more than before.

The words, and expressions, I'm able to put onto the page, tonight, will have lasting permanance... a

quality, which , in times of transition... or change, of any sort... is a necessary and intrinsic part, of any real sense of security, in the present. During times of

uncertainty, the most reassuring metaphor, I've seen used, is in how, when the waters of the intellectual

pond are murky, and opaque, the main, and most important thing to remember, is that as time passes, the waters will grow more clear, as the muddy sediment and particulate matter, sinks to the bottom. The main ingredient in this transition, is passage of time. So, see? As ones' responsibilities are attended to... and solved... and good work is accomplished, time will have passed, and more information will

be gained, and uncertainty thereby dispelled. This is the way, any collective or group progresses into the future... this is the way, also, in which individuals arise, from out of dark unknowns and superstitions, into real insights, and greater light coverage, and perception. In knowing how, cause effect relationships can bring real and actual changes in life, and how there are always an infinite number

of paths, one may take from any given point, into the future, so we learn to think properly. (You might, on occasion, rise into a leadership role, if only in order, to point out the hidden truth of a thing, as in producing a new work of literature... you see.) Perceptions, are really infinite... we will believe only what we wish to believe. Ones' assumptions, and beliefs... are they based in reality, or self

delusion? Are we merely telling
ourselves what we wish to hear?
I've long since believed, how Gods'
best wishes for ourselves include,
keeping us informed, as to the
infinite variety of paths, one may
take, from any given point, into the
future. From my earliest schooling,
I've believed this truism. So, in
approaching your unique past
present future matrix, or field, upon
the lasting media afore yourself,

ask yourself questions like, "So,
I've got at least three distinct
planes, or realms of phenomena, in
my day to day living... can I remain
aware, of all three... while getting
in step with the most classically
styled artistry... while attuning
unto, or with classic forms, and
patterns?" This will keep ones' feet
stepping in the most advanced and
enlightened pathways... nothing
else will suffice. The finding of

good, stable footing, is not hard, to do... as we remain most aware, and conscious of present appearances, and unfolding appearances.

At any rate, as one looks to the future, he or she should keep his gaze on the mountain valley in the distance... this will always keep ones' path straight, no matter, how the figments of mind, and consciousness try to cloud the way. You will have seen, how, the more

one obsesses over a thing... the worse, then such thing begins to appear. So, always, remember... look both within, and without... keeping ideals sound. With high ideals, as to ones' intentions, and desired outcomes, there won't be much to pull one to the right or left.

So see? The philosophy, of idealism, can improve the haphazard ways of youth... who lack unifying vision,... unique to

himself, or herself... and simply
will be questing... searching...
trying to forge, an workable art
form. For an youth, like I was,
there were just so many dead end
alley-ways.... as I kept repeating
my same mistakes... self medicating
was creating more problems, than it
was solving... the yearning need, to
make inner contact, was fierce, as
life invisibly rushed around myself.

Part of me knew, of the

intelligences, and powers which were crashing, and colliding all around myself, so I stubbornly continued with the pills and potions, I kept putting in my body... when I finally did give those things up... spirit consciousness was finally able to enter my mind, and this was crucial. Connecting with the worlds of intelligence within ones' own self, is the first step, unto entering consciously, into lasting

relationship with the encompassing
worlds of life and motion, all
around oneself... yet, the young
reader, may not as yet see, and
perceive. But when the right time
comes, and there aren't pressing
mental chemistry issues, such as
substance abuse, he or she will
reach in... unto your soul... and
you'll begin to see spirit, and know
spirit. So, this manner of the
discernment, of the all around best

past present future outlooks, even if
this speaks, of the stepping from
blind ignorance, into spiritual
consciousness, can really prove so
liberating... and fulfilling... as your
finished chapters, onto the page,
increase.

~

In settling in, tonight, and peering
into the spaces of my empty

journal... I'm relieved at the
courage, and willpower, which
brings these words unto my surface.

As I have seen recently, it's the
sense of helplessness, and
powerlessness, which can most
significantly produce good writing.

Writing, is a form of discerning...
it's also a fancy mix of intuition,
and dance, which together, manage
to partner, in an often chaotic
manner, in bringing original

thoughts out, and, crucially, getting them onto the page. I've taken three years to rest, from writing, following an illness. As I'm finding these words to be definite, and strong, in arising from my soul, outward through my hand and pen, onto the page... I'm definitely happy to be brainstorming, in the way I had previously done for years... this whole mind sort of composition style, losing track of time... my

hand frantically writing, to capture
the words flowing from within my
solar plexus... this is a place, of
pure energetic soul working... I feel
completely in my own element...
the complete sense of at one ment...
all of me, is writing... my
function... for time immemorial. At
any rate, time has been passing
quickly, in my life. It's now the
first of March, and our thoughts are
awaiting the warmth of Spring. It's

just not here today. Cold gray rain
is drizzling down onto the already
saturated ground, outside. My hope
is that there will be some clearing
after lunch, and we'll have abundant
sunshine this afternoon... clouds
returning after dark... we'll see.
The music in my ears sounds fine,
this morning. The my grain I've
had for weeks has lifted... this
morning my head is clear, so only a
little worse for wear and tear, we've

only to begin... for troubles will
work themselves out.

I had forgotten, now that I think
about it, the chaos, of creating new
writing. One is in new territory,
when he or she gets body, mind,
and spirit in on the writing process.
It's the Ah ha type of recollection...
'Oh yeah, this is why I wanted to be
a writer, in the first place...' each
article, or essay, is a brainstorm of
whole body proportions ... a neural

whirlwind... ones' whole world, of
thought expressions, grasps the
stylus... light as air, and it moves
rapidly down the page... an
unfolding simulcron of language...
each paragraph, sentence, language
expression, nestled snugly within
the previous. Layers of the onion,
peel away... to reveal the form
within the form... the writing within
the page. The reader, will likely
remember this from earlier writings

of myself. I wrote, nearly non stop,
for twenty years, before taking a
three year sabbatical. Getting my
wheels turning again was part of
my New Years resolutions. At any
rate, it's all coming back to me
now... the chaos, especially of
youth... the wild, untamed ways my
daily waking consciousness keeps
me on my toes, until I'm ready to
write again. It's quite a rush...
living closely with and amongst

others, as I do, keeps me reminded,
of the awesomeness of this present
time... and of the presence, and
absolute qualities of God. There's
no fudging, in an environment with
other upright people.... but then,
again, there's always fudging, in
enscribing on lasting media... at
least, there does seem to be a kind
of blurriness, which enters the
artists' consciousness... any time
you're working in lasting media...

Ever since early stone carving, and
painting on cavern walls, people
having artistic aspirations have
entered, timidly at first, into the
sort of Zen psychosis of the
shamanic soul traveller...

transcribing, in his or her turn, the
visions... of interaction within the
field of all time... onto still more
cavern walls, and carved dolmen,
and monolith, and tablet.

Interacting... across still more vast

time space, as these crude works
become digitized... and into the
future. All of this is such a grand
cacophany... writers and musicians,
poets and painters tapping into this
saga... and the vast cosmic dialogue
moves along, into the future.

The art of writing, is a subject I've
long been drawn to, and fascinated
by, and sought to learn, and teach
others my findings. As I have been
upon this study, I've come, also, to

perceive how, simply, in putting thoughts onto paper, in this process, we have discernment... as we peer into our own past present future field, or ground, we indeed are solving, upon ranges of questions, and problems... in and around ones' own particular well being...and that of his or her world. There are just so many interesting varieties, of litmus, and weather vane which arise, as we begin consulting our

higher mind... our higher intelligence. Right now, I'm very conscious of the downward, frictional weight and pressing of the encompassing cultural atmosphere, biosphere, and beingness. Our weather last night, early this morning, was deadly... 100 miles or so from here, more than two dozen people lost their lives. It was a monster twister, which left splintered debris and

remains behind it. This is always a hard pill to swallow, for in disasters like this, there's only one thing which can mend trauma and heartache... and that's passage of time. It was the same for me, back in 2011, when my town was hit, and many people died. My pain was enormous, as I felt nature had turned her back... this made me paranoid, about any weather disturbance, for years to come...

and I came out of it in complete
awe of natural forces... which I now
see as sometimes animate forces,
which intentionally hurt people.

But, then I think... Gods' over
everything... it's just that the air is
itself thought of as the devils'
realm... a land where primal
energies vie for dominance, like
monstrous dragons, the mythical
beasts who think they have to tear
up a whole village to prove their

might. At any rate, I've dealt with bad weather before. Maybe it's in the way our psychic pre science tends to pile up, ahead of natural disasters... this, then, can become a sort of mind spring, or writing spell... when one thinks, he or she is the genius... but, in truth, you're only the pawn... for you're only met by cruel blind fate, for your efforts.

At any rate, some writing is like this. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

WHEN ONE WISHES TO LOOK,
beneath the surfaces, of this present
day and time... to dig down into the
now... you can try some writing.

Upon considering, ones full
picture... the breadth, and scope, of
ones moment... there are many,
many angles, and slants, onto

things... one wishes, to both
'illumine the shadows,' to dispell
the fears, and uncertainty of this
present time, and kind of, tap into
the mystery, and excitement, of new
developments. On the one hand,
there doesn't seem to be any relief,
from the bad news. But, on the
other, the main, important thing I've
learned, from living in an
constantly changing world, like this
present one, is that 'all things must

pass.' Problems... woe, and
trouble... it's only temporary. It
doesn't matter the problem... the
human spirit, in time, will prevail.
It's really, important, I think, that
we see, and perceive, in the right
manner... and avoid getting
swamped in gloomy, depressive
thinking. You see, the devil loves
deceiving people, pulling, into thinking all
is lost... for, when our manner of
thinking, and feeling is wrong... our

perceptions will constantly trip us up... we'll mis interpret everything we see in the world, to match our belief, that 'its the end of the world.' And this is really the biggest loss. For, when people lose hope, and belief, in the intactness of the time, they'll give up, and this is how suicide happens. Finding answers, for yourself, can require, for instance, thinking poetically. In other words, within the magical

dances, of the writer, are certain methodology, for, so to speak, tossing the cards up into the air, and letting them fall randomly across the table top. This invariably produces new combinations, and mixtures, of ideas, and stimulates new thinking. As we walk, along a steep, rocky path... in the cold, rainy drizzle... we must understand... this is a light burden, indeed. Certainly no heavier, than

was the Savior's burden, carrying the cross, so long ago. It's this way of thinking, which points out, the reverse side of the coin, which can really be of assistance. There are so many, ways of seeing. Another:

All of time, is one ceaseless, changing, morphing whole... within which all space is unified, and connected. The only thing which ever changes, is the point at which the Great Wheel contacts the

surface of our Planet Earth...
whether past, present, or future.
The operating crew remains a
constant. We ourselves, are the
ones we most definitely need... for
it is just us, which are indeed
living, in this very moment... no
one else. As in earlier writing of
mine, it's clear, that coming to
terms with certain stories we read
in the news, in this world we
inhabit... can require coming to

terms, and seeing past, human frailty, and mortality. All whom have lived 'neath the sky, have in turn grown old and returned unto spirit. No exceptions. This birth life decay death process, is and has always been the same. All meet, and pass final decay, and ascend, into who knows when, who knows where, who knows what. We only find out, for certain, when we get there. This isn't a bad thing, at all.

This, to me, is pure excitement. To join the others, seems to be the idea, part of the master plan... but only in time... and not one minute before. Well, in peering within these words, within this notebook page... I can definitely recollect, many times previously... when writing, or playing piano, or sketching, was the main life line unto sanity, for myself. And, in this recollection, is also, the notion, of

how 'one is much more, than ones'
transient emotions, and physical
distress... and this constant, or
eternal self is precisely the one who
writes, or paints, or sketches... your
words appear equally strong, and
cognizant, and sensible, no matter
how the wends of phenomena, and
distortion seem to alter ones
feelings... ones voice, remains a
constant. This is how one is able to
produce such lucid thought, without

seeming to try, too hard. One
merely has but to generate forward
momentum, and the mind begins
interacting, in the whole mind
sense... one is truly at ease, within
the Milky Way Galaxy, and there is
no separation, self from ones'
higher mind, and thinking. At any
rate, I've been thinking these things,
ahead of myself... for my
perspective is directly connected
unto much broader intelligences...

which simply eclipse my mortal
dimensions. You'll notice
similarities between this writing,
and earlier writing... and this is
only natural. I've thought like this
many times before. Anyways, all
for now, have a nice week.

~

In sitting down, to try and write,
tonight, I'm impressed, with this

writers mind. When people sit
down, and ask themselves 'why?'
well, the writer, or artist, or
musician, is often consulted,
because music accompanies our
meditation... the term meditation, to
myself, is very similar, in origin, to
our other term, mediation. You see,
the artist mediates the conversation,
between man and God. One
mediates, also, as a sort of
balancing, of one with the other...

the purpose of meditation, often, is to restore sense of wholeness... to ease away, the angularities of our pre science. Pre science, is an ordinary part of culture. For myself, such is experienced, in the third eye... as a tactile sensation, like an impingement, or, a throbbing, a difference, like a boundary point, around which is a knot, or twist, of mind brain fabric. This usually means, to myself, that,

readers or listeners, are into,
something... or, someones' thinking
about me... or something
unexpected, like a visit, or a trip, or
in receiving unexpected, or bad
news. See? So pre science doesn't
always signal seismic upheaval...
but our human culture, always lets
us know, in some way, when
something, is amiss, or seems yet to
appear. At any rate, such psychic
unfold ments are very normal, and

enter the life of some young people,
around the time of coming of age...
in the form of strange headaches,
which often lead unto
misunderstanding, or confusion, as
the person, goes through a hypo
chondriac time. When I first
encountered these pains, I knew
only, that un fold ing was upon me.

I thought, I could 'break on
through,' within a sort of 'winding
path,' which I misunderstood, and

sought for years, to keep pushing
against, or to grasp, and change it...
only with perspective, I understand
more, about complicated systems,
of dynamical balancing, and
especially, I've been shown to really
refine, the waking conscious focus,
and develop, thorough experience,
understanding of, not just one
thousand masks, of God, but
infinite number. With extensive
experience, being walked through

the mind brain relationships, along
the paths, as led... you'll eventually
find your 'second wend,' your sea...

your shore, and your sky. These
three categories, form the
foundational basics for sound
thinking. At least that's what my
guides, have developed in me. At
any rate, here I find myself, having
'figured out' a mind brain
difference, by getting myself unto
the word processor, and writing.

You see? Which was born first, then, the mental effects, or the finished writing? Well, I think it varies, from instance to instance.

For instance, I can see, now, someone in my community, or at least inkling of, someone, 'had me by my tail,' so to speak... was chewing on my ear. (You might not understand this manner of speaking, but with time, and experience, you'll remember this writing, and

perhaps, a key will have arrived at
its home. You'll then find
understanding.) Personal growth,
meaning, or change, only happens
in due time... taking each lesson,
each test, and through searching, of
the soul. Simply through, saving
anything creative, you do... or
make... you'll learn to read, your
own signs... maybe soon, you'll find
your inner guide... your still small
voice. The Hopi indian tribe, tell us

of 'Grandmother Spider,' whom sits
upon the shoulder of the traveller,
and alerts him or her as to the right
path. You won't believe how such a
thing could be, such will be your
surprise, though, and your delight.
Anyways, all for now, and have a
nice weekend.

~

AS I SIT DOWN, AGAIN TO

WRITE, TONIGHT, I am conscious
of the dimensions of my own being.

If I were working, my arts and
writing, for a boss... or to earn a
salary, I would feel no more given,
to beginning again, than I do at the
present time. One, indeed, is
conscious of his own existence...

his or her life, and vitality...
especially, as contrasted with the
empty space, the air around ones'
self. I've felt this way, before... as

if floating, within an void, of sorts,
of non being... only, now, having
feet planted so much more so, upon
the ground. This is my belief, and,
although there aren't any
guarantees, in the path I've been
given, one will at least have
insightful, meaningful writing,
upon the lasting media, and will
therefore have the beginnings, and
hopefully, the successful
continuation, of a more or less well

developed pathway of enscribing,
upon that media. So, see? The
work we're able to do for ourselves,
in the present, has lasting, and
timely benefits, into the future...
such will go along, with yourself,
into the future, providing rest, and
comfort... no matter how the wends,
of happenstance, or fate, may blow.

As I think, so my writers' path
comes to be. This requires, placing
a few starting, or opening ideas,

onto the blank media. You'll see,
then, how by returning to these
crude beginnings, over time, an sort
of momentum will begin to form, ...
a forward progression, of ideas,
onto your notebook. This current,
or flowing simulcron, can then be
directed, and channeled, through
ones' hand eye mind faculty, into an
eventual new chapter, onto the
page. This can only happen, in
time, and across time. This, I think,

is the unique perspective afforded,
to the writer, or artisan... having
digits... tools... having a mind of
ones' own, is and should be cachet,
and keys, unto station, and good
standing... within any given
tomorrow. When I take my time,
and ease into a new chapter only
gradually... the work, incrementally,
is seen so much better... you'll
appreciate the results so much
more, than if you just threw ideas

together. Why finish a new chapter,
or book in only a week... when you
could just as easily, have used a
month, or more? To take nature, by
the hand, and lead her unto a
finished project... this builds faith,
and trust in ones' way... where
previously, there might have been
discord, or disagreement. The
writer, uses stylus and notebook, to
guide and entrain the crude,
amorphous stone, into an sculptural

form of rare beauty. The nature,
wants to please the artist.... the
artist just guides, and directs. As
we journey, through our lives'
paths, there comes a point of
awakening, unto the aetherial plane,
and this awareness ebbs, and flows,
across time. For myself, It's those
times when the breath, of life,
within my soul appears to await, the
sculptors' or potters' hands... to give
it lasting form... when writing

appears so accessible, when I
return, to the page, again and
again... splashing, as if in and
around an artesian well, letting it
boil, and uplift myself, into
forms, and flows of lasting beauty.
People with an direct sense of this
wonder... an connection unto the
deveachaic plane, which inspires
and allows its own expression, will
be those whom write often, and
prolifically. As I find this place,

within my own life line, I
experience the full measure, of the
souls' potentials. This is something
not to be missed. At any rate, I find
myself here, now, upon this spring
day... peering into my heart and
souls' consciousness, in writing
upon this notebook. We here have
had a very soggy winter. We most
definitely appreciate the sunlight,
and pleasant temperatures, this
week. Nature is smiling, and we

are beginning to smile as well. As
years come and go... seasons,
tidings, and trends, are seen to be as
varied and numerous as the
attitudes, arts, and the stylings, and
fashions, of our culture. There will
be times remembered, and others
less remembered. The young
people, experiencing a major
culture change type event, for the
first time, will thereafter be the
vessels, which transmit, and convey

the actual depth of the crisis, unto future generations. Having 'head in the clouds,' I think is partly the result of growing into ones' silver years... ones' defenses, are such that, painful times, become forgotten, and given unto forgetfulness. But the youth, will be learning first hand, the strategies to deal with, and mitigate, such stressful, trying experiential times, as these of our present are. They

will become the bearers, of the
wisdoms, which come of a time.
The adult world view, is difficult
for the young mind to fathom. As
has been mentioned previously,
grown people live in a surreal sort
of landscape of past times, a
jumble, of sorts, of symbols and
meanings... morphing and meshing
amongst one another. This is the
spatio spiritual consciousness,
which so much, animates adult life.

When everyone is participating in the mind field at hand... sharing consciousness, is a given, and hence, many shared ideas. In this writing, I present a sketchy view, at times, of grown up consciousness. But, I think the reader will agree, most of this material makes sense... seen in one manner or another. So, I believe, my writing can usually reach a soul, and form understanding. It's this which

keeps me going. At any rate, you
can see my feelings. Well, this
afternoons' sunshine was hot, and
warmed everything up. As I sit out
underneath this tree, at dusky time
of day, I notice, its leaves, are
droopy, wilted from the days' sun. I
wonder, do trees sleep, at night?
They must, for all of the plants
seem eager for the mornings' light...
just needed a nights rest. I feel a
little tired at evening time myself.

~

'A difficult time, is a blessing. And
so is getting it behind you.'

This little saying is un deniably
useful, in seeing how we don't want
to let the adversities of living
define our lives, nor dictate us. But
the real wisdom comes in seeing
how, the world, and its troubles,

isn't always a very pleasant thing to think about... but the real priceless thing, will be the teen age child's artistic expression, which accidentally came true, and then, he needed counselling. It wasn't his painting, which was bad... it was the world! Well, anyways, I hope the reader can see, now, how while the Christian views of my upbringing shaped so many of my personal qualities, there came a

time, when I lost sight of the meanings, and purpose, of the Old Testament, as well as the New Testament. I was in pursuit, of something mysterious, following the 'call of the wild,' and, while I didn't know, exactly what it would be, I indeed found myself most drawn unto Eastern Mysticism, especially the Tao Teh Ching, by Lao Tzu, which I felt welcomed my study, and began working its unique

poetic wisdom, into my reading life. I was twenty or twenty-one years old, and I couldn't get enough of its many truths. This study sustained myself, throughout the ten or so years, following my high school graduation... there's no easy way to put it... an inconvenient truth... yet, orientalism sustained me through dark years. There came a time, however, when I became acquainted with the Christian death

and resurrection mysteries... I then took from this experience, a more personal connection, unto the New Testament, especially, as it teaches of the fullness of living, within the Saviors' resurrected ministry... So, the Christian Mysteries, again took residence, in my heart. Only now, I found that the way closest unto my heart was, and still is Theosophy...

with its impartial surveys of the teachings of the Orient... within an

Christian framework... as it were,
its de mist ee fying, of the
teachings, of the East, for the
Western student. This was, and still
is, the place I approach the Deity
from within. At any rate, you can
see my thoughts upon this.

~

When one wants to get thoughts flowing... but he or she lacks clear notion as to specifically where to start... in writing his mind... then he can just kind of put a few bold brush strokes onto the page. For instance, starting out with an premise, or thesis, such as "Writing, when done well, and with attendance unto the subtlest of impulses, and flows, is in essence, an getting in step with ones' higher

mind, and higher consciousness."

For, this will generally be a true statement, which can then be expanded upon, or worked back from, subtractively. Just starting out with this sort of bold brush stroke, seeming to distill, the leading edge of the collective moment, into an written expression... this allows further thoughts to form... as repeated re reads, will usually build a

momentum, of thinking, onto the page. Then, the hardest part will be behind yourself. After time has passed, and real unity, and concert has been restored, you will then see these crude beginnings, for the good sense which they are. But the tendency, is always, to pre judge new writing... as a broken development, of a broken time... inherently wrong. But, there is nothing wrong, with your thinking.

The trick, to re starting a writing path, is to get past the pre judging, by just ignoring it. Continue putting thoughts onto your pages... and continue some more. With an sort of amplification of the center, of ones' conscious choosing, and willpower, through such sacrament as coffee, or black tea, your words will come much easier, onto the page. You'll just need to suspend, your dis belief, in the intactness, of

your thinking.

~

When I was about nineteen years old, I began having strange headaches, and was confused by this phenomenon, not seeing the immediate cause effect relationships, present within the doing of higher order artistic

expression, upon lasting media, in light of future seismic anomalies, in a very general sense. (Today I have definitely come to see that, seismic events can occur within any department, of human experience... not just geological.) But at the time, I was just so bewildered by the aching, and pine ing, around my conscious thinking center... I obsessed over the phenomena I was encountering, without making the

crucial connections, as to the source
causal factors. So, due to this
confusion, I dropped out of my
sophomore year of college, and
moved back to the city where I
knew friends would help me re
establish myself... I knew I could
solve the mental problems, given
sufficient time... so I found a room
mate, and got a job. I was twenty
one, my room mate was ten years
older. We had conversations,

around the coffee pot... but I shy ed
away from his world, and puzzled
endlessly over my headaches. I
began self medicating, drinking the
only thing, that I felt would nix
these effects... cough syrup. I
plunged deeply into addiction,
while keeping up my job, and
sketching artistically in my spare
time. When this arrangement
finally did fall through, I moved
back to my home town... still no

wiser, as to the causes of my suffering. It was during this time period, that I first became acquainted with what the inner realms could do, and be... and was eventually allowed into the full blessings of the spirit consciousness, which still fairly sustains my life... so, and this spatio spiritual consciousness, as it might be called... enlivens, and rejuvenates each new day... my

ways are guided and blessed from
on high. The key, unto this
ascension, really, was getting off of
the pills and potions... and just
taking life one day at a time... the
spirit world, in her many guy says,
entered my life, only when I
cleaned up my act... in my parents
eyesight. Without this concerted
settling, of my ways, into a
practical, and sober home life... at
least for a time... my ways would

have remained in the dark. If you have ever wondered, how such a small change, can make such a big difference, in ones' life... you'll find this truism best exemplified, when you really come to see, the ways of how, people need people. Through the simple shift into communal living, then the spirit consciousness, when it develops, can seamlessly inter weave your self, and your lifes' ways, into a

larger group... where good will, and piety, really can last for ever... from a general standpoint. The trick, really was in the enlightenment... as to the presences of the higher dimensional beings, around my existential self... which, was a shift, I had to find, on my own... or be shown... in the privacy of my own residence... in solitude. And I'm just fortunate, that I had the good sense, to leave off with the cough

syrup, and alcohol, and the other
inebriants... long enough for the
spirit to work her truths, and reveal
her true self unto me. Anyways,
these are a few thoughts this good
morning. You'll come to perceive
your own truths... when in decency,
and modesty, you approach sober
living. You'll find time for your
solitary enlightenment... but you'll
just want to join into real living, by
remembering, then to get yourself

around other flesh and blood
humans. This will be the only way,
to keep from getting wiped out, by
the cruel wends of the spirit...
which can invariably torment
solitary types... unto the point of
self injury. So, but finding a ready
made communal living
arrangement, is far easier said than
done. For myself, the strict
tendency, was to isolate myself,
within my own thoughts and letters,

and music. I seriously thought I could make it alone. I failed, and then wanted to be given another chance, at solitude, and soon enough failed again. After this second self injury, I got into group home living, and have remained here, ever since. So, you see, communal living, may not come naturally, for yourself... or if it does, your desire to be by yourself, may be greater, and so you'll go it

alone. But, after sufficient
experience in solitary living... after
serious failure, at this way... you'll
eventually, by default, stay closely
within a group... and you wont
depart from this way.

~

To know of what can be found, by
peering inwardly, upon the blank
page, you can just start with the

first thoughts that come to mind.
Whom is she or he, who thinks this
thought? An creative impetus, is
something very precious, indeed.
Most people struggle through their
entire lives, without finding this
most cherished of gifts. The
loneliness faced by many in the land,
is immense. But, "If desire is
strong, and persistent, and many,
many attempts at original writing,
are made... many failures and

disappointments... you can eventually effect a guide, or teacher into your life." The power of family bonds, is immense... so, for myself, the finding of guidance, from within my own family tree, came naturally, unto me. But the desire had to be present... and be persistent. This should be seen. When original thinking, begins to arise, you'll know it. You'll then seek to re create this effect time and

again. And, then, when the
'mysterious feminine,' introduces
herself unto you, as I have spoken
of... the spiritual awakening you
will have longed for, will begin to
transform your entire being. The
arts, and crafts, at this level, then,
will, once you familiarize yourself
with this land, (which might take
five or ten years, of real cognitive
experience,) be the full fledged
artistic expression, for which you

so desire. At any rate, this, then, is my own artistic impetus, unto the young writer... sponsoring him or her toward stream of consciousness type writing. You just don't know, what you might find... so don't be afraid to try. The most important part, of my childhood development years, was the parental artistic role modeling, which allowed, and sponsored my own young mind into a creative path... just for me.

Having my own art desk, or writing desk, was something my Dad made sure I experienced. So, you can see, I owe unto him so much of my regards. At any rate, we here are experiencing hazy, bright skies... the cloud layer, is expected to bring thunder storms later tonight, and into tomorrow. But by the next day, we'll hopefully find more good sunshine. But, this will warm the temperatures up, significantly. So,

the hazy skies, today, are fairly nice. If you pay attention unto the evening news, lately, you notice... these are dark times indeed... what with a rampant virus creating so much loss. So, this gentle time, within my soul, at this foster home, this morning, is much appreciated.

We take for granted, our amenities... the utilities are all paid, and our bellies stay full of nutritious food from week to

week... we are so blessed. So,
giving back, through way of
writing, or music, comes fairly
easily... and now anyone can find
the abundant over flow... the
abundant blessings... given freely to
all who desire. Well, anyway,
hopefully the reader or listener, can
find benefit through these things... I
try to make these things, as a radio
station might... quality listening,
whether only ten people are

listening, or ten thousand... the
quality stays strong. Anyways, just
some thoughts.

~

To write, in an state of receptivity,
with the aim of getting oneself in
step, with ones higher mind, and
consciousness...

one might start out with the stylus,
and notebook... but, as she is fickle,

you realize that your heart isn't in
it... and this would only bring
disgrace... but, this is an normal
kind of false start. To recover, from
this, one might write, like this
paragraph, I am writing now.
Certain strategies, would be against
the grain... against the Flow, so to
speak... and so this must be
avoided. But, as one grows, in
understanding, and appreciation,
you'll see... the whisperers, in the

night, always prefer the dusky
hours... the solitary presence, in the
garden... only when, no one else is
there... that one becomes the
medium, of fairies. My
awakening, was so elusive, so
vainly sought for, for so long... I
thought I must die... before being
shown Truth. But, there did come,
the solitary time, in the garden...
the whisperers did enter, into my
conscious sphere, and I began to

see... the formless form... the smile,
upon the void... the energetic flow,
where there was only stasis. If one
thinks about, the key junctures of a
life... then this was one of them... in

effect, an re uniting, with ones'
spiritual familiars, an re union, for
want of better term, with those so
long forgotten. This was no small
dizzy spell... I spent the better part
of the winter, that year, in the grips,
of that heavenly throng. I felt, as if

the great soul of the Earth, herself,
rose within my mind, and
enthralled... consumed, my
awareness... months passed; very
little sleep. I found myself taking
sustenance from the sunlight
itself... solely, the source of my
nurturance. This was so much
more, than a month of fasting... this
was a direct connection, with the
core of the planetary mysteries... an
surging spiritual energy source...

held me in its captivity, for so long... I merged with, this unified consciousness, which I felt must be the soul of the Galaxy. The experience, ended, at last, but its ghosts remained... my soul, had become intertwined, at its root, with the twisted briars, in an grip of unspeakable fastness, with the great Gaia. There I was to remain, for seven years... practically flailing helplessly, as the planet churned, in

its machinations... and, right up
unto the Turning of the Ages, I was
held within the vise grip. Then...
just as quietly, and silently as it had
began, the experience ended. I was
left terrified of those on all sides...
in fear, that its great writhing pain
would return... and only over a year
or more, gradually grew
accustomed to the peaceful state...
and, with an whole new conception
of suffering... and time, so

painstakingly etched upon my heart, poured out, in chapter after chapter... music began arriving, and

I hungrily sought to record and document it's every nuance. So I became a prolific artist, without a whimper, of regret, or loss... for I found that I was at my very best, when I was busiest... in the thrall, of the vision, of new creation.

Over and over, I re invented myself... through evolving time

space... and in an contemporary
present, which threatened real inner
war, and conflict, almost every
day... a world torn, near and far.
But the peaceful center, established
within my soul, endured the bite ing
wends, for decade after decade...
and left a musical and literary
legacy, of rich variety, and fullness
of expression. So, thanks, unto the
familiar, which brought this essay
unto myself... as well, her purposes,

rightly honored. Anyways, all for now, and have a good new week.

~

As I look, within, to restore
balance, unto my mind and
consciousness, I remember the
vision, of dancing... the tacit
concession, unto the conception...
which allows entrance, into bliss.

As pain arises, he must be met, with
the hypnotizing gentle swaying
rhythms, which do turn his anger
aside, and send him back unto his
lair, awaged, of all distress. Oh,
why do the clocks' ticking
resentments still be numb my
sensitivities? Am I so sore, and
mad, at Nature, that I must count
his every machination? I have to
pray for the lowly one, who lacking
in the bliss, and contentment... so

lacking... is torn, in the shearing
wends of times' throws of doom...
his hulking form entangling with
her shivering discomfiture... her
groaning frame, twisting, from the
strain... in the obscurity of
ignorances' darknesses. You can
easily see, the worlds of difficulty,
which leap to mind, as one thinks
of the troubles of the present
month, and year. May Gods'
mercies, remain, with the stricken...

and the poet, continue to dream, of
lightness, and loveliness... for these,
it is said, are seen to better endure,
the march of centuries, afore the
eyes of our conscience. At any
rate, life sometimes has us to dig
deeply into the muddle, as we
appear to me and back unto well
being, and wholeness. I bring
this writing unto a close. Stay well,

Greg

~

As I sit, to conjure a few new ideas,
onto this notebook page, this
morning, I'm reminded of how,
'There's nothing new under the sun,'
is, indeed no trite expression. But
with a good breath in my lungs,
now, It might as well be said, that,
as we begin the slow descent, into
Autumn, this year... I can easily
awaken my senses, now, unto the

summers' great, over flowing
abundance, this present largesse,
and excess, of expression... seen on
the one hand, is noisy... a clattering,
chattering, singing outward, of
ones' soul... while, on the other
hand, is an ideal state, for writing...
for sorting through, the recent days,
and weeks, and months, and making
sense, out of the clammor, and
cacophony. When one wishes to
know more about the present day,

and time, than can be seen, from
surface appearances... he or she can
easily return, with ball point, unto
the empty page. As I sit, and
meditate, upon the present time...

I'm reminded, of how seismic
instability, or shifting, or slipping,
or fissuring, of the geo physical sub
material, beneath our feet, can
produce migraines, and anxiety,
before the fact. Seismic pre science
issues, can arise within any

department of human ongoing...
geological, political, ecological,
familial, religious, corporate, astro
logical, meteorological; Can
prescience, be seen, as reverse
causation... the future reflecting
back unto our present time, causing
mental or emotional unrest, or
anxiety, in the now? This is a good
question. I guess, one is always
hoping to find a more stable base
line, of emotional spiritual

phenomena... to 'return to normal,'
and allow the maddening questions,
and questing, to dissipate. This,
however, isn't always an easy thing
to find... nature, and wildnesses of
nature, sometimes keep one 'on the
treadmill,' so to speak, for stretches
of days... even weeks. But, when
one does find a kind of status quo
normalcy, he or she will know then,
that he's been through something.
This is the best way to see mental

phenomena... as part of the
'bargaining,' with Mother nature,
for the best all around outcome...

this sometimes brings on
phenomena. At any rate, I rest,
now, upon this bed, with my
keyboard upon my lap, and write a
bit, freestyle. As sweeping
generalizations will almost always
be wrong, on at least one level, I
can easily imagine, the reader
wants to remember, to take any

predictions, on phenomena or features, beyond oneself, and writers' immediate personal space, with a grain of salt. Imagery of nature, such as the wild flora, fauna, and atmosphere about ones home... captured upon camera, or microphone, almost always appear to stay close to the mean averages, for ones region, and season of year. This is why the farmers almanac is still considered an authoritative

source, in planting and harvesting...

seeming, in some ways, to reach fullest expression, in its sayings, aphorisms, and folklore... and in other ways, in the astrological ephemeris, which can guide, and suggest at the best times, for planting, watering, and harvesting.

This seems to be the two sides, to things... the country lore, and sayings, and the astrological, data set side to things. I have pondered,

if perhaps wild fauna, might look to landmarks in the constellations, familiar patterns, and signs, as ways of keeping ones bearings, when migrating, or moving. So, but, our summers in this part of the country, here, are usually quite hot... but, sitting outside in the shade is no problem. I spend at least an hour a day sitting in the natural environment, around our house... and almost always find

uplift, and inspiration, from the mostly gentle presences around this house. I think, if I had to say, the most nourishing, and nurturing times, in my life, (aside from visits from my folks, that is,) are those, found within contemplation of nature... this is just such an important part of my life! Nature is such a 'second opinion,' and I'm nearly unable to fathom, what life would be like, without this good

inspiration... attuning with the
breezes, and expanding my mind,
and consciousness into the vast
natural environment, outside, does
more for my wellbeing, than most
anything. And, as I return back into
our house, from the back yard, here,
I plainly must attest, to the spiritual
over flow... in my life, there's the
awakened, experiential times...
(which, sometimes, makes me think
of an boundless union, of

chattering, chirping, talking
things... an sort of over expression,
of the stuff, of dreams, and
thinking...) and, then there's the
times of visionary self expression...
which is like the state I go into,
after the fuse is blown... wherein
my heart seizes upon idea, upon
idea, and when my typist hands
move to my keyboard, or notebook,
of their own choosing... and another
chapter, is written, or recorded, or

illustrated. The ideas, and
understandings, found herein...
when keyboard is beneath my
fingers... are simply of higher
awakened visionary, and ecstatic
hyper abundance. Great leaps, of
insight, vast concepts, and schema
arise, from within my mind, (*or,
more accurately, from within the
mind of the actual writer... the
ghost writer*) and poe esis is upon
me. The need to free, peoples'

minds, and to make them see... (the art of seeing, while writing, simply implies, and leads unto the reader, or listeners' seeing. This is a transaction... an exchange,) this calls into being books, of literature, albums and paintings, of such intensity, at times, and luminosity, that one really feels as if all of nature, is joined within unison... and onto the lasting media. Emotional time acceleration, is

when ones' internal thought, and
creative processes, are progressing
more rapidly, than ones
surroundings. (Which is what
happens, from time to time, as
spiritual over abundance finds
glimmer, and hope, of being
recorded upon lasting media... such
spirits build the unfolding flow of
moments, into something
momentus... a new essay!)

A friend recently brought

something to my attention. As all
people live awhile... learning,
growing, changing... and, tend to
age, and decay, and finally, die... as
a pianist, I feel my music may hang
around a while, maybe, have some
small time in the sun, but when I'm
gone, on to join the 'choir invisible,'
how shall I define myself... and
give myself identity, if I don't be
sure and communicate the right
principals, and ethics, with my

voice, or upon the printed page...

and delineate, just what good things, I am for, and those I'm not.

For instance, If I'm to be listened unto... my piano, or audio books... I

don't want to be thrown in with 'peer pressure,' and the negative forces, which sometimes trip young minds up... such things as

experiences with wine, and liquor...

which only create alcoholism, and kill healthy brain cells... and which,

impair the responses, and deaden pain... addictive drugs, such as cocaine, heroin, all of the opiates, which provide temporary end, to the pains of living... I just don't wish to be associated, in any way with these substances... and I feel, in light of Eternity, I must better stance myself, in relationship unto them. When I was a teenager, I often had a weakness, for the medicine cabinet, in my parents

bathroom... I must of started sneaking into around age thirteen. I just didn't know any better... I thought I could get away with sneaking pills, if it helped me feel better... more in control, and with a false sense of power, and comfort. But, these things gradually took control, of my thinking. Pretty soon, I was spending all of my time, smoking marijuana, and drinking alcohol, at college,

because those two things were a lot more interesting, unto me, than my studies. Marijuana was illegal; I smoked it anyway... not realizing, I was fracturing my foundational legacy. What is a foundational legacy? Ones legality... in the eyes of the law... ones good reputation, as a child of God... peoples' good ideas about me... in general... the positive light in which my peers held me... as a smart, artistic,

curious, capable, enterprising kid.

All of that began eroding, at a young age, and people began talking about me behind my back. I would get smiles, and shrugs... occasional questions... would you sketch my portrait, or write me a song... but behind my back, people would list and compare my good qualities, with my drug abuse, and alcoholism... weighing me in the scales of conscience, all along...

and I gradually, earned a reputation,
and was ejected from my
community. So, this is the reason,
I'm writing on these things, right
now... developing young minds, as
well as the older, disillusioned
people... people beginning to back
slide, in their good health, and
sanity, and legality... because of
failed expectations, or crushed
dreams... these people, will tend to
hide away... and slip under the

radar. 'Hugging the shadows,' is often the tendency, of these two groups of people... never giving a thought, unto keeping upon the paths of well being, health, and spiritual sanity... these excuse themselves, from the world of sentience, and enlightened thinking, and ways... by gradually developing addictions, and crutches... resting, not on the promises of awakened self exploration, and intelligent

spiritual discovery... through
creative paths, such as stream of
consciousness music, art, and
poetry... and instead, seek more and
more, to drop out, of conventional
society... following a hermits path,
into isolation, and depravity, and
getting by from artificial highs,
relying on artificial means, to reach
any clarity whatsoever. There are
certain drugs, which induce false
sense of well being... false sense of

power, and ability... but these
entirely de personalize the
presences of the deity, within and
all around ourselves... like steroids,
before a sporting match. Such
doping, may get by for a while, but,
when it's found out, the critical
negatives, will far outweigh, any
virtue, of such behavior, and the
person will be kicked out of sports,
for ever. I'm writing these things
down, for I feel that by my

witnessing, in this fashion, and
attesting, unto the necessity, of
cleanliness, and healthy living, for
any spiritual awakening
whatsoever, to take place...

anything less, than these criteria,
and the person, is in grave danger,
and I don't want people to assume,
that artificial means, will lead unto
spiritual awakening... more likely,
they'll just get you in trouble with
the law, and will lead to your self

isolating, and self degradation...
only you wont see this right away,
for you'll deny you've any
problem... but five or ten years
later, when you've killed yourself,
or someone else in an automobile
accident, or died from overdose, or
committed suicide, you'll definitely
'get it,' by then, so then you'll know.

Cleanliness, hygiene, and healthy
living, are the only ways to go, if
you are ever to be accepted, within

successful peoples' society, in this
twenty first century. This is the
truth. I definitely, don't want to
become a small cog, in the wheels
and engines, of peer pressure, and
drug addiction culture... just an
excuse, for using... such people are
usually on escapist, paths... merely
exiting, stage left, through
depraivty... overdose, and suicide.

Possessing endurance, through
learning wholesome, clean ways, and

only healthy habits... like bathing daily, and smart high fiber diets... not sugars, and brown fatty meats, which make a bee line for the heart, and clog arteries... I don't want this negative karma, like that. So, I'll make a model of myself; what better witness, than this.

When one enters, into the sphere, of all those, whom have chosen to throw off the constraints, of childhood, and instead take on the

mantle, of the ones' whom have entered into the adult world, simply joining the peer group, of all who have ever expressed themselves out into the galaxy, of all time... all whom have tried, and taken up place, within the 'Corridor of Ancients,' by expressing classic ideas, upon lasting media, then this is the beginnings of a journey, indeed. This is equivelant unto ones' exiting from a small,

submerged vessel, out into the vast
ocean depths... the pressure, and
mass of such depth of water, is
immense. Indeed, this is such a
thing, as being born into the world
of life on Earth... the infant, is
unfamiliar, with his new
surroundings... in fact, he is
entirely unaware, of the origins, of
all he sees... children, just take
things for granted... his or her bed...
it has always existed. His bottle...

it just is... there's no ink ling into
factories, or crafts men... his play
pen... is simply a fact.. he or she
takes everything for granted. The
journey, of art, is akin to a kind of
initiation, into origins... this is what
the infant, is lacking. Art is an
acquainting of ones self, with all
whom have ever tried... to express
themselves upon lasting media...
like a whirl wind tour, through
Reality. Publishing, for the first

time, is introduction, unto the vast
collective psyche, of all mankind...
no matter, if you're an experienced
grown up... you'll begin to see
everything, in an entirely, new
manner. You'll come, readily, to see
how, any lasting media, is
something like an interface, with
the vast All... God, and all of the
Angels, bend an ear, unto what has
been said, on the canvas... even a
notebook page, is an access panel,

into the soul, of all time... all whom
have ever been, or will be... this is a
monumental beginning. The vast
mass, and volume of water, above
ones self, is an immense downward
pressing, and weight, upon the
consciousness... this is the world,
which the newly published, wants
to learn to rise above, to arise, unto
the surface... and breathe the salty
air... feeling the breezes, and the
burning sun above... finally,

grasping, the greater world, the world above, in detail, unimagined.

To ascertain, just that which is beneath the surface, of my now, and to place such, upon this notebook page, is something a kin unto, peeling back, layers of an onion... or, subtractively chipping, and working away, at a block of granite... to arrive upon the timeless form, within. These metaphors, are useful in visualizing. As thoughts,

we believe, are actual presences,
no, beings, within ourselves, one
wants to, so to speak, find the
gentle, slow, timeless rhythms, and
flows... the noisy glut, of 'stinking
thinking,' which some times, and
relationships, bring on... wants
only, to mellow, back down, into
stillness, and calm, of real
contentment. As, one can hone, and
refine, his or her ways, and become,
sleek, and streamlined, in the sight

of his or her peers... this doesn't guarantee, however, that the other will agree... the two may be different. Finding agreement, between the two, can be challenging. Why are home relationships sometimes difficult? Generational differences, for instance... how do they behave, in various situations? One will come to familiarize, him or her self, with the ranges of features, and

phenomena, which young, and old,
alike, are given unto portraying.

Expectations, may indeed not be
met, with good results. Childhood,
adolescence, young adulthood,
maturity, full maturity, and old
age... each stage, has such
distinction, in manners, in which
things, are approached, and
strategies, which are applied, in
problem solving... ones' good
strategies, in solving relationship

issues, may be the sole evidence, of
ones good socialization, and good
social adjustment, in general.

Grown ups, live within a kind of
spatio spiritual field, of presences,
and beingness... meaning, myth,
lore, superstition, belief... honesty
and dishonesty, all are seen and
weighed, one pitted against and
with the other. The 'fabric of
society,' the collective unconscious,
or great soul, of mankind, hinges,

upon, and is comprised, of
honesty... not the simple, 'Yes I
chopped down the cherry tree,' or
'NO...' but much deeper, soul
bareing, searching, questing, mind-
bending, wrenching self honesty.

So, as people, are old, in this
manner... as we are directly
connected, and immersed, within
this Galactic stew... this culture... is
fabulously ancient... the everyday
presences, within the mind, and

spatio-spiritual consciousness,
entirely span, and transcend, all
human knowing, and linear time
measurement... it's been postulated,
that Earth, all life upon her, and
local aerospace, around this planet,
and sky, are something like, *a
notebook, or testing ground... enter
into the testing ground, and one
then becomes subject, to a wide
range of experiences, sensations,
situations, and effects... not all of*

them, in any way pleasant.

So the reader, can see. Many times,
I have been perplexed, just puzzled,
by that which my eyes have seen.

I've dealt with this sort of thing,
many times before. As the human
soul, and mind, and spirit, can be
seen as a powerful lens, through
which past, present, and future, are
seen to focus, and radiate through...

it can be said, that, 'the human
mind, is where the future settles its

differences.' This is a very useful metaphor, as, so often, it seems as if we are puzzled, or confused by phenomena, in the here and now... we only need to expand our visions, to include the time dimension, to arrive at greater understanding.

This brings unto my mind, something akin to an generational understanding... of how, time is seen as an linear flowing, or progressing. A persons' life span,

can be generally divided, like unto
an line of written text. You have
life to the left, of spiritual
awakening, and correspondingly,
you have the life and times, to the
right, of spiritual awakening. (As
we read, from left to right.) One
need only to think a moment, to
realize, the usefulness, of this way
of seeing... this metaphor. Does
this in any way, shed light into
ones' political views, and outlooks?

At any rate, spirit presences, are all within, and around us. Earlier writings, of mine, have seen me putting thoughts together on the Lux Naturae, or the light within nature... as well as how our roles, in relationship unto the natural presences, within and about ourselves, have changed, and shifted, through the years. Christs' arrival, heralded the morning, of our Western civilization...

advancements, such as the printing press, the microscope, and the telescope, fundamentally revolutionised our society, in relationship, unto nature. We became the wizards, the alchemists, and eventually the scientists, which were, it seemed, tasked with advancing our technology, and quality of living, unto such fluency, now, even, that the possibility, of colonizing another planet, and terra

forming, and engineering its climate, for eventually supporting life, even human life... has become possible. The privatization, of the aero space sector, is fully under way, as at least three private corporate enterprises, have orbital launch capabilities, ready to go technologies... lift vehicles, and orbital craft, which will be operational, commercially, within five years. This is something,

which places, significant powers, in the hands, of the private corporate individual, or business interest.

From the looks, of it, Western corporate financial resources, are immense... we stand prepared, to put enormous intelligence, manpower, and financial resources, into the pursuit, of colonizing Mars! This is truly exciting news, and, if you think like I do, you see, how great the significance, of this

important time, in mankind's
history, can and should be. I don't
think there should be much
disagreement, here... for this could
be a whole lot of new opportunities,
resources, and fundamentally game
changing advancements, happening,
in a very near future. I can easily
see, *we could indeed have real
ability, to find 'second Earth,' a
place, into which we can expand,
not just humankind, but many types*

*of life forms, plants and animals,
and become a source of possibly
rich resources, eventually, allowing
for us, to terraform, so that new
processess, can develop... whole
new ecologies, and cycles of life,
and these cycles, of growth of
resources begin to be useful, not
only here in America, but
throughout the whole world.*

*Doesn't this just send shivers, down
your spine... thinking of how, the*

*private sector, could facilitate us
escaping, this limited planet, of
finite resources, and limited climate
habitability?*

~

SITTING DOWN, THIS
MORNING, to brainstorm upon the
best direction to take this writing,
at this present, I notice, the warm
light in through the room window,
is a sunrise, much like many, many
others. I notice, also, that the room

has an odor, of the sweat, of having
been lived in, for years. Other than
that... a fairly ordinary morning.

Most any time, is a good time, to
peer within the spaces, of an empty
page, and attune with the spirit...

ones' higher mind, and
consciousness. The past year, or
so, has been a bit of a worry... as a
virus has affected many in our own
land. But, we here, have all
remained healthy. You might have

noticed, in my writings from this past year, I haven't made much mention, of the pandemic, of the coronavirus. This is for a simple enough reason... I'll tell you. As I think, in terms of probabilities, and likelihoods, the statistical breakdown, of overall causes of mortality, in our land, reveals certain facts, which preclude me getting too worried, about any one cause of death. Heart disease is the

number one cause of death in our land, out weighing coronavirus, two to one. And, as I'll tell you, down through the years, I've been conscious of what foods I eat... my parents had me on a high fiber, low sugar diet, from my earliest recollection. Whole grain breads, and plenty of good fruits, and vegetables, made up the bulk of my food intake. Only after I left the nest, did I have to learn to make

smart food choices, for myself.

There's always been a risk, in my mind, of getting a bad virus... times like the changing of the seasons... seasonal temperature changes, from hot, to cold... have always been my biggest concern. This, indeed, is worry enough, in itself... these bugs, have always been hard to deal with, when they happen. But, having gotten sick, four years ago, with some virus, which I remember

saying, "I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy," I have remained healthy since then, as I developed a strong resistance, to flu type bugs, from that infection. In 2017, I learned I had cancer, and had surgery, to remove it, that January.

Cancer, indeed, is the second likliest cause of death, in our land, after heart disease. So, for these reasons, my outlook, remains pretty optimistic. I'm not too worried,

about any one cause of death, at all,
to be honest. Life is good, and
appears to get better, the harder you
try. So, the system definitely
works, and is in fine shape. This is
just my view, on the matter, yours
may be completely different. At any
rate, this is my view. I think, our
resistance, to infectious disease, is
always raised, by washing hands
frequently, and healthy diet, and
good hygiene, always helps... and

regular exercise, has a way of putting the devil 'on the run...' these things, are more effective, the more effectively you can implement them. The system works... 'It works if you work it.'"

~

Individuation, is a Young ian term, meaning the life long process of integration of ones' shadow... reckoning with, and attuning with the animus, and the anima, in the

process... and of developing, and
getting to know the Wise Old Man,
or Woman archetype.

This is seen, within an minority of
persons, who will be seen as more
or less introverted, and character
ized by an strong interest, in
spirituality, or spiritualism.

Additionally, this path can be an
attuning with, and getting into step,
with the ideals of life quality, in
ones whole self concept, and

flowing... and this process, and
attuning, is thought to continue past
individual death, and life
resolution, and into, and onto an
ancestral, and eternal identity, and
amongst and throughout all the life
times, which the person might ever
live... on any planet - not just Earth.

I individuate myself, by writing
these words, presently. This
process, is commonly initiated,
following a traumatizing event, or

life turn... and often, around the time of 'coming of age,' of the person... the leaving of the parental nest, and comfort of the nest, to make ones' own way in the world.

This process, often entails a few shocks, and initiatory experiences, for the youth... and this alone, serves to spur, an kind of soul searching, or questing... the resultant fractured, fragmented consciousness being schizoid. At

the outset, of such time in a young persons' life, the unconscious, and subconscious worlds begin to enter his or her conscious life, often in the form of a vision, or a series of visions, and the subsequent artistic expression, of all or parts of them. This process, then morphs into the eventual integration, and assimilation, of the shadow self, into an expressive spiritualist consciousness... but in some, there

will be intervening contrary
aspects, unto the journey. For
myself, my introduction into the
anima, and the animus, came
attendant with a wrenching spiritual
malady, which I in later years, came
to see as a kin to Aris totles prime
mover... in effect, the spur, unto an
kind of hyper developmental chaos,
in my life, of self medicating, in
trying to quench the agitated state,
with alcohol, and pain medications,

like tylenol... and in using the
ephedrine products, as I could find
them, to alleviate my suffering.

When this experience finally ended,
I knew I wanted to devote myself,
full time, to the expressing of the
artistic vision, and wisdoms
gleaned, across years, of integrating
of the whole self, spirit, and
shadow included... into a
holographic field, through
sketching, and writing, and music,

and photography.

This was, and still is, my vision, for artistic expression. I hope the reader, can see how, when a person begins individuating, there won't be any factors, which will be potent enough, to break or deter him or her away from this singular pursuit... he or she will be 'on his way,' and will, eventually take the reins, and power, of a Wise Old Mans perspective... or Wise Old

Womans... and continue,
artistically, through unto benefitting
of his or her whole planet! And this
is to the glory, and power, and
honor, of Dreams, and the Spirit
World.

~

I don't know if my reader, will
really be conscious of the great
importance of entheogens, in the
awakening of the human mind.

This topic, for some, will be

taboo... as we definitely wish to remain clean, and sober, in the eyes of the authorities. Many of us are recovered addicts, and these, of course, will wish to remain upright. But, to understand the early origins, of our human culture... how our speech developed, for instance, you have got to peer a long, long way back into the past, indeed. As creatures, we originally were somewhat closer, unto the

primates... the monkeys and apes...

and our lives, and times, were mostly spent in solitude, and in family groups, foraging around the forests, and jungles, and fields, for any edible, which could satisfy our hunger and need for energy, and nutrients, which are necessary for sustenance of life. I believe, that originally, we were somewhat in the same camp as the animals... subsisting off of the land, foraging,

and without much means of communication, amongst one another, much less of writing, and record keeping. These were latencies, which played within the unconscious minds of our forbearers, like playful dreams, of super powers... dreams of flight, or great powers over the elements. These dreams teased us, and gave us a window, if you will, into the possibilities, of our hands with

digits, including thumbs, and our upright walking ability. At some point along the way, we began learning how some of the plant life had medicinal properties, which could be repeated, by consuming or preparing the same type of plant... seeking it out, for its effects upon consciousness. Certain mushrooms, vines, tree barks, and roots, especially, appeared good at warding off infections, or lessening

pain... and some had psycho active properties... had powerful effects upon consciousness, and thinking, and some even appeared to erase the boundary line, between waking, and dreaming. You have got to understand, how medicine men, those who knew the various plants, became revered, by the others.

People were known for their specialty... whether for hunting, or growing, of plants, and cultivating,

them, and especially, for the
cultivating of medicinal plants. At
any rate, during the early centuries,
as we first began adorning our
bodies, with fur, or woven cloth,
and using crude tools, or weapons...
our language, our communication
methods, were very limited. People
were unable to carry, or convey
much cultural information,
unto someone from outside of their
group. We walked within an kind

of ignorance, mostly lacking in language expressions, other than the universal signs, for agreement, or disagreement. But, I believe, that some of the medicinal plants, tended to loosen, the speech faculty, and tended also, to cause spontaneous verbal expression... glossalallia... especially, when people massed in groups, with dancing, and consuming of inebriants... medicinal plants, or

medicinal preparations... such as strong tobacco brews, which were inhaled by native aspirants, who wished, to enter into the tribal mysteries. So, you see, how the psychoactive, medicinal plants tended to sponsor, secret mysteries, and expanded our minds enormously... making us conscious, of our own spirits, and soul dimensions, entirely elevating our society, up from the profane,

mundane world of fleshly
existence. The entheogens, set the
dreams of super powers, and higher
abilities, at the fingertips, of the
common man... as close as the
nearest pasture, or meadow, where
mushrooms could be found. See?
We had to awaken, our mundane
consciousness, unto itself... peer
upon ourselves, as magicians, and
workers of light... and so the
intelligence, of the literate society,

began gestating, within our cultures. We had a long way to go... to find the written signs, which could be universally understood, to mean certain agreed upon things. But, the thoughtful work began. So, there developed, this really special kind of party mentality... I think, the nights were often... usually accompanied by dancing, chanting, and taking entheogens, in dreaming our

dreams, for those mysterious
effects, like the arising of
expressions somehow bigger, than
ourselves, and our feeble minds...
the channeling, and arriving upon...
of higher constants. These higher
constants, then became the tribes
inner legacy... and the young were
initiated into consciousness, of such
legacy, as puberty, and adolescence
began to take hold. So, you see,
some of the ways, in which our

society, is indebted, unto medicinal plants... and how the roots of our civilization, go way way back, to the delirious dancing parties, of ancient native sojourners, and medicine men... these were so important, in the development of our language, and intercommunication, of dreams, and hopes of higher abilities... higher quality of life, and the realizing of our human potentialities. And, if

you ask me, its not much different,
today. Still, adolescents, who are in
the grip of child hood, and the
dreams of matter, await awakening,
and somewhat wish to have their
attention brought, unto
consciousness of itself... and
eventually, unto the invisible spirit
realm, which is around all life and
matter... outside and around our
Earth, and our lives here. But, in
reality, you have to bring up young

people to respect the law, and to
cherish good diet, and healthy
ways, cleanliness, and sobriety,
being the great legacy, of my own
family, which I had to awaken
myself unto, seemingly, by walking
away from it... you don't know what
you've got until you don't have it
any more. This is so important to
see... how, in my view, the most
important part of growing up, was
in my awaking of my

consciousness, unto itself... which
is something elusive, and evasive,
as young minds tend to hug the
shadows, and cling tightly, unto the
dreams of matter, and the ignorance
of childhood. These are just my
thoughts, upon these things.

~

'Do we find the cost of freedom

buried in the ground?

*Mother Earth will swallow me,
lay my body down.'*

Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young

To begin to peer inward, upon the
expanse of a blank notebook page,
one might start with a broadly
suggestive, or simplistic line, as in
the poetry above. This, then serves,
to reawaken the reader, or listener,

unto a basic, fundamental aspect, of
living on Earth... (and with our
multidimensional minds and
consciousnesses.) If the reader, or
listener can recollect, there have
been many, many poets, and
thinkers, and philosophers, whom
have pointed unto our special
connection, unto the planet... in
looking at social change... in
raising conscientious young people,
and in alerting the older, unto the

realities of war, and conflict. We indeed hope, that the fervor, and ecological values, which so many spoke of, and embraced, within the last time period, of significant social change, will live forever, in the conscious memory, of our land, of the Americas. This was indeed a flowering, a renaissance, an return, unto an more profound nurturing...

and, I find it useful, to recollect, how that decade, sixty or so years

ago, was an time of real
consciousness expansion... not only,
for an youth which felt so
displaced, by the Vietnam war, and
the vestiges, and trappings, of
societal inequality, and segregation,
and whom wished for an return to
an more wholistic, children
centered society, and whom sought
to get past the cronyism, and the
antiquated ways of doing things, in
the world which they had inherited

from their grandparents... but,
starting with the World War Two
generation, from across the first
hundred or so years, since our
Western societies' having developed
the inventions, of photography...
film, and radio, telephony... *and of
the echoances, of the industrial
revolution, (and which had found
inception, five hundred years
previously, within the inventions of
the printing press... the microscope,*

*and the telescope...) there sprang
an new 'digital,' binary society,
which promised to computerise,
our society, and render benign, the
questions of particle physics, while
insuring a peoples from ever again
having to use the atomic
weaponry, which had ended the
last world war. Additionally, the
'space race,' or the political,
technological competetiveness,
essentially between the lands of*

the Eastern Hemisphere, and the lands of the Western Hemisphere, succeeded in putting Americans upon the Moon. Depending, upon how one reads history, this may well, have been the single, most defining event of, certainly the twentieth century, and perhaps, of the previous nineteen centuries, going back to perhaps, the time of the birth of Christ. At any rate, I've often thought how, setting foot

upon an planetary body, other than
the Earth, may have been among
the most shaping events, of
American consciousness, since the
Revolutionary War. *I mean, think
about it. Our spiritual, thinking
beings, and consciousnesses, with
in our minds, and etheric
existances, quite possibly, under
went a kind of crash course, into
our solar systems' spiritual
legacies, and Akashic*

*inheritances... possibly stretching,
and expanding our minds, unto
even millions of years of animal
and human life, upon Earth, and
our heritages, amongst the other
planetary spheres, across all of
time. So, you see, the last century,
for America, and Europe, was a
time of immense upheaval, and
change... as we got our body,
minds, and souls, into alignment,
with nothing less than the Galactic*

*consciousnesses and minds, evoked
on all sides, by our adoption, of
binary record keeping and retrieval
technologies, and our
telecommunications societies, of
the Internet. (Now, of course, every
hand held keypad, has instant
access, unto ALL human
knowledge... across just all of
Earth's history... and as we
prepare, to return to the Moon, and
maybe even Mars, and Venus, these*

information technologies are of vast significance.) So, this time period we're in right now, globally... is an auspicious time, of wonder, indeed. Who is a Martian? Who is an Earthling? These questions, are important. Well, at any rate, it is nearly lunch time, here, and my stomach tells me, "I'm hungry." So, I'll bring this writing to a close. Have a good weekend.

~

THE DREAMS
OF MATTER, THE
DREAMS OF SPIRIT

WHEN ONE IS YOUNG, he or she
has more, or less good conscience,
unless it is imparted, through
parental involvement. I just don't
know, how it is so, that positive
role modeling, including from ones'

parents, can shape so much of ones' later life, and adulthood. When a parent demonstrates a rich, fullfilled life, including physical fitness, and encourages educational television programs, whenever possible, (but makes sure the youth has chores, and provides small rewards, for good work...) or, when a parent offers plenty of books, and magazines, for the youth as he grows... and, models and

encourages hobbies and crafts... or
gets the young person involved in
one or more youth organizations,
within, or outside of school... or,
shows the importance of good
nutrition, by preparing and serving
healthy foods, and by encouraging
healthy snacking... *this amounts to
parental involvement.*

In the formulation of a good
conscience, in the young, parental
involvement, is crucial. You may

wonder, also, how the light of **self consciousness** differs, in nature, from the light of **self awareness**, in a youth, or young adult. *If a person is engaging in risky behaviors... in other words, if he or she is breaking the laws, or breaching one or more of societies' conventions, and mores... or transgressing against his or her parents' conventions, or strictures... but parental*

involvement is present, (stern looks, and an icy tone, in the voice,) then, the youth will develop 'self consciousness.' This will be an itchy, gnawing feeling... a cold sweat, and palpitating heart... racing emotions, and nervous, darting glances, and fidgeting.

But, if the youth begins to find his or her true natures, and *begins to forgive himself, for things his parents may have blamed him for,*

*(learning to love oneself,) then, this
crippling self consciousness will
morph, into a much more healthy
self awareness. However, this self
awareness, may yet not find artistic
success. The mature works may be
beyond his or her grasp, and he or
she may find many dead end
streets, on the path to a full fledged
art form.*

The central, main reason, for
continued artistic failure, in my

**view, is that, part of the person,
(his or her subconscious mind,) is
aware, of the invisible forces and
powers, which are moving and
colliding all around him or
herself... but his mind, stubbornly
keeps him 'out of the loop,' 'in the
dark,' as to the invisible under
pinnings, and encompassing
matrices, within and all around
him or her self. He or she will
know, during that period, that his**

troubles are illusory, and that full conscious awareness of the spiritual plane, is truthfully, as close to him as turning on a light... *only, as things are not yet in order, his familiars will prevent him or her from entering into full conscious waking awareness, of spirit.* This is an difficult, frustrating position to find oneself within. Ignorant self medicating, then, will be the easy, quick route, unto the same basic

effects, each time the person uses the pill or potion... hence, this will likely become the norm. **But, it must be known, however, that one must relinquish the hallucinogens, and inebriants, and de leery ants, long enough for spirit to work her truths, and allow the youth, into the communion, with the unseen ascended beings, within and all around ones self. This allowance,**

within his or her self, is the first
step, unto coming into full
awareness of the collective soul...
the fabric of unseen consciousness
which stretches out on all sides.

As I am perfecting this article, I can
see... these are just my thoughts and
experiences... *yours may be*
completely different. But, after all,
this is all that I know of... my
experiences, and lessons... learned
from direct experience. So, I am

really speaking unto my own self...
the adolescent I once was, and
which I remember. But, my own
journey was so difficult, so
challenging, you'll see, I must
impart, and convey my experiences,
and wisdoms, unto my former self...
as he still exists, in the form of a
few younger people, in the greater
world. **And, there by percolate
understanding.**

~

AS I LOOKED ACROSS this
mornings science reporting, I came
upon a story, which I feel gets at
the very essence, of our consumer
based society... and reflects, a
gentle nudge, towards the insightful
educating of our young geniuses, as
to the ecological, conservationist
message, in its most basic form.
The story was about how, as natural

resources, (habitats, and natural preserves, of any kind) become increasingly impacted, in the mining, and procurement, of the things, which our economy depends upon... including clearing, of farming, and ranching lands, as well as in mining, and tapping into the mineral wealth, trapped within the crust, of our earth... especially, in the mining, of iron ore, and coal... for power generating... and

of the mining of rare earth metals,
which are crucial, unto our digital
economy, and society of digital
devices, and instruments, (the
operation, of these important
devices, often hinges, upon the
implementation of rare earth
elements, used in the circuitry,) ...as
these impactful changes, and
extraction methods, and
developing, of natural preserves,
and resources, especially wetland,

and old growth forests, which make up such giant segment, of our Earths ecologies, happen... as these developments, take place, there may be many, many hidden costs!

Nature, for all of her mothering, nurturing qualities, may yet possess a strong bite... unless enlightened conservation minded practices are observed, and used, and emphasized, at every level of the consumer cycle. And, to be honest,

and truthful, our society, I think has definitely made tremendous strides, in closely guarding, and protecting, the vital natural ecologies, into which our society, is placed, and set down... Since World War Two, we have indeed adopted so many, many self responsible ecology minded practices, and protocol... that I feel, new development, of any kind, especially land development... for farming and ranching, mining

resources, building of factories,
distribution facilities, and retail
operations... any development, of
this sort, takes an act of Congress.

And, this is indeed how it should
be! And I think, to be honest, the
only careless, part of the cycle, is in
the consumers hands... *in the deficit
of mindfulness*, in the ways in
which we dispose, of non bio
degrade able products, and
containers, such as plastic bags, and

drink containers, as well as fast food packaging, and in the crazy ways, that this reff use seems to be winding up, in the oceans, which, we should already see, are at the heart, of our planets' ecology cycles. You should see, how after everything has eventually gone into the largest, lowest bodies of water, the oceans, the suns' radiant warmth shines continually upon these waters... and then you have

evaporation... which in turn, leaves
greasy, non bio degradable
petroleum combustion by- products,
upon the seabed, and washed up,
along the shore... and in the bodies,
of fish which are in turn injected...
harvested, and feed unto, and
sustain, such a large percentage of
Earths population... these petroleum
distillate combustion by products,
are poisonous, and are at the
leading edge, of what I feel is the

reverse effect, of our long standing
partnering with mother nature... we
definitely can reap a harvest of
abundance, if ones work, is
diligent, and honest, and given in
accordance, with the most current
trends, in ecology minded
stewardship, of the lands, our
society rests upon... but, we may be
counter acting our immune systems,
or compromising the ocean ecology,
in such way, as to produce

monsters... bio hazards, from which
our immune systems can't
adequately protect ourselves... in
the process. And this is scary to
even think about. So, but, on the
up side, we'll indeed have thinking
machines... and artificial
intelligence... but it will lack soul...
and internality. So, if you think a
team of bio chemists can make an
effective vaccine for the plague, of
any sort... think how well an

quantum computer, will be able to complete this task. Quantum computers, essentially rely on a super cooled central processing unit, with ten times the number of Q bits of information... many more subtle shades, of computation... at play at any moment, and can therefore more or less accurately model, the quantum world... they can effectively model anything... making experimental research,

advance much quicker than the human chemist. So, thinking of this, maybe, we'll have ability, to find the right vaccines, quickly for any pathogen... and somewhat constantly stay ahead of the biological curve, of our susceptibility to illness, and disease... and in effect, keep the nature guessing.

And this, I guess, will become what the humans are known for, in

*general... our phenomenal artificial
intelligence, implemented across
all of the disciplines, of our
partnering with nature.*

*And then, once we've better
illustrated ourselves, as 'in Gods
image,' we'll regain her confidence,
and belief... in our ways, and in our
Godly inheritances. And this will
extend our life expectancy
immensely. And improve our
reputation.*

~

Every once in a while, there will be a small story, which comes up in my observation of nature, which touches my heart, and reminds me of our own, human society. Several years ago, I was staying in a home not too far from here, and a bad storm came through. Although the worst of the weather missed us,

some of the vinyl siding, which comprised the awning, on the back porch roof, was blown off, exposing the timbers, of the roof. I looked, then, and could see, through into part of the porch attic. Right at that spot, above where we would sit, to smoke tobacco, there was a mess of straw, and hay, which I could discern, was a birds' nest... which had been exposed, when the siding blew off. At first, I didn't know, if

the nest was inhabited, or not... but soon, I started seeing a pair of grackles, going back and forth, in and out of the nest. I could hear baby birds, too, chirping from up in the nest, against the facing of the roof, under the eaves. This pair of grackles, I could see, was in no way, going to abandon, that nest, nor those baby birds. They continued, leaving from, and returning to the exposed nest, and

seemed so devoted... they weren't going to give the chicks up, for loss. Some of the other birds, from in the neighbor hood, began mocking, and riddy Q ling, the devoted parents. They made quite a racket, but the two grackle parents kept diligently bringing worms, into the nest, from out in the yard... and didn't let the misfortune deter, them from bringing the chicks up, and eventually, the nest was emptied...

the chicks had earned their wings,
and could go on their own. I
especially remember, that grackle
mother, and father... and can still
hear, them, in my mind...

frustratedly squaking, coming in
and out of the nest. The nest, was
now, in full view, of the humans,
and they had intended the nest to be
private. They didn't like it. Birds,
are, it seems, a little like people, in
the way that, although misfortune,

and disgrace, may have befallen,
the family, that in no way,
discourages, the parents, from
fulfilling their parental jobs, in
continuing to raise the kids. The
mother, and father, although dealt
frustration, and grief, by the
ridicule of the thoughtless people,
of the community, will
unflinchingly continue to raise the
young, until they are ready to leave
the nest. A mothers' and fathers'

devotion, knows no comparison.

This almost goes without saying.

But, at any rate, I'm reminded, also,

of some of my own families' set

backs. While we've been so very

very blessed, through out our lives,

having ones' son, struggle through

hard years, and have a serious

suicide attempt, must have been

painful, for my parents. But, we

definitely got through the hard

times, and have had years of

prosperity... it was really just the
'terrible twenties,' the decade
following my high school
graduation, when I found struggles.
Childhood, in my parents home,
was care free. I was allowed
freedoms, and was given plenty of
good books to read. Especially, my
parents monitored my television
viewing, and there were many
shows, I wasn't allowed to watch.
We never had cable television, like

my friends had, and so I entirely avoided, many worlds of trouble and difficulty, which they found, early. My childhood was practically pristine, these sylvan years being an essential component, in the development of the peace and tranquility, present throughout my artistic output. My inner world, is so ideal, today, in fact, that I indeed, must give the credit to my parents, for the fairly sheltered

child hood I was allowed to develop my character within... me with my books, and stories, and sketchings.

But, this book, I am writing presently, indeed wouldn't have come to my service, if I hadn't paid my dues. I can't stress the importance of this enough. And, if there's one certain mistake parents make, its failure to instill respect, for the laws. And this varies, but what good is it, if a parent tries to

discipline their child, and reward good works... but allows him or her to view and participate, in the culture of violent media? You see, such as that, sends children mixed messages. The parent says one thing, and celebrates another. Children, when grown, return to the good values of their parents. They will use their parents' abuses, as excuse, for their own abuses, as well.

At any rate, these are a few ideas,
onto this page, this first day of
November. I hope your holidays
are blessed, and here's hoping, for a
pleasant, and productive twenty
twenty one. All for now, Greg.

~

When one wishes to peer beneath
the surfaces of a blank notebook
page, with pen and ink, many, many

directions may be entertained. The way, one passes the time, say, on a given Friday evening, reveals much about the persons' inner character.

When the simple act of looking, into the nuances, of the moment, upon paper, with ball point pen, is the only clear, definite way, to restfully and productively manage, and deal with the energies, and dynamism, of ones time, within ones self... and he or she makes this

connection, this observation, within him or her self... then he or she is showing his or her self to be a conscious writer. He is using the writing strategy. For myself, the energies within my conscious waking center, tonight, are such, that I feel given to express, them, onto the page... they surpass the threshold, for what I would keep, on the inside. For in the simple act of enscribing upon lasting media,

resides a good future... and this, is
really the deciding factor. This
writing, will still be around
tomorrow... its nuances, and
shades... and therefore, is
something to hold onto. For
thoughts, are being nesses, or
presences... which can be grasped,
and held. Placing hand holds,
within the future, is a good way to
see writing. Then, one merely has
but to advance, into the future

presences, of the pages' qua lia, and
quanta... in effect, to claim that
future, which is there for him. And,
this works, both ways...vision, and
experience, of the inhabitants, of
the realms above, is ultimately, as
intrinsic unto our lives, and lively
hoods, as our fleshly, mortal lives,
are, unto those above... I'll give you
an example... 'In any given family, I
believe, that spiritual talents, and
gifts, are handed down, unto the

younger... given unto, the grand child, or nephew, at or around time of coming of age.' And, this is the manner, in which the tree grows. It sends out branches, along the lives, of the progeny. Does this make any sense, unto my reader? At any rate, having digital tools... image capture devices, and editing software, and word processors... having these things around ones' person, daily... you'll also see the

times arise, when he or she, will
learn to use them. Such is
precipitous, for this, ability, or
skill, then can be developed into a
book, or even entire book shelf,
full, of completed literature. This
is a good thing to remember. This
morning, I thought of a good
comparison... as I recollected some
thoughts, upon my hobby... as I've
played piano, since I was seven
years of age... and sketched, and

envisioned on paper, from earliest memory... these talents, seen together, and incorporating usage of computers, are something that could be described as a hobby of 'amateur media enthusiast.' This term, seems to fit me... as I've both enjoyed creating free media, and sharing free media, which I've made... by the medium of, the internet... (this is equivalent to desktop publishing,... as well, as

been a collector, of the free digital media of other people the world over, and amassed a very large collection, of other amateurs' media, via the internet. This, seen together, reminds myself, of the twentieth century hobby, 'amateur radio,' or 'ham radio operator.' As a child, I fairly missed out on developing early interest, in binary technology, such as computers... my mind, wasn't there... my mind,

instead, dreamt, of one day
fulfilling my dream of being an
amateur radio hobbyist. I greatly
wished, to have my own radio
station, and broadcast my own
home made programs, and music, to
a global audience. So, you see,
through computers, and the
internet, I've been able to realize
my dreams, only, not upon the air
waves, or short wave radio, but
over the internet, via personal

computing. My grand parents, weren't looking, for the personal computing revolution, at all... they were more like radio fanatics; this was the technology which they saw most promise from within. Great Grandmamma played piano, and I think she entertained notions, of maybe one day, her grand kids having desk top broadcast radio abilities... and, I guess... these dreams came true. I'll tell you, they

would never have dreamt of personal computers, nor that their grand kids, would know how to operate one. Their long, productive lives, were mostly around the farming, of beans, and corn, and milling of corn, and Grandad would sell corn meal, and fresh vegetables, from out of a shed, like a barn, which he adapted to be a general store. But as for computers... my old folks, were just

shy of the digital divide... and didn't factor computing, much, into their dreams, for their grand kids. I think, the thing we missed, or miss understood, was the phenomenal micro fabricating trends, that would place personal computing in the price range, and size range, for most anyone. As the integrated circuit became the heart of the personal computing revolution... had they been introduced, to micro

chips... and their cheap cost, and small size, maybe their minds could have made the leap, unto personal computing... but I think, my old folks, pretty much remained within the tube radio culture, of the early years. Grand dads' brother, however, at some time came into a transistor radio... and so he, indeed became acquainted with the power, and range of these type of radios. But Grandad never really owned a

transistor radio. He was a farmer.
When Grand momma grew old, and
the dancing flames, cooled, into an
glowing ember, she wished, that her
piano come, after her passing, to
her step daughters sons' boy...
myself... so from age seven,
onward, I became a piano player.
My dreams, and my Grand parents
memory, enter twined, and became
two sides, of one whole... I've kept
up the piano playing, because, of

the presences, which I feel flow
freely through my creative output...
this is what this article is about, and
without saying it explicitly, I
think you can understand my ideas.

Indeed, aren't we all beings of
light... light workers, and
discoverers, pushing the bounds, of
human experience, generation upon
generation... pushing the envelope,
of what can be accomplished,
within one single life time! Isn't

this just amazing, to think about?

At any rate, these are my thoughts,
this morning, which I share. All for
now.

~

As I settle into bed, this cool
November evening, *I quickly find*
that my mind is brimming with
thought activity. Thinking, of new
ways in which to see... metaphors,

and modalities... which can be employed, to bring on a tranquil, placid state of mind. As meditations are often used... thoughts, and suggestions, which my mental faculties can use, to visualize, my way back, unto peaceful, placid consciousness... *I imagine, for instance, my way back, unto sanity, and quietude.* This can be something so simple, as in the visualized notion, of... walking

back along a trail... re tracing one's
footsteps, unto the place of most
recent rest. Or, just in the idea, of
the concept of 'writing about
writing,' or about the art, or process
of writing. *Writing about, this.* If I
had to say, then, this has been
probably the most frequented topic,
by myself, across my productive
years... as well as of how best to
distill, and describe, the art of
writing, unto another... an aspiring

writer, for instance... and putting these thoughts onto the page in an ordered fashion. *This is a Zen concept, if ever there was one...* reminds me, of the oft repeated query, of '*what is the sound of one hand clapping?*' As you see, thinking around this, builds ones' center, of consciousness, into an writing power, which can build upon itself... in effect, elaborating, about, the process, of its own

creation.

Before you realize it, you will have an article, or written essay coming together, upon the page... and in an applied manner... as in of how the faithful trail guide, along the paths of writing itself... encourages, and illustrates, his own footsteps, afore the eyes, and mind, of the reader... to thus banish mystery, and unknowing, from within his or her consciousness. This is an acquired

ability... a skill. As I ponder, over possible directions, in which to take this writing, presently, I recall some thoughts, which played through my mind, after breakfast, this morning... while I was completing my morning chores. As writing well, or keeping up a path of music, or sketching, or pottery making, or just whatever, requires self motivation, or gumption... this self motivation doesn't necessarily

entail the kinds of high functionality, and versatility, which the modern professional world asks of employed people, today. It's one thing, to write, and sketch, and play piano, to your hearts' content, but,

in real life, people have to do things, they don't enjoy doing... this is called, 'working for the minimum wage.' I worked in retail, grocery, specifically, and every day at work, was an endurance test, to say the

least. There were places, I'd rather have been, than on the job.

Frequently, there was the miserable predicament, of 'having nothing to do, at the moment...' which I would mitigate, by repeating simple tasks over, and over, so as to appear busy... I understood, it was in appropriate, to be seen sitting down on the job, unless I was on my break, so I tried to keep on my feet. The point I'm making, here, is that

work is hard, or then it's not really work- It's play... in other words, a hobby. There's so many pretty words, which can be said, or written, for the enquiring mind, to think upon... but these, in themselves, aren't really serving a good purpose, if they ignore, or leave out, the realities of living, and making a living, for most people today. My own culture, within myself, is soft... I tend to hug the

shadows, and most of my production work, to be honest, is done from reclining position, with my head upon a pillow, in my bed, with a wireless mouse, and keyboard cord extender... I look at the computer, across the room, and use large text, and the on screen magnifier, to bring every thing into view. This is the only way, I can sit at the computer, for any length of time, due to my back problems. In

the early nineties, I was a lay out artist, at a print shop, in my home town, and was at a point, given a job, to do, which was over my head.

To put it simply, at age twenty three, I didn't have the aptitude... for there was too much, I had yet to learn, of my own self... my mind, and consciousness... and, so my boss pushed my limits, and I simply had to resign. Today, I know, part of work in a print shop, is being

able to go between the various
departments, in completing
complex, multi faceted
assignments, and jobs, integrating
multiple skill levels, and simply
being able to effectively work it,
*for a multitude of clients... being
versatile in accomplishing each
days winding path, of tasks, and
micro management hurdles.* This is
earning a living. While, I am on a
fixed income, and have few real

responsibilities ever placed upon myself, I indeed can recall, and relate the realities, of earning a living, in the modern world. So, and its a matter, of balancing hobbies, and crafts, by in few zing them, with keen rememberances, of reality, as I have experienced it to be. This helps the playful literature, attain the sought after 'ring of truth.' In other words, if I am looking through rose colored

glasses, upon my world today... if
I'm making assumptions, that
professional people want to read
what I write today... that writing,
had better be relevant, and speak to
the actual, harsher realities, of the
minimum wage. Around about the
time, when full fledged spirit
consciousness became integral,
within my waking conscious life, I
had to give up, working for the
boss... I couldn't effectively do

both. And still... the realities, of
managing my Space Ship Greg,
amongst a thoughtful day of
creative writing, and discernment,
onto my page, really don't compare,
in any way, unto the spirit filled,
spirit conscious professional
working world, today. I doubt, that
I'll ever reconcile, the two. Yet,
this is the dream, portrayed from
through our media devices, unto our
minds, daily... telling us, that we've

got to be spiritual gods, walking
upon the earth, as masters, of
trades, and professional
environments... as Kosmon men and
women... citizens of the Galaxy,
and champions, of the world. How
difficult, this assignment is, if we
believe the visions, and
expectations, of our video screens,
our network televisions. In reality,
our scars, and collective traumas,
all but preclude, ourselves, from

being Masters of the Universe... so
we each are given menial jobs, in
an far less challenging
environments... one where the only
goal, from week unto week... is
resting comfortably... getting good
sleep, keeping hi jean, and a
healthy diet. Pleanty of sunshine,
and fresh air helps, too. So, if the
expectations placed upon you are
far too demanding, you might just
like taking it slower... slowing

down and smelling the roses... as
we all grow old, weak, and tend to
decay, until eventual death... from
illness, or health... the ultimate
goal, then, after the work, I
suppose, is resting most
comfortably... resting in peace. All
for now, Greg

~

When one wishes, to go unto the empty page, *in receptivity, and in discernment*, he or she can just start out with a bold brush stroke... and allow the 'already established idea,' to lead the way. This can be an aphorism, or a saying... *and it helps, if it's original... if it's of ones' own design...* like this sentence, I'm finishing here. *There are as many directions, to start out in, as there are stars, in the starry*

night sky. 'Listening, unto ones heart,' you'll think of a catchy saying, like unto this one: 'Given many, many tries, and attempts, at successful writing, you'll eventually coax thought forth.' See? And the youth should see, he or she may find many dead end avenues, and failed attempts, at the goal of successful writing, before finding artistic success. *This is part of the gradual familiarizing,*

*which a writer, with a little help
from on high, is able to bring
about, from within the mortal
perspective, on things.* When,
thoughts arise of their own will,
you'll grasp your ball point, or
stylus... and frantically write, to
capture what is said. This was what
came through myself, at around my
age twenty seven... as, although I
was in spiritual pain, and felt I had
to constantly self medicate, to keep

my sanity... *on an impulse, to try some poetry writing, I found more than two dozen poetic pieces, of literature, flowing through my writers hand... seemingly already fully developed, and without my consciously knowing from whence they came... or who had written them.* But, I was the only one. I've often thought, how this little 'leap of faith,' was just what my mind required... after which, I began

really learning... to tame the ego
voices, within my mind, and write
only from the still, receptive
center... which I knew, would
eventually be able to discriminate
shades of difference, and at every
juncture, in writing, arrive upon the
most well thought through... the
most righteous conscious
choosing... *to support only the best,
most insight full written product.*
This was, and still is the goal. And,

this will usually be a sort of
'playing of the feminine part,' in
writing... 'being like water,' and
allowing only the subtlest
impression, and impulse, to guide
the stylus, or word processor. *It's
one thing, to sit back, upon one's
laurels, and past
accomplishments... but it's another,
altogether, to completely tame, the
human mind. As times are in an
constant state of change, and flux,*

somewhere upon the planet, or local
galaxy space... *my waking*
conscious mind will be exhibiting
more, or less turbulence, and
chaos... and as I move through my
days, find often, that these
phenomena, apperceived from
within the spaces... the gaps...
between check points, and meeting
times, along the arduous day... such
as lunch, or snack break... and,
often, during these meeting times,

as well... amount to extra stress,
upon my mind... often to the point,
at which I'm given, most often, unto
feeling like a cringe eng crucible...
for want of a better term... *as only
this form of weather vane, or litmus
paper, can make me feel.* And I
always tend to brain storm, and
hypothesize, around the question,
of what these phenomena really
mean. *But these phenomena, or
'symptoms,' usually stay 'beneath*

my cap,' and we're almost always, allowed our peace and quiet... only infrequently revealing, their probable source causal origins, in the form of acting out, in the form of bad language, or arguments, which are obvious stress sources, for myself, personally. At any rate, these thoughts have occurred to me this afternoon, and I, correspondingly, have managed, to hammer them into shape, upon this word

processor page. All for now, Greg

~

When one wishes, to look within...
carefully attenuating him or her
self, unto the encompassing cultural
matrices of spiritual presences,
about himself, he might sit afore his
or her notebook, and peer into the
layers, of the moment. As a
sculptor works... subtractively
chipping away, incrementally, to

arrive upon the timeless, classic form, within... so the writing, will be a form of 'moving meditation,' which goes onto the page, as the writer happens upon it. Finding alignment, with the interior presences, close about ones self, is something akin unto, getting ones' inner radio, on the best signal. One can usually expect, that there will be a proximal presence, who offers guidance, in 'reading the sky.'

These thoughts, will be first, to be placed, onto ones' media. As he or she develops the writing, so understanding evolves. At any rate, I sit here, upon this bed, looking into my heart and souls' consciousness. It appears, that winter is here. Today's temperatures, didn't make it out of the low fourties; but, the air within this room, is warm, comfortable. As I think, of possible directions, in

which to take this writing, I scan
over recent past, present, and
future. We find ourselves, now,
within one of those times, at the
end, of a decade. It's now early
December, and along with everyone
else, we step un ceremoniously
into a new time. There's hopeful
news, tonight... as the new vaccine,
which is regarded as a ninety
percent effective preventive type
cure, for the corona virus... has

been approved in our country... and will begin to be administered, this week. As we set our sights, upon this hope, we can easily recall, previous decade ending years. But, as you'll recollect, the past two zero zero years, have each had special, unique significance, which shifted the meaning, away from the normal. So, but as far as I know, this year is more universally standard. The parallell I tend to draw, here, is

nine teen twenty... which was one
hundred years ago. This was an
difficult time, but our present time,
twenty twenty, isn't nearly so
ponderous. So, I believe, we can
relax, here... especially, since we've
got the corona virus vaccine. Well,
as I'm writing these words, as they
occur to me, I'm happy to see, an
more optimistic out look. So,
through this writing, we gently ease
doubt and super stition into the

past. And this relief, is none too soon. Thusly the gentle truth, has been revealed. This is the given writing, this morning.

When one wishes to look beneath the surfaces, of his or her mind, on an given morning, he can just start, with a few declarative words, in the form of a catchy, made up saying, which both sets the tone, and gets the ball rolling. Then, the writer can 'walk away,' from the writing,

for a while... returning, later in the
day... he or she will have some
follow up words, to fill out the
article. But a line, or two is all one
will need to write, at once... the
gestating powers, of the spirit, will
take it from there... a closed
system, will refine, and perfect
itself, until eventual completion.
And, so I continue, to 'read the
yarrow.' Our weather, today,
Thursday, is expected to cloud up,

this afternoon; sunny weather
returning, Saturday. As our
national elections, were last month,
we now have a new president.

Becoming President, is this
anything like, 'making the band?'
But, any rate, our President shapes
so much, of how we feel, and see
ourselves... something like,
stepping out of an old layer of skin,
and into a new one. Or, an gentle
shift, from long leaf pine, forests,

into short leaf pine forests. Hikers really know what I'm talking about... the short leaf, is found more commonly, in the West. The long leaf, was planted, through out the East in the recent century or two, for its rapid growth rate, and straight grain... both of these being, traits good, for lumber. One hundred and fifty years ago, buildings were mostly built, from lumber. As we continue on, along

December, we look back, and
ponder. I tell you, my mind is
beset, with a sort of myopia... This
is common, in our immediate
surroundings, and interior
environments... but when we get
outside, our spatio spiritual minds
expand, drastically, and we attune,
with the breezes, and the sun shine.
But the out doors, for many people,
has hazards, and such distractions,
that focused study, or writing, is

difficult. But we here, are along a rural route, with little traffic. So inside, or outside, one can narrow down, within head phones, unto a focused, interior writing center. This is the place, I'm at, right now. Aches and pains, have dissipated, my mind has sunk, into the subterranean cavern, of study... cool, musty, underground feelings, appear to prevail... one's work, is afore him, or her self... I've lost

track of my troubles, and
sicknesses... all is soft, and gentle...
shadows, and stillness, have my self
wrapped up in bliss. At any rate,
this present session, is proof
enough... I've still got my health...
I'm not sick; my woes are not
permanent. All for now, Greg

~

Today, I was thinking back, and it

dawned upon me: I didn't know the difference between liberal arts, and what we call, fine arts. Let me tell you, what I learned. While at college, in the twilight of my childhood, I spent a lot of my time, (when I should have been studying my required course material,) in the library, there, reading metaphysics, and art history. The metaphysics, gave me a lot of reference points, which I understood, could help me

make sense, of the labyrinth, of my
mind, at the time. It broadened my
vocabulary, and working
knowledge, of the essential,
language of consciousness.

Reading about the mavericks, of
consciousness, and case examples,
of consciousness studies, led me,
also, unto the standard bearers, of
transpersonal psychology, Jungian
psychology, and, also unto the late
esteemed Joseph Campbell, with his

books upon comparative
mythology. My conception, of 'the
Heroes Journey,' came entirely from
Joseph Campbell, and Carlos
Castenada. At any rate, I
broadened my working knowledge,
of the basic language, of
philosophy, (the languages of the
elemental existential reality, within)
but, not of the great subjects of
Western Philosophy, or English
Literature, two of the main

componants, of a liberal arts degree. But, I learned enough of the language, of the mind, to eventually bring myself, or be brought, into direct experience of the existential fabric, of the collective soul... or, the collective unconscious, or, the great mind, these are all terms, for the inner realms, which some youth are initiated into, around time of coming of age, and which, are

essentially the jumping off point,
into, the Liberal Arts. (Philosophy,
Literature, Art History, Music
History) And, while, these
experiments, of mine were
rambling, throughout these frence
areas... I was concurrently, trying to
develop a proficiency at the piano.
So, had I pursued piano formally, as
in a Fine Arts path, (Painting,
design, sculpture, these expressive
art forms, great proficiency at an

instrument, and in its theory, and expression... this is an Fine Art.)

the rigorous study, this would entail, my life might have had an entirely different outcome.

But, I lacked the aptitude, to study classical piano, or modern jazz, as a professional avocation... I was, a student of Life. This appeared to

be the case, more or less, as I dropped out of my second year, of collegiate studies, to nurse a head

ache, and learn, I thought, how to make it on my own. At any rate, this should explain unto yourself, how I wound up spiraling, into habituation, of over the counter pain medications, and alcohol... and finally wound up, as a depressed hermit.... in the recovery ward, of my hospital, having barely survived a serious self injury. But, the lesson, I am trying to show, is the definitions, and difference, between

the Liberal Arts, and the more expressive, Fine Arts. (Fine art painting, especially abstract expressionism, was an early interest, of mine, as was design, and figure drawing, and printmaking... these mastered, together, amount unto a Fine Arts degree. As does, Modern Jazz.) The Liberal Arts, are more about the archiving of, and discussions, about artists, and writers, and

musicians... the philosophys, which
emerge, ling wisty cally, in seeing
how the human expressive arts,
together, dwell, upon an far more
vast, or Eternal, time frame... the
under lying reasons, behind true
religion, and human expression of
any form. The philosophies,
encompassing civilization... and
fluency, there in. All for now,
Greg.

~

As I sit down, to try and attune with
some new writing, today... to get in
step, with classical, universal
patterns, and motifs... I can easily
see, there appears, to be a great deal
of impressions, just below the
surface, of conscious ongoing.

While the morning was quiet, where
I was, I indeed was conscious of
some turbulence, and often felt that

the days cold, wendy weather, was
more than I could bear, without
getting myself beneath the blankets,
on my bed. But, when I was young,
twenty five years ago, I would have
made myself get up, and get into
town, to my job... rain, or shine, hot
or cold... the money had to be
made... *the bills had to be paid.*

Before a serious suicide attempt,
and when I realized, that I needed
to be in a group home type

relationship, I would have done
whatever it took, to earn a living,
and my life style, was alcoholic,
and the work hard life, was also
party hard. *And, since I tended to
isolate, within my solitary path...
without human contact, I fell out of
sanity, and good health.* So, I thank
God, for our systems' social welfare
system, *and for my Dad, for seeing
that I got help.*

But, at any rate, I sit here writing,

this frosty December morning.

Well, the year, has been productive,

for myself. **I find myself,**

rewarded, with the satisfaction, of

having done my best... of having

given my all. *Now, with twelve*

*new, full length original piano
music soundscapes... and fourteen*

full length nature films... for the

year... I feel, I can rest, a bit, to

restore, my belief in myself.

When one wants to get thoughts

flowing, onto the lasting media, he
or she might enjoy one of the
common sacraments... such as
coffee, or tea... and, then,
empowered by the energy surge,
this provides, *his or her conscious
language center will be
overflowing, brimming with
thought activity.* This will, usually
allow for words to flow more
forthrightly. To know more, about
that which is hidden, just beneath

the surface, of consciousness, in the present... he or she can sit afore the note book, with ball point pen, or afore his word processor... and just start out, *in exploratory fashion.*

My mind, this morning, is like a wound up spring, in a grandfather clock. Its usage consists in its being left alone... its steady tension, driving the mechanism... and sounding off on the hour.

There aren't many things more

enjoyable, than the dispersing, of
the darkness, of ignorance, and
unknowing... *and the illumining, of
ones' present moment.* Shedding
light upon ones' '*present now
configuration,*' he or she places
language hand holds, upon the
page... while, refraining from
creating any waves, or splashing...
*shedding an calming, soothing
luminosity, throughout the present.*
This sense of self assurance, and

self confidence, turns back 'the encroachment, of empty space,' and the writer finds him or herself, to be ahead of the others.

Alright, now. This morning, I listened unto an short talk, given by an luminary, of the hippie generation... I won't mention his name, for you know him already. Here, he gives, many examples, of how we can, attract abundance, and wealth... by the genius, of non linny

air it E. *The logic sequences, of a computer, will have a hard time, matching the leaps of insight, and understanding, the mutual trust, the glimpses, of the divine, which the human mind, easily accomplishes...*

Similarly appointed human minds, will quite naturally, link, within mutual trust, and community. *The computer, won't realize that anything has happened!*

Two or more people, can join

minds, on the basis, of 'Rascality,'
for instance, to use my speakers
term, **and then, they will have at
least that in common... the
computer won't realize anything
has happened...** a leap of logic, is
one thing... but sharing the time,
with a friend, who respects you...
**the computer, won't realize that
anything has happened!** The
speaker I mentioned, simply gave a
lot of good examples, of unifying,

anthro pro centric thinking, and
ideas... not, the insular, isolated
kinds, of ideas... but the *community*
sourced, sorts of ideas... *which, I*
believe the spatio spiritual
consciousness, inherently
espouses... and called the talk,
"The law of Attraction:
Abundance, and Wealth." I have
listened unto this talk numerous
times, in the past... I had never been
so impressed. What made this time

so different? Probably because,
this time, my senses were
awakened... I was simply receptive,
unto it's meanings, and I was open
unto the human dimension... so
often, we pass through our lives, un
think ing ly, and entirely fail, in the
challenge, of joining hearts... in the
human sense. The computers'
value, often cay ters unto the
autistic in everyone... **which I**
think, is a trait, which reveals a

tendency to for go our human,
fleshly, sentient, compassionate,
understanding relationships... for
an machine, which always does
the same thing, each time you ask
it to! This is not always put unto
anthro pro centric, uses. To put it
simply enough, the standards, for
healthy diet, in our lands... often
includes meat... this might well be
beef, poultry, pork, turkey... and we
sit and wonder, why our youth

develops habits, addictions, and
spiritual sickness... of the animal
istic sort... can't we see? We're
deeply involved, in a carnivorous
diet! (*We should, understand, and
believe, that all life is sacred...
especially human life...*) but we so
often, slaughter the sacred cow...
not realizing, that the young people,
some times, are in transition...
*especially, those of the autistic
kind...* and, being in transition, are

inherently discriminated against,
and viewed with suspicion, by the
more established powers! **Parts of
our society, will encompass, and
include, the hefty resistance, of 'a
beef.'** The youth, might well, know
how to treat others, and be schooled
in virtue, and grace, and still
become tripped up, by the inherent
resistance, and difference, which is
built into our society! *Unless he or
she is mentally prepared... the*

ordinary hurdles, and obstacles,
will, over a time of three or more
years... often result in an alienated,
diss en franchised, depressed, even
suicidal youth. I know this is true,
because it happened to me. At any
rate, I bring these ideas afore you,
today. And hope, and trust, that the
best will be seen. Greg

~

As I sit, and think, of possible
directions, in which to take this
writing, tonight, my mind re
collects, around the most receptive,
attenuated consciousness
awareness, as I know can be.

*Indeed, when I allow my self, to
attune with the spatio spiritual
fabric, around my person, I do find
promise, of the poetic. As I search,
for connections, and inter relation
ships, within my mind, I'm drawn*

unto the voices, within my artistic path... especially the voices, from my own family tree. At any rate, self searching, can seem like, such a fathom less well. But, then I think, 'We'll understand it better, by and by...' for, I can easily see, how our past present future picture, some times seems more, or less certain. *Any New Years time, is something like, a mystery... but, I tell myself, there are many many*

*woven documents, and structures
set in stone, which assure, us, of a
sure, secure future.* Still, other
times, the flowing of time, is more
like a mystery... something we
won't be sure of, until we get there.
At any rate, we sometimes, find our
selves, wondering, as to what
comes next... for, richness of
intellect, and security, are both
very precious things, for ourselves,
and I'm no exception, to the rule.

My heart, is definitely, filled with
gratitude, in seeing, the many, many
creations, which my spirit, has been
given, through the years... *these are*
the sign posts, and direction
indicators, which indeed, fill me in
on the most recent on goings,
within my unseen fabric. So, unto
you, *if you are looking, for*
meaning, or growth, or change,
don't hesitate, to look within... for
art, music, stream of consciousness

*poetry... journaling, too, fills the
consciousness in, as to that which
is within him or her self, and
invisibly around, him self. Indeed,
it's this invisible plane, or
dimension, which the very young,
will take time, in a quaint ing
themselves with. Trying to explain
the invisible realm, unto someone
who has only known the material ist
pair ah dime is like trying to
describe the ocean, unto an*

molecule of water. *He or she simply is water, and has natural courses, determined by real factors.*

He sees himself, as a being of matter... a droplet... *but, not as united with all water, in such a vast volume. This is the work, of the river.* The eventual will of the spirit, is for him or her to see himself, as not only a droplet, *but also joined with the vast ultimate collective, of water.* Indeed, our hearts are spirit,

and matter, con joined. *And spirit,*
knows 'no boundaries.' Perhaps,
the matter is formed, by virtue of
the soul patterns, exemplified, by
the spirit, within... set in motion, by
the sexual pairing of male and
female. Thusly, we become
expressed, into the material world.
Its just the soul, and spirit, which
can, for some, be elusive... and
need being brought unto
awakening, unto itself. At any rate,

I sit, and search my soul, for the
simul tudes, and correspondencies,
which can comprise meaningful
writing. This present time, which
we, as global citizens, are within,
right now, is some what fraught,
with worry. But, from a very
general stand point, I can easily
find, the old adage, which goes
something like, 'It's always darkest,
just before dawn.' This
observation, is fairly easy, to make,

in my view... knowing what I know.

At any rate, the more one sits and dwells, over a thing... the worse, then, such thing begins to appear.

So, getting along, down this word processor page, is something close, unto my heart, now. When one wishes, to get thoughts flowing, onto his or her media... he or she can just start out with a sentence, like this one I am writing presently.

Then, in walking away, from the

notebook, for a while, he will, then
return, and find he or she has a few
words, to add... unto the initial

thought. *Progressing*

*incrementally, like this, one will in
time fill out, the completed article,*

and find himself, ahead of the

others. This time, we are in, right

now, just ahead of New Years, is

pretty amazing, to say the least.

Perhaps, it's just my perspective,

which is you neak... as a piano

player, writer, photographer, and
designer, I've gotten plenty of
exposure, this past year... and this,
most definitely informs, my
Winter's Solstice... *the New Years,*
appears, to me to be of a dassel ing
brilliant sea... like nothing I've ever
seen before, and more! If you ask
me what I think, of the future,
presently, I would tell you, these
are fabulous times, indeed.
Looking at media trends, might be

the closest one could come, to an
out look, for the future. *Speaking
of the future, is like muddy ing a
pond.* To me, I think, that, to allow
the best, fullest good future, to
come along, *is only like 'leaves on
a tree...' and without detracting
from the good will, and good
intentions.* So, to those of the
present day... young, and old,
alike... survivors, each and every
one... *good luck, and good wishes,*

as we step into a new year, and new decade. Think your thoughts freely, for 'no one can hear them anyway.'

(Only the butterflies.) *Today's advancements, and technologies, are only possible, seen in the light, of countless previous advancements, and technologies; this is in the nature, of our cultural evolution.* I think, technology history, is being taught, in colleges... to carry on the lessons of

the past, and make sure, everyone
stays informed, and on the same
page, as to the past
accomplishments, the world over...
as to from whence we've come...
and how it all inter relates, and is
inter dependant. At any rate, all for
now, Greg

~

When one wishes, to get himself, or

herself in step, with the
encompassing fabric of socio
cultural being ness, around himself,
you can just start, with a broad,
general is tic, sort of venture, onto
the written page. *Seeing these
words form themselves, upon this
word processor page, my hope, for
a new essay, begins to build.* The
novice writer, strongly doubting
himself, will give up the writing
task, right away... as a broken part,

of a broken time. *But the awakened, dreaming mind, sees the beginnings, of great insight, and intellectual discovery.* The more experienced perspective, will leap at the opportunity, to further discern, the unfolding time, and circumstance. In listening, unto the random play, of my em pea three player, this good night... I can easily find, the constancy, of a more or less total absence, of predict

ability, or any traces, of 'normalcy,'
except the extreme sameness of
contrast, and opposite polarity. *As
one places expectations, upon a
random order generator, those
expectations, quickly become ruled
out... eliminated, from the running.*

See, so... and there are better
topics, for discussion, and
exploration... but, having never
peered poetically, into thoughts,
around the natures, of this sort of

thing, on paper... so there's a good effort. On the whole, my music collection, is pretty positive intentional... so any given listening experience, will have a bunch of my best, most considered, intentional choices. At any rate, as I look out, across the way, there I see both the expected, and the unexpected. *Such is life, and as my collective being ness rounds the corner, into a new decade... there*

*are sights to see... both mundane,
and exhilarating.* Most any New
Year, brings lots of both. Quickly
searching my present state of mind,
right now... the coming decade may
include... unlimited fusion power
generation... artificial intelligence,
which cannot be distinguished,
easily, from the real thing... landing
men and women upon the moon,
and possibly a lunar outpost being
established... full time human

presence, on the moons surface, (or below it!) and, quantum computers becoming much more easily affordable, and accessible, for most everyone, and anyone. *We may make the shift from a petroleum based economy, to one based almost entirely, around the renewable fuels... this big shift, is already under way... including changes to hydrogen fuel cells, making them a very practical and economical*

alternative, to gasoline... not to mention, the eventual harvesting, of more and more of the suns radiant heat energy... as solar power, becomes ubiquitous, and standard, for powering our homes, businesses, and automobiles. Well, this is my short list, of potential advancements, which may take place, within this new decade... these are just the first few, which come to mind. At any rate, you can

easily see, the general ley of the
land... and that's only what's readily
apparent, upon the surface level.

Imagine the possibilities! So, and
already having seen a glimmer...

*such a strong singular remark, set
down into the nature... **Imagine***

dragons! And this is an kind of
dance move... to draw the gaze unto

the heavens... *and stand in
contrast, to the chaotic world of
mundane happenstance... a new*

*hope... of a more advanced,
gleaming supremacy.* If this is the
work of our future collective
genius, and spiritual presence...

then, I myself, wish to add my
notes, unto the symphony. So, my
reader can perceive. At any rate,
this is an auspicious time, indeed.

You may wonder, if the promises of
a time out way the problems... and I
guess this is a question. But, to the
patient, and the thorough, *you'll*

*find more good, than you've ever
known... in the simple
relationships, cultivated with the
little people, the perspective, she
brings. As you'll almost always
find the nature rejoicing, in her
way... while at first glance, the wild
natural environment... is wild... like
the river, and just keeps rolling,
but, then, again, she must know
something about it. **Have we eyes
to peer across into the afterlife?***

**No, but folklore holds that
presences can sometimes be felt,
or sensed! And, then, too, don't for
a minute think she needs people...
for her wild spirit is in dominate
able... and as vast as the sky. Just a
thought, for the lowly, and lonely
wanderer, to find reprieve, and a
second opinion, in nature... this is
really man kinds' promise... who
seeks not the faster, more 'Out
there,' arenas of living, at all... and**

simply wishes to draw close to
basic, pure values, of the land. At
any rate, these are some thoughts,
this good, late December morning.

As I read back across this article,
now, I indeed feel so called, *to
perfect, and refine the words, and
to render them harmless.* For such
touches the conscience, and calls us
to be better, and more dignified,
and noble. Hopefully, you, too will
find calling, in these things. All for

now, Greg

~

When one sits afore the notebook,
or word processor page, many,
many directions, may be
entertained... *as many, as there are
stars, in the starry night sky.* As
this past year has seen me getting
depressed, more often than usual, I
focused inward, and took note of

the simple things... especially our family values... the qualities, and ways, which make our house a home. *For those whom don't marry, or take a permanent mate, group home living may be the only way to escape societies' criticism.* Maybe, you're holding out, for the perfect mate... but if you, like myself, always see yourself as retiring, inward, unto ones' own thoughts, and memories... if you

find your peace, in solitude... and if
you know, that this way is a lose
ing game... you'll seek shelter,
within your lands' social welfare
system. *You'll see the need all
people have, for the company of
other warm blooded humans, and
you'll never go it alone, again.*

Being freed, from concerns of
solitary living, like major
depression, and schizophrenia...
once you figure this one principle

out, you'll wish to remain around
other people, and, if you have
creative spirits, in your lineage, at
all, you'll wish to enjoy a hobby or
craft, like writing, or journaling... or
music creation... or sketching, or
painting. You'll soon find your best
work, didn't ever come from
solitude, nor an isolated, insular
perspective... but from the
perspective, of a family member...
in a caring household, with others

like yourself. Where else, can you find nurturance, from the light so warm... topics like, '**the self river,**' or, the '**unspoken vernacular,**' might never would have found a home, within your art and writing path, without this comforting home environment. At any rate, *knowing what I know... I definitely feel given to share this lesson, with other, younger people.* You may wonder, how I can keep returning, unto the

empty page, and find such resource,
and sustenance. *Once you find, the*
'underlying theme,' in your life,
you'll return, time and again, to
find this sense of purpose, and
direction. For myself, this relating,
if you will, of intellectual
properties, from the heavenly plane,
down unto my earth bound station...
needs only time, to find a fullness
of completion. Any ways, I
sincerely hope, that, you yourself,

find this goodness. Carefully turning your given ideas over, and over in your mind, before writing them, you'll lessen the needs for re writing, of what you already have.

At any rate, I sit here writing, this frosty December morning, As long, as inspiration continues to flow... as

long, as my spirit is willing... I'll keep up this writing path. Writing, creatively, like this... *discerning, the most ideal foot steps, from an*

companion, within the higher plane, is pure magic. I definitely but await, the writing of fuller inspiration... of stronger voice.

One must, it seems, go for stretches of time, without the fullness of expression... which makes for good writing. *But then, there will be the breakthrough, into much greater joy, and inspiration.* You'll find this to be the case, and time and again, find good resource, in

writing... in attuning unto the
encompassing spirit presences,
about yourself. At any rate, we
here are enjoying the brisk holiday
weather, only awaiting better
sunshine, as the new week
progresses. *We wish you and yours,
a happy, productive New Year. All
for now, Greg*

~

As I sit here, now, thinking over
this days blessings, and
breakthroughs, this first day, of the
new year... I think of an artwork, I
saw, this evening. It was a
photograph, of the planet Earth,
from what looked like, a low Earth
orbit... the planet, below, looked
exceedingly fragile... such that the
viewer, himself, would get a keen
sense, of that fragility... *and of how,*
his or her own thoughts, appeared

*at once, to be the most dynamic
part of the scene... and just the
fragility, of the relationships,
between the viewers thoughts, and
the planets many ecologies,
including our human kind... our
softness, and really, the whole
human predicament... in our
planets thin, fragile atmosphere,
and biosphere... our kind of not so
inn conspicuous, nor transparent
configurations, and contraptions...*

*our perhaps, high consumption,
human lives in the potential light,
of stellar, and cosmic anomalies...
threats, not limited, to man made
problems... but, really our skies'
vulnerability, and openness, and
the fears, around our situation. Just
put it like this... the quote is true...*

**"Our greatest fears are not that
we are too helpless... but, that we
should become too powerful...
beyond, our ability to measure, or**

contain successfully." I'm definitely reminded of a short talk, by a former astronaut, on how impressed he was, by the vision of our Earth's fragility, viewed from the deep space perspective, and on the return voyage, from the lunar surface, to Earth. He described the sense of awe, and humility, he felt, in the recollection, of his own life of self serving, and striving... his sense, of how this striving, and

selfishness, is or was, his main problem... the crux of the human predicament... and the obstacle, separating all men, from the Divine... in considering, the blue green brown marble, of the Earth, suspended in space, from a distanced perspective. This sense of awe and humility, is what the artwork, I spoke of, communicated to myself, today... this same sort of cosmic reverence, for the delicate

balance, in which our very existences, are held... and our keen sense, of how this balance, is only compromised, by our senseless over consumption, and greed... our self serving, I could now see, could be our un doing... this was a successful artwork. *At any rate, I bring this heightened consciousness unto my page today, and can surely say, that my New Years vision, stirred my very soul.* Maybe you, too, will

come to heightened comprehension,
of the sacredness of our Earth, and
our human plane, of birth, death,
and rebirth... *and like myself, will
see it as nothing to be tampered
with, or grabbed after, at all... but
a proving range, for the
development, of benevolence, and
compassion, and for the
developing of beneficial
technologies, which serve all life
on Earth... and, with the most*

*minimal impact, upon the others,
who, themselves, are also
developing beneficial qualities...
and enriching their own souls, and
life work.* All for now, Greg

~

**'Nature imagery, in numerous
forms, and styles, is an intrinsic
part, of what my artistic path is
about... not only, in**

**environmental sounds, and video
and photography, but also, in the
manners, and styles, in which I
play the piano... an broad,
generalized, emulation, of natural
elements... and poetrys... how
does a rain shower feel, how is
such divine.... or how does the
ocean surf, and spray have the
qualities, which can be emulated,
on a musical instrument? How is
the deity found within such?**

**What is the beauty of a flower,
when imagined as piano music...
how is such divine... these are
natural elements, nature
poetrys... which my playing
imitates, or emulates.'** In a sense,
nature imagery, in art and music,
and video, has both an apparent,
visible quality... like an enfolding,
sheltering, comforting aura, added
into the art... an umbrella, of sorts,
of sheltering, and beneficial

*natures... as well, as an hidden,
invisible quality, which definitely
has both good, and bad attributes.*

In a certain sense, nature, for all of
her native graces, still becomes a
main line, into the heart, of
darkness... just all that brings
mankind not only joy, but grief...
and sorrow, and loss. *These dark
natures, are part of God's universe,
as well, as the good... and both,
come attendant within the*

*capturing, or emulating, of nature
imagery, on lasting media... like
video, or environmental recordings.*

The general idea, or point, I am making, is this: Some behaviors, and ways are socially appropriate, and will meet with approval, in ones' society... and others, aren't, and wont. So, if ones' penchance, is for making nature recordings, or the imagining, and imaging, of natural scenes, or images, in

painting, or animation... or if one uses lots of naturalistic elements, and references, in playing ones' musical instrument, or is really interested in nature photography, or film making... best be sure, one stays on the level, behavior ly speaking... as in appropriate behaviors, or acting out, can leed unto loss of freedoms, and liberties, in doing such art. This is important to note, as so very many people,

have fallen out of acceptable society, and societies' approval, through in excusable behavior, and miss deed. Indeed, such can put one in a probationary time, and even more or less total loss of freedom... as our society, is built upon a system of codes, and laws, which are in place to keep our streets, and neighborhoods free from crime, and encroachment, by criminal elements... by those, who

don't have, or ignore altogether, a social conscience, and belief in a healthy, sustain able society. At any rate, our well being truly depends upon, how well, more or less, we're able to negotiate the challenges, of inactivity... amidst our societies' consumption, and usage, of natural resources... while on the one hand, having mirr E add conveniences, and luxuries, which are derived from 'animal, mineral,

and vegetable,' resources... we
**have, there fore, to guard,
ourselves, against threats unto
our sanity, as human beings...
threats like poor diet, or hygiene,
and lazy house keeping... this
should be made clear, unto our
children, and seen to.**

At any rate, I sit here writing, this
frosty mid January afternoon.

Today is Saturday, and this
morning, it's thirty five degrees,

and wendy. As I sit and think about
the ways of Nature, and her
resilience, and adaptation, in the
face of her own harsh
environmental realities, I can
remember, very well... as a teen
ager, me and my group hiked and
camped... a lot. One camping or
hiking trip, a month, was our pace...
and with strong leadership, our
troop of boys spent two days, and a
night, out doors, each and every

month... for eight or nine years...
only rarely cancelling, usually due
to impassable roads... but at any
rate, we spent a lot of time, in the
elements. We didn't think twice
about a twenty mile hike, in twenty
nine degree weather... nor, about
the cold, frosty night we'd then
spend around our fire, and by ten,
or eleven at night getting into our
sleeping bags, in our nylon dome
tents. We didn't go into the woods

unprepared... we had the right clothes, and equipment, to make most any condition you might find, survivable. Long under wear, tough trousers, with lots of pockets, hiking socks, and boots... boots, especially, had to be selected carefully, for traction, ankle support, water proofing, and snake bite proofing. But, additionally, we would have one or two changes of clothes stowed neatly, in an

aluminum, or nylon frame back pack... along with a stowed dome tent, sleeping bag, cooking tools, and supplies, like a tin pot, and skillet kit, with a cup... freeze dried beef stew, or chili, fire making tools... an hand axe, to cut wood for a fire, and a flint and steel fire starting kit. Also, we would each have a personal hygiene kit, and personal first aid kit. At any rate, these guys, spent a lot of time out

of doors. To me, this experience,
and training, was just crucial, unto
me surviving the years of addiction,
and self abuse, of my twenties
decade... from right out of high
school, until about age thirty.

Because, I punished, my body. The
easy thing to over look, about our
hiking, and camping years... was
the communion, and bonding, with
the spirits, of nature, in our region.

One thousand years ago, our

ancestors were so very much closer
unto the natural elements... and I
feel, that this ancient human paleo
history, was the main thing we
joined up, within, and communed
within, when we got outside, one
weekend a month... this ancient
legacy, and background, of
adaptation, and harmony, amongst
nature, and the elements... *this is
what we sacrifice, when we don't
teach kids, to survive, two days*

and a night, a month, in the nature. Rain or shine, hot or cold, we rarely ever missed a hike, or camping trip. So, how else do you think, I have the solitary inner resources, which I most definitely do... my writing, and sketching, and photography, and music... These are, seen together, my greatest latent inner power... the keys unto my surviving, not only the wild, dark, alienated school, of the

streets, of my twenties... but also,
unto my success, and status, all
through out my healthy living
years... my strong sense of self, and
resilience, and resistance, unto the
de personalizing times, and society,
which I've passed through, over the
past twenty years, since my early
beginnings, in world music
publishing. (Not that I've had a
poor home environment, but within
the human mind, there's an

experiential field, of paranoid
experience, and life, within the
Eleysial, ephemeral spatio spiritual
adult consciousness... we carry this
inner time, and experience, along
with us, wherever we go, regardless
of our external surroundings.) So,
if you've got children... I would
say, more importantly, than
computer programming, I would
say is establishing confidence, in
surviving in the nature which

encompasses our civilization... this
self confidence, and inner soul
experience, within mankinds'
ancient adaptive legacy, and
heritages, has been the strongest
key, unto my long term success, and
resilience, as an adult... I would
say, my vast reading life, was the
other big part of who I was to
become. So, to the wise, kind
mentors, which kept me reading, all
of the years, I was in my parents'

nest... there, too, was importance in this reading life. (Having a large vocabulary, and good sense of written story telling, character sense, and just having a well read youth legacy... all these factors, have made me strong.) But, at any rate, keeping my footing, while hiking, and camping in the metaphoric wilderness, within, and around our twenty first century society, of course requires real

peace loving ways, and an understanding, and belief in the Golden Rule... *'Do unto others, only that which you would have them to do unto you.'* And in keeping this good inner sanity, remembering healthy hygiene, diet, and good house keeping, what ever place you have to live; from individuation and through out... these things, these values, are a necessity. All for now, Greg

~

(Some thoughts...)

Cloud photography is a surreal
view on things. The shutter button,
is the when... the photographer's
intuition, is the where... and the
sky, (the photographer's
subconscious mind) is the why.
Intention is simple... just point and

shoot... *but sometimes, the subconscious mind is following other stories.* At any rate, the mind, likes what it likes. One's intuition, in choosing the time, for the session... might be determined, based upon whatever the ladies are talking about... to the photographer, the light, is right, or the skies might just look photogenic... but, there may be other things in the mix.

Just, what ever happens to be

running in the back ground, is naturally juxtaposed, with your intentions... so it really pays, to inspect your cloud photography closely... before time gets by, and the un imagined winds up in your permanent collection. But, good earth bound cloud photography, can be just like the sensation, of flying endlessly through brilliant, celestial mind scapes... just like in a plane, around and amongst the clouds. At

any rate, these are a few thoughts,
on clouds and cloud formations. In
the context of my mental rambling,
which is usually not happening,
right now, regardless, of my
external surroundings... I came this
morning across the concept of the
Platonic Ideal. What is this
concept, and how can I find it in my
ordinary life, today? **The concept,**
that Ideas predate physical
things, is the gist, here. In other

words, *a Person, the Idea of a Person, pre dates the person's physical existence. The physical individual person will always be a mix, of specific traits, behaviors, and likenesses, while the concept, or Idea of a Person, stands for all people... can represent all human beings... where as a specific, individual person, can never represent, or stand for, all peoples.*

Once, you find the freedom, in your

life, to give up the solitary life style... once you find the crucial entry way, and initiation, into communal living, you'll begin understanding the importance, of this Platonic Ideal. This is a big understanding... and can be described, as in making the shift, from the search, for the ideal mate... to, instead, a pre determined same sex room mate... giving up on the procreation instincts, and

instead, subsuming this felicity into the concept, of an ideal sustainable society... which won't give over, unto, or into romantic relationships, such as man and wife, but insists, on the higher goal, of an endless, sexless, blissful, sustainable society... with out notions, of romance and procreation, ever entering into being. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, on 'the Platonic Ideal.' This idea, has

proven to be very useful, in my
life... as I had always had difficulty,
with the male female types of
relationships, and simply wished,
for a standard, which didn't
necessarily entail procreation, and
child raising. So, for the biggest
part, of one's life, I would
recommend, for the solitary
wanderer, who wishes, meanwhile
to be freed from expectations, of
procreation, and child rearing, that

he or she begin to listen, to the music of the spheres, and lean upon the promises, of an Eternal life, somehow above, the mundane... and concerns of the sensual, fleshly plane, which we seem so very troubled, by and within... this ideal place is very real... and the human consciousness, and mind, is, of course, the key, and doorway, into it. Anyways, I sit here, on this bed, thinking these thoughts, right now.

If you have ever wondered, where it
is that your highest ideals, and
aspirations, flow from... if you are
lacking in the unity of vision,
which, for some, brings such
succient organization, and precise
control, unto their artistic
expression... then it is to you,
whom I speak... the spiritual lock
sigh, with in your inner most heart,
is not a solitary apparition, at all...
and, if one practices virtues, and

not vices, she or he will fill you in,
eventually, upon her encompassing
society. *Once you locate for
yourself, the spiritual lattice work
happening all around your person,
you'll marvel, no, you'll thrall, at
the abundancy, and limitless up
welling... once allowed into this
scene, or seance, within sight, of
your own mind's eye, just across
the way, in every direction... there
will be found abundant*

celebration. At any rate, this is what I seem to remember, from my own awakening... and while, I sought to hold onto my solitary hermit life style, back in two thousand and two, when I first became awakened, to the societal fabric... *maybe, you'll listen, when I tell, of the winds of the spirit, which can torment solitary types, unto the point of self injury... and, no matter how much it hurts, get*

*yourself around other warm
hearted people, like your self, and
then join, with the others, for the
long run, into the Platonic Ideal...*

as a concept, such is very elegant,
as it sets high value, on healthy
home life... and the limit less,
eleysial continnum, of grace full
aging, and low impact existance.

This is my hopes, for my reader.

Anyways, all for now, Greg

~

As I sit, and mull over, an ideological shift, in my home land... with the inauguration, of our new president, just behind us... I agree, the challenges ahead, are, or appear to be, substantial. It's one thing, to have the perennial 'changing of the guard,' as is the case... this shedding of skin, is as necessary, and intrinsic, to our

country, as is the five day work week... *but, with the frightening spectre of the co vid nineteen sickness, still partly un re solved, (as variants, are appearing, in the disease itself,) most of us, are pretty uncomfortable, with our present situation.* But, for the most part, for myself, today, Friday, has been a relaxing dose of rest and relaxation... **just what the doctor ordered.** At any rate, I've

observed, through the years, that excessive thinking, over worries in one's life, usually only makes them appear to be worse than they are, in reality. So, I've taken refuge, in my artistic pursuits, and have plenty of good work to show for it. When one goes unto the empty page, in receptivity, and in discernment, he or she may, or may not have thoughts, on the fore front of his mind... but, at any rate, through a

kind of attuning, of one's self, unto
his or her higher mind, and
consciousness... and getting in step,
with these more classic, timeless
ideas... even a sore time, can find
itself rewarded, and gifted, with a
new essay. I have found more
confidence, in learning this one
technique, than anything else. One
never knows, just what his or her
higher spirit consciousness, will
show him, any given time. But

through making oneself receptive,
and malleable, like a lump of clay...

unto the encompassing socio
cultural fabric, many, many
possibilities, open onto the higher
lands, and one can find his or
herself benefitted, enormously. As
I scan over the possibilities, I can
see, from within my mind's eye... it
seems pretty clear... something in
the past present future continuum is
making me quite neurotic, in the

now. The puzzle pieces don't quite seem to fit... and, my self criticism, is worse, than it should be... which tells me, also, that something's amiss. But, at any rate, I sit and ponder over things, in general. I've definitely found, *that my own subconscious expectations, of a time, tend to dictate, my perceptions, and belief, about the time.* So, I'm trying to see the glass as half full... perceptions are

everything. Trying to shape, and influence the ways people think, about your self, through nature photography, *is about as easy, as tossing a deck up cards up in the air, and letting them fall randomly across the table top, in chaotic fashion.* The time is what it is, and no amount of good intentions, can salvage it. Sometimes, are more fertile, than others... and some times... *nature appears to be more*

of a heathen trick stir, than something photo genic. Try, though you will, you still get your nose rubbed in the dirt... you still wind up completely puzzled. This, I think, can be seen as an subtle aspect of the time... not anything one should take personally, or upon his or self, as worry. At any rate, it's almost time for supper where I am, so I'd better wash up. All for now, Greg. Well, I find myself,

sitting upon this bed, with my word processor keyboard in my lap, and sorting through the weeks events.

Tonight is Tuesday, and the skies above are partly cloudy, and our temperature is mild, for January.

My thermo meter reads fifty seven degrees, right now. Our full moon is peek ing through the clouds...

another lunar cycle, already. At any rate, we awoke this morning, unto news of a large tornado having

touched down near the central part of our state, south of here, and doing a lot of damage. However, we were very blessed in that only one death, from that bad weather, occurred. Just when we were getting used to freezing drizzle, comes a big low pressure system, with warm temperatures, and we have a twister. I'm glad it didn't get me. *(Knock on wood)* In returning unto my word process or key board,

this evening, I'm thinking of the gratitude I feel, in my simply being alive, to feel so good. If you ask me, I'd say our big hurdles, are behind us, for this period of time.

Having our presidential inauguration... getting that goal accomplished, is enough. I expect to get my other goals behind me, soon enough... my corona virus vaccination. Once I get that, then I can skedd you'll my yearly medical

tests, which I skipped, last year, due to worries, around the virus. You might wonder, why I write things out, like this... I guess, I want to best see, for myself, the ways of how, getting one's self vaccinated, is a pretty good insurance, policy, given and considering, our reliance, upon child hood vaccinations... as a matter of course, some bugs are so scary, it's just my belief, that if

modern medicine gives me some...
any... relief from worry, around
getting polio, for instance... then I
should take the preventive cure. It's
just that, since the late nine teen
nine tees, successive generations,
have been rocked, by '*tales of
warring, and waste,*' **mental
illness, is more common, and
feared, and widely understood, to
be a real threat, as such new
generations, come of age. We,**

indeed have seen too much. So, some people question, our basic assumptions, and social institutions... they refuse, to be vaccinated. But, I'm not one of those people. I believe, in medicine... I guess I always will. In fact, I think the doubt which people miss place, upon vaccine science... would be more intelligently put, into fixing our broken health care system... in

general... you don't question the good doctor, unless, you don't want to buy into pricey designer medicines, to treat something that's *'all in your head,' in the first place.* That, to me, is a systemic problem, which having ethical emm dees, tends to preclude... but, people are so silly... from a practical standpoint, *why complain to your doctor, about psycho somatic symptoms... unless you're ready to charge the*

*medicare system, for limitless
prescriptions, for designer
medications.* We should instead be
treating those symptoms as mental
illness. *Seeing that way, all
doctors, should be psychologists
first, physicians second.* At any
rate, thoughts are coming to me,
more freely tonight, but I don't wish
to 'spoil anyone's party,' so I'll try
and keep my writing, about the
process of it's own creation. This,

is the most frequent, and best topic,
I guess, to write about... and can be
done, while gase ing at a video, on
my dee vee dee player, across the
room. Certainly, more than once,
today, I've thought, how the very
best way, to spend one's time, is in
freely writing, writing about
writing, and brain storming, like
this... *sorting out the recent past, is
like peering back, down, into the
heart of a flower. The present*

moment, I would say, is the apex of the pyramid, with days, weeks, and months, ree seed ing down, out and away... not a perilous perch, at all, but a stable one. The pyramid, is

the most lasting, and time less architectural motif, in all of history.

An animal, will spread his or her feet wider, if the ground appears, to quake... as the wider base, is so much more stable... and pyramids are found in quartz crystals...

abundant ly in the nature. At any rate, I sit here, brain storming, upon topics, for writing. When I find, that something from the past, needs a re write... the writing is weak, and could be improved... I want to get to it... and not being ego tistic cal in worrying what another might think, is important. With all of the stress, and strife, we each have to see, and look at, from week unto week... it's no wonder, my writing may

occasionally be lagging, in some way, or ways... *so, I try to make revisions, without delay.* But, of course, time must be made, for such revision... *and, as one may not feel like writing, at just any time,* it might be helpful to have one of the common sacraments, such as coffee, or tea... as the temporary mood improvement such beverages bring, is usually enough to get one *'over the next hill...'* even as times

seem discouraging. So, and these are my thoughts, on these things.

All for now, Greg.

~

Well, *three days have passed*, and I am definitely relieved, and glad, at all the goals which have come through! It was a long week, *but with good, smart people, things in life will work, if you try*. In looking

within the turning flow of this line
of writing, my hands definitely feel
more in command of the keyboard,

than they have recently. This is
such a good sign... *In keeping this
present time... in saving it, and not
ignoring its finite characteristics...*

*I am mainly receptive, unto the
consciousnesses about myself...*

there are some times, when
transience, appears to haunt my
mind... especially, in considering

all of the good people, and things,
which do what they're supposed to
do... *while aging, and decay, are
constants, too.* One only knows,
the ways to '*save everything,*' more
and more, the older we get. This
makes for good produce... *It just
wouldn't be worth much, if it
neglects, or disregards the faint est
nuance... as our lives are awash in
meaning, and significance, being
receptive to the tiniest reflection,*

*and nuance, we can keep in step,
with the gentlest of paths. As I
think, of ways in which to see, I
have to be rational, in seeing how,
**'We will see only that which we
wish to see.'** Perceptions are
everything... so, in trusting my
creative muses, I can see how, my
faith is comprised, partly of my
own belief, in my good ability to
successfully do, and accomplish, a
thing. *'Safe hiking, entails belief,**

and knowledge, that the ground will be there, where you place your next step.' If we're racked by doubt, and insecurity, we'll stumble, for sure.

Today is Saturday, and it's cold outside. My thermo meter reads twenty four degrees, and there's a bit of precipitation approaching from the due west. We might get snow, this evening, but not much, as our temps will be warmer, only barely dipping beneath the freezing

point. Sundays weather should be
sunny. I include these little
narrative references, so that I might
better remember the present... so
that I might recollect, the time... so
that it will be more than just a gray
wash of memories. If you find
meaning, in these ideas, if you find
they're significant, for you, it's
probably because, they appear to
you to be progressive enough, to be
thought sound. At any rate, these

are some ideas, this morning.

When I wish to attune myself, unto
the encompassing higher minds,
and spiritual presences around
myself, starting a paragraph like
this, is a good beginning. **We
should seek to get into step, with
the most classical currents of
thought... and allow these motifs,
and expressions, to flow through
ourselves, onto our external
media.** I'm so accustomed, unto

this time worn methodology, which I use in writing, *but it always works in new ways, in new perm you tay shuns, regardless of what the main idea, of the article is.* Don't forget, your own roles, in writing... how we can receive higher thinking, onto the page, but we our selves, keep one hand, on the rudder... the stylistic ideals, you're trying to follow, and emulate, *should form a guiding direction keeper, held*

*within your mind as a vision... the
encompassing spiritual presences,
are really the wend, in the sails.*

Knowing this, you'll retain strong
author ship, of any thing that comes
forth...and you won't be blindly led,
into obstacles, but will instead, stay
afloat, above the rocks. This
guiding direction keeper, is
comprised, partly, of your
perceptions, of 'that which can be
said,' and 'that which has been said,

before...' these presadents, will be based, upon your past reading, and study... you yourself, contain the guidance of vision... *carefully cultivated, over years of study, and meditation... your own unique vision, and aesthetics of art, and literature.* In what way, or ways is your vision unique? Everyone's answer is different. Seeing the diversity, in our society of arts, and media, *just how can we think that*

artist's dreams, are just 'cookie cutter,' or that you or your art isn't special in countless ways. I hope you'll remember this message, and when you read, of the struggles, and difficulties, of creating original material, remember also to be compassionate, and considerate... as everyone has been through some hard times, or knows some one who has. At any rate, these are some thoughts, this good February

Saturday. All for now, Greg

~

*'Way down upon the Swanee River
There's where my heart is
yearning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.'*

I've often pondered, over the
subject of the Afterlife. Writers
have always pondered, *where were*

*we before we were born? where do
we go when we die?* These
questions, whether we like them or
not, *enfold, and captivate our
mortal minds, like the immense,
mysterious volume... the vacuum...
of empty space, which our Earth is
suspended within...* we simply do
not know... the spaces, are so vast...
we can easily get fooled, over into
thinking, we're 'on top of' heaven,
'we've got this,' or we are

thoroughly 'in the know.' *But a closer examination, reveals something completely different.*

These parts of ourselves... these uncles, aunts, grand parents... these conscience, one and all... make the rules, for we whom, to quote an earlier writer, **'merely prance and dance, upon the stage of life...'** **'while very old presences... very old men, and women, look upon our lives, from about... merely**

**waiting to cast judgment, upon
we mortals... for any apparent
miss deed, or infraction.'** (I know,
sometimes people get old... Writers,
do, like anyone, sometimes get
ascerbic, and *cynical*... **But then,
there's youth!**) But its clear that,
for us to try and look across,
through the veil, is about as simple,
as making an omelet blind folded...
there's so much unto the night time
sky, which we simply can't see,

much less know of... *we operate,*
within a set 'consensus reality,' of
assumptions, which enable us to be
social creatures, with sub
conscious minds... and un
conscious minds... but there are
many, many shared, agreed upon
unknowns. It is definitely, within
human nature, to wish to know
more... *only, we're told, heaven is a*
'higher land,' or 'higher ground,' a
more advanced state of being. This

makes more sense than anything,
*for after all, where do we go, when
we lose consciousness? We just
wake up, in the future... there
doesn't seem to be any
consciousness, in 'unconscious.'*

But, in heaven, we might find, finer
light sources, in the minds of the
surviving ... *we might find new life,
in the consciousnesses, of others,
who have more life, than we do... in
our eventual deceased state. This*

makes more sense than anything...

for no one, has ever really, been able to conclusively describe the afterlife... but various aspects, of it can be found, at different locales, at different times, and with concerted effort. At any rate, I sit here, upon this bed, writing these thoughts.

When ever an idea occurs unto myself... when I find myself working out a line of writing in my head, I'll usually get myself to the

word processor, and try and get it down on lasting media. This way is use full, in keeping good ideas from getting away from me. Just write them down, as quickly as possible. **This concept, is very much like, a dream journal... only, these dreams, happen while we're awake.** I'll tell you, as I sit here, this morning, the cross wends, and rip currents, are so bad, that my head is getting a little dizzy, now

and then. So, but this writing is coming along well enough, so, it's not too hard, for myself, to make usage of the time. *'When one seeks to get him or her self into step, with the encompassing spiritual presences, and ascended being ness around him or her self, you can just peer into the space, of an empty note book page.'* That which is revealed, to be thereupon, will be the trans literated out looks, and

'best wishes,' from just unto the other side of the veil... into our physical, fleshly world, of corporeal forms. But, as for the particular details, the whos, whats, whens, wheres, whys, and hows, of our beings, *before birth, into the earthly plane, or what happens, after word...* **God alone, knows these particulars... we only know, that more advanced beings appear to peer back at us, from**

across the veil. The heavens seem
to always keep, some secrets...
while others are freely given.

Maybe, if it helps, a person, to have
higher accessional thoughts freely
given, onto the written or printed
page, then, this may be allowed...

*Its usage, consisting in its practical
applications, such as this writing...*

**but, we're not given technical
specifications, of the heavenly
planes, or their inhabitants. So,**

with this understanding firmly
established, the simple communion,
one finds, with in the higher realm,
and its being ness es, is more than
enough, in my view, to justify
finding this communion, more and
more. *And, for myself, I just love
seeing, and finding, the collective
about myself, thinking, and working
through myself, and my typists
hands, onto this word processor
page... this momentous thought, is*

*not given easily, however. I had
just so many difficult years, of
wandering, and vain striving,
before being ushered, into the
communion, within the higher
presences, within and about my
self.* Today, any time I go unto the
word processor, invokes these
presences... the thought of being
alone, is most frightening, unto
myself, and I tell myself, I'll always
stay near and within a platonic

group. (I mean, a group home!)

There's no other way, for myself... I
would quickly sink into dis
proportion ate delusion, and
bewilderment, if faced with much
solitude... with isolation... with no
human contact, outside myself.

Well, these are just some thoughts,
this good evening. I'll pass this
writing along to yourself, now. All
for now, Greg

~

When one wishes to know, more about the present, than can be gleaned from surface appreciation, he or she can return unto the empty page, and peer within its surface. That which arises, can be seen to be the initial, starting thoughts, of an re aligning, or an getting into step with, the encompassing inner fabric, and

higher, more enlightened presences,
about him or her self. So often,
we're kept out of the loop, so to
speak... *and, seeing, then, and*
really perceiving, requires the
broker ing of an up dated alliance,
or agreement. Most times, the
things which hold us back, from the
best agreement, within the higher
mind, and encompassing culture,
will be necessary dee fur ments,
and diminishments, *as knot all*

relationships, will completely, as yet, be 'through the tunnel,' of safe and sound becoming... we might have to be patient. At any rate, the next time, you're suffering a migraine, or feel 'crippled inside,' these will be important, significant relationships, which might have to come into perfect alignment, and stay in the groove, before progress can resume. On the one hand, we're only given limited information, but,

*how can we keep from doubting
ourselves, as we must patiently
await, upon the tangle to clear? To
me, this will be a good time, for a
cup of coffee, or refreshment, of
some kind... which can help to lift
my spirits. And these are my
thoughts, on these things. **As we
seek, so shall we find!** We just
really have to remember to keep our
wishes simple, and limit them, unto
the kind of non doing, which*

accomplishes, while remaining in a resting state. Most anything good, will require at least some reflection, and considering. *This is like, gaining cognition, through returning, unto the natural state.* Not feeling like, there's anywhere to go, instead, only allowing the good dreams to gestate. (At which point, they can be more easily written, or gotten onto lasting media.) *At any rate, at the end of*

*the day, having something to show
for the time, should be foremost in
your mind.* At any rate, I sit here
on this bed, writing. Our
temperatures are very cold this
morning. Now, at twenty unto
noon, our temperature is only nine
teen degrees. Powdery snow has
fallen, lightly, and our sun is trying
to finally shine. The birds,
especially, in our yard, appear to be
festive, and talkative. We're very

fortunate to have not had freezing rain last night, which would have caused our power lines to be down.

At this temperature, that wouldn't have been good. But we're all warm and dry inside, thank fully.

At any rate, these are my thoughts, this morning. *When one wishes, to*

get thoughts flowing, onto the lasting media, then he or she can just start out with a bold brush stroke, or simplistic beginning

gesture, which sets the tone, for the rest of the writing. This should get thoughts flowing, in most instances.

You may wonder, how one is able to evoke such ideas, and, I'll tell you, that within my imagination, I indeed am not alone. In my minds' eye, I can clearly see my most trusted familiar, standing just off to the side, and helping me brainstorm, by using her advanced perspective, within the ephemeral

realms, *to reflect, upon my aural
light... a brighter thought source,
which is truely higher, in
development, than my feeble, earth
bound mind, can muster.* We
mortals, aren't the only ones, which
appear as presences, on any given
day... *for our ancestral
significancies appear close about,
and help us, by adding a
solidification, an annunciation of
principle, and mind set, to any*

imagined notion. This higher
impetus, can easily get the ball
rolling, on any creative work, that
needs doing! I am just always
amazed, and filled with wonder, at
this wondrous communion... *only,*
how will my mortal, sinful nature,
diminish the quality, and truth full
ness, of an relationship so divine?

For, the hyper cortex... the
boundary between within my mind,
and consciousness, and outside, of

self... is a zone, of upside down,
inside out, reverse images... the
inverse opposites, of my cognitive
constructs... my own imagined con-
struements, of karmic put downs,
and set backs... **all of which I just
have no control over... just,
everything which has gone wrong,
recently... all which I doubt
myself with.** At any rate, you can
see, the mirror pool, is always, to
some extent, clouded, and

confused, by byzantine, lab rinth
ine confusions... the reverse
corollaries, unto everything. At any
rate, we have both... we have the
expected, and the un expected... the
known, and the un known. Simply
**put, at the place, of becoming, the
fiery kokopelli spirit, dances, at
the rim of the volcano... at the
boundary between the world
above, and the underworld. This
is reality... and, as one is well**

familiar, with this boundary line,
and its dynamics, the writer is
indeed experienced... an highly
sentient, medium is tic psychic.
Very little ever surprises me, for
you see, I'm familiar with the
ranges, of psychic phenomena. *So,*
for the most part, I feel I can trust,
my free will. And, this is a
cherished notion. At any rate, these
are a few thoughts, this frosty
morning... I'll pass this writing

along to yourself now. Greg

~

In starting out, in my life, I was
very blessed with good parents...
who stayed very closely conscious
of, and involved in my
experiences... providing educational
toys, books, and activities... *so that*
I could learn a lot, on my own.
Books, especially, increased my

vocabulary, and working
knowledge, of the English
language. There was something
very important, which I sought out,
as a youth... childhood reveries. I
pursued these private, inner
moments, as the endorphine, these
experiences produced, was like a
bunch of carrots, unto a race horse.
I found, that reading, especially,
seemed to calm my skit ish, hyper
active consciousness... and allowed

these 'reveries,' to be found easier,
and more often. *I think, that, I
began experimenting, with
inebriants, and intoxicants, around
age thirteen... mainly, as an
unintentional leaning, unto direct,
un equivocal inner experience.* I
simply, was drawn, through my
childhood reveries, and chemical
experiences, back in time, into my
bliss full memories, I re tained,
after my birth... of my life as a

ghost, before my embodiment, as a child. *That is most likely, the effect I was re calling, and re collecting, even at a young age, as a child.*

Anyways, this leaning unto direct inner spiritual experience, shaped the whole of my teen age years, sending me careening into intoxicated fugue states, and in search of visual phenomena, which to myself, were the biggest road signs, I knew of, or could think of,

pointing me along into my future.

At any rate, the antiquated psychiatric maxim, '**follow your bliss,**' was my main inner rule. I gradually, began narrowing down, by a process of elimination, and deduction, unto only the best quality bliss. Those types of experiences, which were not pure bliss... not good Quality, I gradually abandoned. But, after age twenty three, when I was indoctrinated,

within private, inner experience,
unto the anima, and animus, lasting
through until about age twenty
eight, for myself, I had to suffer an
agitated condition, which I felt I
had to constantly self medicate, or
face extreme discomfort. But,
being woken, unto the anima and
the animus, was the biggest
quantum leap forward, into
eventual individuation, and whole
ness. The five years, really

sharpened my inner compass
reading abilities... and discernment,
of inner bliss... and not regressing,
into pain, became an crucial
criteria, for every moment, of my
days... but, I've learned, since my
working years, that the other
maxim, '**no pain, no gain,**' is also
of prime importance. 'If you want
nice things, you have to make them
for yourself,' is my favorite made
up saying... only, with this, comes

an alliance, and bargaining, with
mother nature, for the best all
around out put, and out come. I'll
always understand, how, good
writing usually, comes, only after
having 'walked a mile, or two, in
another's shoes...' this gradual
familiarizing, with those inner
contemporaries, whom would
impart, truths, and understandings...
without which, an art becomes
stale, and tends to expire, and die...

became, and still is, intrinsic unto
any artistic becoming. At any rate,
these are a few thoughts, this late
February morning. Our area, is
nearly right at, where the weather's
westerly cold air front, is inter
secting our warm, moist air mass...
which we've had over our region
lately. This is the right condition,
for blustery little rain showers, to
keep popping up... we're expecting
as much as four inches of rain, over

the next four days... as this system
is sliding west to east, at
approximately our latitude,... which
will likely produce flooding, in
some areas. But, fortunately, we
here aren't at a flood prone area, but
instead upon a gently sloping
woodland meadow... we rarely ever
flood. As I'm writing these words,
the gentle sounds of my room mates
radio, float past my head phones,
and into my ears. But I'm listening

to my piano playing softly, from my
dee vee dee player. I'm so very
glad, that this isn't the year two
thousand and one. 'We've come a
long way,' from the confusion, and
frustration, I experienced then, at
being young in the spirit... at
having such limited socialization
experience; I'm so much better,
today... after twenty years
experience, in publishing, and
sharing my music, in the world

music environment. I hope this confidence, and good experience, comes through, to the reader, or listener. At any rate, today is Saturday, and I sit writing these words, to you, by way of this word processor, now. If there was one piece of advise, I'd give myself, from my distanced perspective, it would be, *'Try and always keep an youthful out look... because the youth, of our day, have inherited*

*the rains, and power, and control,
over our present... and are at the
leading edge of our lands
technological leadership, and
competitiveness.'* Just look, at the
countries' corporate leader ship,
today. The older get pushed aside,
to make room for the younger,
brighter, healthier leadership. This
is nature's way, as well... the older
worker ants, and worker bees, get
sent into menial roles, while, it's

the younger, who get to attend unto the queen. While I've myself gotten older, and wiser, I've still got to make good, logical sense... in the eyes of the younger... or I'll be written off, as see nile. Any ways, if I can only shine a little light, even that, then I'll try and participate in the discussion. See my thinking? But, as a general rule, the younger will be much quicker, and brighter... so try,

always, to acknowledge your knee
says and nephews... which means,
small gifts, for them, at formal
occasions... even if they're only
home made. Well, all for now,
Greg.

~

There are certain phenomena,
within adult spatio spiritual
consciousness, which will always

seem to inspire, and bring about speculation. As one tends, to read meaning, into phenomena, such as apparitions, and haunting spectres, it may help, to see such things, in context, within the linear time dimension. I've written previously, about how, *for the u.f.o. experienter, there are, or have been, phenomena, which have crossed the boundaries, of consciousness, and frightened, him*

or her, to the point, of having honest tales, and accounts, to relate. These can be found, in the standard literature. (My own, personal belief, is that u.f.ology, was, or is, a social phenomena, in the recent centuries, which spoke, unto our industrialized society... our advancing course... our self caused environmental de spoilage, and the potential hazards, and linear inter sections, of particle physics... a call

to climate consciousness.) The human mind, can be seen, also, through this analogy: in microbiology, a cell has a cell wall membrane. *Some elements, such as oxygen, and nutrients, pass through this cell wall membrane, while others don't, and won't.* In biology, this is what's known, as a semi permeable membrane. If an hostile, or harmful element crosses, repeatedly, through the cell wall

membrane, the scientist, would say,
this might reflect a development,
within the larger organism... like,
an infection, a cancer, or, more
likely, *an adrenaline type agent,*
which is meant, as a call to action,
in the larger organism... like
avoidance, of a poisonous spider,
or a snake. (Avoidance, too, of
other environmental threats... like
weather, or an earthquake... or
climate consequence, as some

claim... glacial ice melting, rising sea levels, and the green house effect... *these are touch stones of the climate change discussion.*) I'm not a scientist, but, to me, it would seem unlikely, that a hostile agent, would try to attack one, individual cell. Much more likely, *such invasive elemental, is like a nature elemental, which seeks to exploit the 'wounded hero,' mentality in us all.* In this case, such phenomena,

could be looked at, easily enough,
as an 'idiot test,' *which is only
effective against the person, if he
or she falls for it... if he gives his
time, and attention unto it.* I've
seen this, just recently... how such
an idiot test, is just a part of twenty
first century adult spatio spiritual
consciousness... some will fall for
it, and some won't. There, also, are
pathogens, like cancer... which can
definitely affect the larger

organism. Seen in the much
broader linear time frame sense,
such abuses, such invasions, would
have subjective meaning, given
enough time... like, a cancer... but,
on the other hand, **you can't very
well argue, that slavery, for
instance, was meaningful, at all.**

The elementals, just sought to
exploit the vulnerable, in those
people... *and were, obviously, very
abusive... not merely a fore*

*shadowing, but a real and present danger, and threat, in those years... and many, were enslaved... many lost their lives, to thankless forced labor. I guess, it was a cancer... a pointless, self detrimental growth, or mutation. And, isn't this, too, like our national shame, **the suicide epidemic? Or, the opioid crisis, and the cycles of addiction!** Isn't this ridiculous? So, remember the 'idiot test.' (Or build a storm*

shelter...) And, this has been an
kind of sweeping brain storm, or
brain shower... and maybe, an
evolutionary leap forward.

(Depending, maybe, upon that
which my reader, can, or can't see,
through my good, comprehensive
language, and delving into, this
matter.) What do you think?

~

As one sits, to look into the miniscule nuances, of the turning, morphing, flow of moments, within and around him or her self, he peers into his word processor screen, as his finger tips rest upon his keyboard. *This is the typists perspective... an awaiting, of the moment when he or she feels led to write... and not one minute before.* Having a few starting, beginning

gestural expressions, like this sentence I'm typing now... this can allow for a dance to begin. One, definitely, is happy, and re leaved, at the up welling of any new creative work... **he or she simply receives those benefits, he is shown.**

When this is solely a coming into symphony and harmonious attuning, with the spatio spiritual fabric, within and around him or

her self... an getting into step, so to
speak... with the all around best
will for him or her self... *then,*
there will be no devil ree which can
impede or stymie his creative
expression; he will be a being of
free will, and right mind full ness,
and will find, goals completed.

These will be the first few ideas,
which one can easily see, from the
beginning perspective... but, the
novice writer, will have already

given up... not being familiar,
enough, with the usual ranges, of
hall marks, and styles, which the
constants, of his or her past writing
experiences, have given, and
shown. I sometimes ask myself,
**"What is really the breakthrough
understanding, separating the
novice writer, from the more
prolific?"** Well, I think that any
creative work, onto lasting media,
is good... or can be made good... so,

maybe the one thing, that will get you progressing, more often, is *an inner guide, or impetus, sponsoring your self, unto more work...* like the

sponsorship, which pays for air time, for the radio personality... by selling their product, during the station breaks, and inter missions.

The boost in sales, the company gets, from the advertising, is borrowed against, to pay the radio air time fee. This is sponsorship.

The harmonious agreement,
between the commercial sponsor,
and the station management, as
well, as the on air personalities, and
entertainment content, is what
makes operating the station
profitable. I would say, an artist is
sponsored, into accomplishing more
writing, or photography, by an
*interested presence... which can be
an familiar, or elemental... which
serves as the wind in the sails... as*

a kind of breath of life, into the new writing, or artistry. I have seen, how spiritual gifts, are passed on unto the youth... I, myself, am only a mortal... so I might can't speak much, upon the workings, of creative impetus, of creative sponsorship... but I used the radio station analogy, to help myself understand. If one's grand children, stay busy, while accomplishing writing, and

upholding an creative path, like
this, *then, that grand parent, might
would find value, or benefit, from
sponsoring, or encouraging, such
artistry.* This idea, is important...

as so much of what our western
society is based upon, tends to be
genuine, heartfelt artistic talent...

the attendant status, and artistic
rewards, from the sharing of the

artistic product... well,

correspondingly, then the spiritual

presence, or sponsorship, or
impetus, would share equally
within... perhaps, he or she lets the
child shine, or maybe he or she
carries more of the creative clout...
and he or she gains more of the
credit! But, you get the idea... *real
inspired creativity, is an 'partners
dance,' or an partnership... the
inside presence, within the fleshly.*

You've heard the expression, "**It
takes two.**" -this is so important...

as one alone, would be dull, and un
inspired, but with two, together...
there's then an real inner dialogue.
Well, as I sit here brain storming,
and trying to write this article, to
finish this chapter... I have to say...
how, thirty years ago, I never would
have believed you, if you told me
the Grand Mother Spider story... I
would have said, "That's just
mumbo jumbo... this isn't a fairy
tale... it's real life!" And, I would

have been wrong, too... but, by my
age nine teen, *I indeed liked the
spiritualist poetry, I could find in
my local book store... but, I simply
didn't know, quite why, I liked the
spiritualist poetry... I just did.*

Well, within three years, I indeed
was shown, the 'world invisible,'
and have come into this regular
creative life, and practice... so faith,
and trust, in the processes, and
visions, of my older people, was

important... that things would work
out, for me... *that I could be of*
use... and has had many many pay
offs, over twenty five years, or
more, of writing, music, sketching,
and photography. So, these are my
thoughts upon that. All for now,
have a pleasant weekend, Greg.

~

As one goes to sit afore his or her

word processor, or note book, and
peer within the un folding flow of
moments, within and about himself
or herself, he may, or may not have
ideas, on the fore front of his
imagination. If you're familiar with
the ways of patience, you'll soon
see how, if you await the best
inspiration, then your opening
ideas, will be the most well put ...
so, and the ideas will, then, appear
to be given, of the best all around

intentions, and ideals... not merely
flippancies, or half way thinking...
but, purpose full, and definite. So,
it can be good to start out, in this
way. I guess, the corollary, to this
purposeful way, might be the more
improvisational styles of writing.
Such as thought jazz. At any rate,
the more I think, and dwell around
a thing, the larger, and worse it
appears to grow, in my mind. What
is stream lining? This, in my view,

is a good sign, when it comes up in a youth. He or she will be getting himself clean, and into receptive alignment, for the long sought, 'spiritual awakening.' There may, be certain friendships, and relationships, which he or she will wish to walk away from... these will be the co dependent, and the unfortunate relationships, of drug culture. Myself, the first twenty two years, of my life, were spent,

pre occupied with the distractions,
mistakes, discontentment, and
head aches, of the 'materialist
paradigm.' I was soul blind. But, at
a point, I knew, darn good and well,
that I was missing a big part of
what I knew, would be better
ordinary living experience... only,
what was this thing, I was missing?

After, I had explored the 'mind
expanding,' substances, as I had
encountered them, and had been

burnt, by the attendant stings, of
defeat, which these co dependent
relationships, tended to bring, I
found myself, no better off, than I
was before... only, now, I was
hounded by anxieties, and fears,
that my drug usage, would be found
out... I could have even landed in a
prison, for something so simple as a
quarter ounce of marijuana! So,
*this 'streamlining,' was a way, of
saying, I needed to get myself*

*clean, and sober, and just start
taking living, on its simplest
terms... I was done with the
trappings, of drug culture, and
wished to cling, unto the basics, of
home living. But, there was this
missing component, in my
conscious experience... what could
it be? I didn't know, but I did
resolve, to do right... to live simply,
and plainly, and simply await
guidance, and direction. But I*

wasn't expecting, what came forth...
an re acquaint ing, with the spiritual
familiar, so long lived without...
wasn't anticipated. Nor, the world
of inner experiences, which I
became privy unto during the first
five insular years, or so, before, this
new spiritual consciousness, was to
fill me in, on the encompassing
lattice work, of spiritual being ness,
all around and within, and amongst
all life, on earth... but, there were

those five years, or so, when I was simply an insularity, and had yet to be thoroughly socialized. But, in two thousand and two, this social consciousness did enter... and my spiritual socialization did begin. So, then, after set back, after set back, and then another serious suicide attempt, the next year, I knew then, that I would stay in group living relationships, for the rest of my life... I could see, this

would be the only way, to keep
from getting isolated, and
depressed... then, I knew, happy,
healthy living, could go on, in
definitely... and friendship and
love, would bloom, and grow. *At
any rate, my life until that point,
was a struggle to reach the light...
the light of pure consciousness, and
there were many mistakes, along
the way.* Having not been born,
into an conscious enlightened

state... I had to take the journey of individuation... and it was only unfortunate, that sometimes this path feels it has to take drugs, to even approach the peace of awakened consciousness ... and then, living with the attendant darkneses, which entered, after breaking societies laws, and conventions... I then sought, to return to the innocence, of child hood... which, alone, is the proper attitude, for

ones becoming enlightened, as to
spirit... and entering into ones
ancestral gifts. So, this has been
the short version, of the journey, of
my awakening, unto the spiritual
presences, and beings, all within,
and amongst human culture. So, at
any rate, these are a few thoughts.

All for now, Greg

~

As I sit to write these thoughts to you this afternoon, I'm impressed by these early spring storms, passing through our region... today, and tonight, especially, will be our worst chances, with early tomorrow morning as when the actual squall front line from the west will pass through... worst chances for tornados, then. These storms come at a time, when there is more volcanic, and seismic volcanism, in

at least two particular areas,
globally, and with recent news of
more than usual worry, for these
areas... this worry, is in the back
drop, of this tornadic potential, in
my region, this week. We'll just be
glad tomorrow afternoon when this
is behind us. But, for the time
being, it's exciting, and of course, a
little fun. It's been almost ten
years, since our area had weather
potential this bad. But, most likely,

there's little chance any one zone will sustain much damage. This is our best re assurance, so I'm trying to make the best of the time, with this writing. At any rate, weather can be something. As I sit and think over the trouble, we've had to look at, this week... wow. But, I guess, on the whole, a pretty peaceful year... at least, from my perspective, that is. Well, it's later, and our weather has pretty much

passed on to the
east. It wasn't as bad, as had been
feared... the nature gods spared us...
probably just a 'demonstration of
power..., ' a reminder, of the need
for good ecological stewardship,
and not carelessness. At any rate, I
sit here now, writing. When one
wishes to get thoughts flowing, and
to get into step, with the
encompassing fabric, of spatio
spiritual mind culture, about him or

her self, he can just start with a
kind of a bold brush stroke.

Walking away from the writing
then, he allows complimentary
thoughts, to collect, and gestate.
This, to myself, is the best way to
'start from nothing,' just like the
jazz musician, just laying down a
few riffs, or licks, onto the
recording media. I may not have a
cohesive idea, unto itself, to give,
but, instead, seeing and connecting

with just the surface of the page...
an flowing sequence, of phrases,
and riffs, can get thought flowing.

*It often helps, to think of new ideas,
as music, in this fashion... tones...*

*patterns... musical rhythm, and
rhyme, can indeed be expressed, as
written phrases, and lines. Maybe,*

the best goal, which can be
accomplished, from this
perspective, is getting ones work
project further along down the

page... while elaborating, upon the
general concept, of 'thought jazz.'

The good ideas, which one, then
stumbles upon, along the way, can
then be amplified upon... you might
not have seen, that such good ideas,
were lingering about... and find
yourself surprised, and gifted, by
the new thoughts, in their
immediacy and verve. At any rate,
it is Friday, and I sit here, writing
these words to you now. Our past

week was rainy, but, the whole system gradually drifted east, and has moved off over the Atlantic. The chilly, gloomy feel, which our weather shows, today, is expected to become sunny, by tomorrow, and we're looking forward, now, to warmer temperatures. *Spring is right around the corner.* When one wishes, to get thought flowing, onto the written note book, or word processor page, he or she can just

start out, in flowing fashion, onto the surface of the page. There haven't been many technology advances, this past year, which have been more ground breaking, than the recent advances, in the efficiency, in the production, and manufacturing, of solar panels.

From my reading, an innovation, in the industrial processes, of making the modules, or panels, came last year, which has or will lower the

cost, of these panels... making them
cost one tenth as much, as they
have in the past. These have
always been pretty expensive, in
the range of two and one half
dollars, per square foot, for this
material. Using this new
technology, one square foot, can be
fabricated, for just twenty five
cents... just a fraction, of the
traditionally high cost, for this, in
the past. So, it seems clear, now,

that solar panels, will soon be every
where... and may be as cheap, or
cheaper, than asphalt roofing
shingles. At any rate, you see now,
how the solar energy market, is
revving up, to transform how the
world gets electricity. So, you can
see, a picture of the future, from
through my writing. So, I'll rest,
now, to try again later.

~

I often find myself confused, and discouraged, at the pains of ordinary living. *How can something so simple, as the passage of hours and days, into days and weeks, be so excruciating?* Well, I think that the answer, is something, you wouldn't think of, much. I simply think, that the central crisis of my life, came at about age twenty eight, when I had

my first serious suicide attempt. I had taken a lot for granted, until that point, and had allowed the pains of life, that I felt at that time, to be my excuse, for decrepit living.

I thought my pains justified my drug use. In any case, when I made it through that crisis, I now found myself in group home living, and things were coming much easier for myself... I had to make that one concession, and then felt myself to

be for the most part, absolved, of my sin, and pain, and could easily, then go on. Why, then do we still have some pains, in living?

Perhaps, those pains are just an part, of the artistic lands, many of us have indeed claimed, those of us in art, or media, in general. I just can't create something from nothing, make new lands, without feeling like, I've bent, or broken the laws of physics. This 'creating of

some thing, from no thing,' is also known as poe ey sis, and mankind has been dabbling in it, since the paleolithic age. Stone carving, and painting on cavern walls, you can see, created complex inter sections, with a far more vast span, and sweep, of time, than our human lives of themselves allow. So, this kind of poe ey sis, this enscribing upon lasting media, may be our main concession, unto the chaotic,

really our biggest sin... for what
else, can really create something
from out of nothing? Isn't this,
then, the forbidden fruit?

Pretending to be God, by creating
made up lands, which exist only
within the imagination, and as
shown upon the lasting media, is
something a kin unto original sin.

But at any rate, life must go on, and
we endure, these necessary pains of
living, and continue, working and

thriving. And, mankind has crossed
thru more than five hundred years,
of time, since the advent of 'mass
media,' since we first gained, and
learned the art of printing, which
itself, opened the door, for us, into
industrialized society, and modern
consumer society... and, so then, we
have desk top mass

communication... this, I feel, is why
anomalous experiences, sometimes
harm publishers... why sometimes,

life experiences, make one 'take
things over,' why re thinking,
something so simple, as publishing,
a simple written article, of
literature, or musical performance,
sometimes takes time... requires
patience. At any rate, these are
some thoughts, on these things. All
for now, Greg.

~

When one wishes to get thoughts
flowing, onto the written page,
then, you can just start out, with the
first ideas, which spring to mind...
often, the fingers will know just
what to type... although, the mind
may be slower. As I've been
thinking, recently, over the ideas,
around... strength, being found in
numbers... then, this is the first
thought I give, unto the page. In

early days, I believe that man began
to distinguish himself from the
animals... his upright walking... the
digits, of his hands... his thinking,
reasoning mind, he began to see,
allowed him to be dominant in
certain ways. Forming groups, and
settlements, he saw, was the key...
where a solitary wanderer was
weak, a community, together, could
absorb setbacks, and continue
cohesively, as a group, to overcome

the hurdle. Where one was weak, strength was found in numbers. Being near the strategic resource, such as water, he saw, was a good way to ensure, the success of the group. Still, today, we hold the same idea... where one is weak, others will be stronger. The nature of a community, is such that, if everybody specialized in the same thing, it wouldn't work... so each family specializes, in a different

avocation. If you need a doctor,
then you go to the medicine center,
where there is a team, of
specialists, with the best medicine,
and tools. If you need a grocer,
then you go to the market, where
the team, or family keeps all of the
food groups stocked... including
cooking and baking supplies, spices
and seasonings... there is a meat
department, which keeps fresh
meats stocked, and a dairy

department, which has connections,
to a dairy farmer, who supplies the
milk... and a produce department,
where local farmers and growers
keep fresh fruits and vegetables, to
sell. You see, and there is a
hardware store... where shop tools,
and supplies are sold... everything
you need to make your homestead,
or ranch, or household work, from
year to year... carpentry... the
hardware store, will have you

covered. If you were on your own... if you were a solitary wanderer, there wouldn't be all of these specialists, gathered together... you would have to find all of those resources, and have the skills, to do everything. Pioneers, in the sixteenth, and seventeenth century, had to either know how to gather, and raise, and procure all those resources, and how to work with them all, and prepare

everything, themselves, or live near
a settlement, where you had
diversity and specialization. *So,
you see, the best way, to survive,
comfortably, was to live near
others, in a town, or community...
where every one does a different
job, to make life easier, for anyone.*

You were successful, if your
business, or specialty center could
meet some specific area of needs...
like food preparation, or medicinal

practice, or hardware, or carpentry.

So, you see, why we have these communities, and settlements... and how, strength is usually found in numbers, how 'where one is weak, and would succumb to setbacks, a collective, or community, can absorb difficulties, and pool their resources, and work together, to get across and over difficulties... such as difficult weather, sickness, droughts, and wild animal threats.'

So, you see, how strength is found
in numbers. So, you see, this was a
step, in the path, unto civilized,
industrialized, computerized, binary
society, like we have today. All for
now, Greg

~

Any time one wishes, to come into
more harmonious agreement, with
the encompassing fabric of spiritual

presences, about ones self, he or she, can just receptively attune, with the surface, of an empty note book page... letting the pen be moved by only the subtlest of impulse... he or she will become only the fullest expression, of his un folding now picture... this is that which can be accomplished. The main impediment, to any creative path, will be physical discomfort... but, with these issues seen unto,

there won't be any separation,
between ones self, and his or her
highest, fullest expression. *One
should know, there won't be any
gain, in un loading, or ventilating,
onto the written page... but within a
spirit of acceptance, and trust, is
found the truest expression.* If you
have ever wondered, what is meant
by the expression, 'we should work
thru,' difficulties in our lives, then,
to see this, just approach writing

placid ly, the next time you feel
bothered, or hurt... *the right words*
will come, and by placing them
upon the page, you'll quantify, your
reconciliation, and will then be just
that much better. Many people find
difficulty, in speak ing of their own
feelings... and writing can be an
excellent way, to not only share,
with the one whose inconsiderate
behavior has hurt you, but to leave
some written memory, of the time...

you see, then, your whole picture changes, for the better, as your voice is heard. At any rate, ones inner feelings, are never something to be discarded, or ignored... and I feel one should diss trust, those who diss regard them, or who appear to 'trample upon your feelings.' These are just my thoughts, upon the matter... yours may be completely different. But, once you've gotten your feelings

'off of your chest,' so to speak,
you'll then be so much better
prepared, to deal with the
challenges, and responsibilities, of
ordinary domestic living. When,
one wishes, to come into receptive
alignment, with the all around best
will for him or her self, you will
find no better friend, than the
empty page. I can think of no
better way, to follow only the
gentlest, kindest inspirations, than

thru stream of consciousness
writing, music, or art of any kind.
When one wishes, to write, while
adhering unto only the most
minimal expressions... writing only
that which one wishes to write...
nothing more, then, receptivity and
inner attune ment, are your best bet.
While my own best thoughts, may
lack the power, to rise above, the
storms that may come, having an
intrinsic duality, of cognitive

alignment... thru such dancing, the
darknesses of the mortal station, are
seen to be subdued, and placated,
while this relationship, conjures
new literature, and only improves
ones place, and standing. You may
be confused by this way of
speaking, but, I assure you, when
the right time arises, you yourself
may easily sort out your own
mysteries. Well, anyways, just
some thoughts, this rainy late

March morning. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, it's the first of April, and our outside temperature is around fourty degrees... we're expecting it to get pretty cold tonight, colder than normal, for this time of year.

Yesterdays evening news highlighted, a sobering fact: The corona virus is now the third leading cause

of death in my country, after heart disease, and cancer. This is such sobering news. Chronic lower respiratory infections, in general, have always been a leading cause of death, among seniors, but over all, they rank only sixth... after un intentional injury, and stroke. *But, COVID nine teen, alone, causes more deaths.* At any rate, this is bad news, I guess. The last thing anyone needed, was a new way to

die. To be sure, the death rate in our country increased by twenty percent, in twenty twenty. So, this news, from last week, is scary... especially when you consider, the death rate in our country usually fluctuates, only two or three percent, in most years. So, I am trying to get myself 'off the rocks' with this writing... It was a difficult week. Well, it's the the middle of the first week of April, Easter

morning, and last night got cold again... there was plenty of frost upon the newly trimmed grass, this morning. But, our temperatures are expected to warm overall this week... so, so long winter... good morning, spring.

A thought:

**'In art, everything is meaningful,
in context within the larger**

flowing.' That is to say, there's a lot, we miss... we think that the moment of pressing the camera shutter button, is random, and somewhat accidental, but, in reality, it's not... it's a junction... in a flowing. But, we usually don't notice the devil, in the details... he stays in our sub consciousness... our outlook stays some what narrow. This is good to remember. We should pray, 'May I be shown

substance, and not the immaterial,'
If you wish for more consciousness
of your subconscious mannerisms,
and quirks, that's one thing... but,
our best wishes for ourselves
should always be, '*May everyone
here stay safe, and sound... and our
good dreams only continue, and
grow.*' So, our occasional wishes,
for sensory over load, are probably
a miss placed desire, to know more,
about the why der world, the new

sciences, and politics... and the most relevant, important art, and design developments. I myself, look to artistic sources, to some how comprehend, the most important factors, in my daily life... new music, especially, I feel somehow always captures the gist, of the time... but, if its never shared, or given, then 'what good is it, then?'

So, the venue, of the internet, is important to myself... as it allows,

for instantaneous, inexpensive
world wide publishing, of what ever
the time has shown, artistically...
and this is usually, a good thing.
So, you can see my thoughts, on
this. At any rate, when one wishes,
to come into receptive alignment,
with the encompassing spatio
spiritual culture, of higher, subtler,
cognition, and thinking, about his
or her self, then you can just sit
afore your notebook, with pen, and

take note of the ideas which arise.
Will your thoughts and wishes for
yourself, be moderate, and in a
positive spirit of good will and
gentle ness... or are you hounded by
difficulties, and doubts? Will your
inner soul, smile contentedly upon
your self being, and affirm, and
assert only your best good place,
and standing, onto the page... or
will your heart be reckless, and dis
contented... and seek only to be else

where, other than where you
already are? *These are the real
questions, which men and women,
are confronted by daily... Just,
what is, the Gospel, according to
you?* Only when, you feel as if you
have answered this question, or
else, have some good answers to
give, unto the page, in general, will
you truly find satisfaction, and
happiness, in living... I feel, that the
dark, wandering art less years, are

just as important, as the productive years... only after having found the one, can you find the other. *'You've got to love yourself...' your bad as well as your good... before you can show love unto another, artistically.*

So, these are just some thoughts,
onto these pages, this Easter,
twenty twenty one. All for now,

Greg

~

When one goes unto the empty
page, in receptivity, and in
discernment, there are many, many
directions, of thinking, which may
be entertained. It can be helpful, to
scan back over recent memories...

*is there anything, which could be
further examined?* There have been
some good ideas, in my mind lately,
it's just recollecting them, when one
gets unto the notebook, or word

processor, which requires a sort of
dancing leed in. I keep thinking
about the many ways our people, in
the lands in the western
hemisphere, are trying to come into
line with the best ecological
values... sometimes, I think, this is
a kind of following, of the basic
leader ship, set forth in the
European systems. Other times, I
can see that the Europeans have
long been leaders, in ecological

values, and ways... we should try
and be more like them. A good
example, of contemporary values,
can also be found, in the Olympic
villages. Where ever the Olympic
games are held, there will be an
small city, of sorts, of
accomodations, where the athletes,
judges, support crew, trainers, and
media people stay... known as the
Olympic village. Every thing, has
to be in step, with the latest

environmentally sensitive
technology, and the food
providence, is no exception.

Athletes are only served pork, and
chicken, no beef. **And all of the
food has to come from yard
raised animals... no stall raised
animals.** If our poultry, and pork
industries, could come up to just
this standard, we would be so much
better off... as cruelty to animals, is
today thought to be like cruelty, and

inhumane treatment, to humans.

The internet, has so raised the consciousness, of people on Earth, that any imbalance in the keeping of, or miss treatment, of animals, is criticized... *and it is apparent, that it will only be a matter of time, before the lands of the Americas come into line with the Olympic standards... such is information society... the changes it has brought.* At any rate, the world

wide web, has also given many people, access to media, which goes back one hundred and twenty years, and more... this, I feel, has made us more conscious of our present day technologies, as there's nothing which says 'the past,' like a nine teen twenties or thirties film clip. So, with a keen appreciation, of our grand parents world... we fancy our selves, as knowing more about early twentieth century culture, and

society, than they did. In deed, our retrospective hind sight, lets us see most accurately, just what ever was, and wasn't... media wise, that is!

But, I bet there wouldn't be anything we could tell them, about life on the farm, in the nine teen thirties... they actually lived and thrived there, and married, and had children, there! but, At any rate, I cherish my twentieth century media library... many vintage films, and

audio, are now in the public domain... and so, now, anyone can possess it, and keep it, free of charge. If you explore this media at any length, you'll find the continuum, of the world time stream, so to speak... and you'll also see some of the many ways our values have evolved... right along with our fashion, our ways of speaking, and our technology. *This always proves most enlightening.*

At any rate, When one wants to get thoughts flowing, onto the lasting media, then writing is a good way.

Receptively attuning, unto the subtlest of impulse, and observation, from the lands above...

one gets in step, with the best written wishes, for him or her self. This will usually be an allowing, of the inner impetus, to guide and direct, my stylus, along the most advanced thinking. Un certainty,

can be seen as only a red flag...
alerting, us unto the presence of the
rocks... just, never write anything,
if it appears to be un sure, or un
certain... worrisome, or
problematic, in any way... *these are
all red flags, alerting us to the
presence of the rocky coastline.* At
any rate, this article, is gradually
coming along. I just rarely ever
have a completed essay, ready to be
written, at any given time... an

article, gradually goes onto the page... only incrementally arriving upon the best thinking. So, if you think, that my speaking voice is like this... so composed, and eloquent... you would be mistaken. Most days, faltering, and stammering is about all, which will come out. But, you see, writing allows you to refine, your ideas, into something both visually pleasing, and truthful, and which sounds

good... which sounds right. As I
read back across these words, now,
I'm impressed, with how truly little
I know about the modern times.

The twenty first century, is simply
not where my focus of attention is...
instead, mainly the earliest films,
and photography, from its earliest
implementation... the early
twentieth century. So, while, these
times were one hundred or more
years ago, the fact that I can

possess and have copies, of this
early media, for free, makes me
dwell easier, with it... I think, a lot
of the contemporary, twenty first
century media, is just a little over
my head... *I can barely follow,*
modern films... being so
bewildered, by modern computer
animation... by modern concepts,
going back to the nine teen aye
tees, about virtual holographic
worlds, and experiential fields of

consciousness, where in we interact with a giant computer intelligence, in much the same way, as we do in the internet. I think, the animation technology, in these types of films, its artistry, and commercial implementation, is probably the closest, we've gotten unto the holographic virtual worlds of these imaginings... as it were, films about, their own creation, and effects programming... films, about

their own imaginative conception...
about the film makers own creative
processes, and the many journeys,
which the developing of modern
films, encompass. The postmodern,
view appears mainly to be about,
using the most contemporary
technology, to study, the vast
panorama of the past. So, in so far,
as our artwork, is about, the
process, of its own creation, so,
therefore, that artwork, is probably

the most self similar, and
definitive... truly, the modern
answer, unto 'the classics
tradition...' These works, are in
effect, self evident... and, are about
the inner journeys, of their own
creation! So, this might be
contemporary... But, my focus, will
be upon the vintage... as I can't very
well under stand, or be with the
visions of artists half my age. And,
the past, is calling out, to be

explored. But, maybe in one hundred years from now, or more, we'll be able to hollow graphically peruse and browse lazily, through the ultimate works of this modern present. But, as for processing and analysis of modern creations, in this now, I myself can leave that to the children of tomorrow! So, these are just some thoughts, this pleasant morning. All for now, Greg.

~

As one sits in front of his or her word processor, or notebook, he begins to attune, his or her within, with the above... and with in his higher mind, and consciousness.

As one comes into step, with his encompassing higher selves, and being ness, he simply rises above, the tangled knot, of miss steps, and wrongly spoken thoughts.

Problems, and woe fade from

*view... as he or she locates the
three way junction... the sea, shore,
and sky intersection... and, begins
to test about a bit... seeing how
responsive, his typists fingers are,
in writing ideas... and, how his
dreams, seem to be formulating,
somewhere, between the hand, eye,
and mind relationships... thoughts
form afore him or her, as if from
within pure magical union. At any
rate, this 'writers mode,' is*

definitely, within ones artistic tool
kit. You might never see, some un
fold ments... our blind side,
effectively blinds us, to certain
things... for instance, one of the
Caribbean islands, is volcanic, and,
yesterday, the residents were
warned to evacuate... which took
place, all last night... getting every
one onto cruise ships... and off of
the island. The next day, today, I
just read, the volcano erupted

explosively... so if any one was still on the island, they were in trouble.

Can you imagine, how that must have been, for those people... 'Grab everything you can carry... and run to the boats, to get off... before the

island explodes!' An incredible

human odyssey. But, the sixteen thousand people, or so, who were in the islands 'red zone,' were the main ones who had to evacuate... some of the others could stay. But, this

reminds me of the California wild
fires... the ways that people in
certain areas, were just given
twenty four hours warning, before
the roads out, became impassable...
that must have been horrifying...
driving through thick acrid smoke,
to escape some areas... and if a
burning tree fell across the road...
the way would be blocked... people
perished. Just examples, of the
ways, in which people have been

felled, by contrary realities. If the

Yellow stone caldera erupted explosively, tomorrow, couldn't we say, then, that we were warned, years ago, of the risk, of this... **and, for want of anything better to do, we just lived with it?** A massive eruption, is very possible this century... Although, the last major Yellowstone eruption, was six hundred thousand years ago; and it is thought to be on a seven hundred

thousand year eruption cycle... so
see? Shy of risk. But it's definitely
there... and we shouldn't forget it.
In a way, phenomenology, in human
society, goes way, way back...
people have always looked to the
stars, and planets, to somehow
explain, or reckon with, their
apparent para normal psychological
phenomena... of course, today, we
understand, there are many natural
explanations, for mental

phenomena... everything from 'the weather,' to earthquakes, meteors, and volcanoes, even plagues, and wars, might be behind

the phenomena we always seem to encounter, every day... but its true, how, mankind has always pushed the limits, of our abilities... pushed the 'envelope,' of human

performance abilities.... and that of our technology. So, I feel, often, we make our own troubles... in the

ways, we might be 'stepping over the line,' in some ways... so you see, nature, isn't always to blame.

Our best human nature is better than this. At any rate, these are just my thoughts, on these things.

Yours might be completely different. When, at first, we come into appreciation of a thing, we don't always know how to take, the thing. If you see, the ways of how, creating audio visual literature, one

must therefore contend, with
spiritual materialism... which
amounts to excesses of cineritious
matter... spleen, and migraines.

You'll directly see how compassion,
and gentleness, is as necessary, in
the modern world, as it has ever
been. If this isn't a life changing
observation, then I don't know what
is. Another idea, is in finding
freedom from strife, through seeing
the ways of how our society, is

always subject to interference, from
broad, generalized forces... like
cosmic ray emissions, from
elsewhere in the galaxy, which
coincide with celestial
emanations... *As you remember, and
see these broad, generalized forces
acting and expressing, into peoples
lives... into entire societies, you'll
find a measure of emancipation,
from childhood imaginings, of pain,
and suffering. At any rate, the*

pains of creating original audio
visual material aside, love, herself,
to quote another, 'spares no
punches... no expenses, in her own
time.' As yet, everyone may not be
completely through the 'tunnel of
becoming,' so bliss, becomes
deferred, until later time. Until the
labor part is done. But at any rate,
you can see my thoughts, upon
these things. Well, all for now,
Greg.

~

*When one wishes, to peer beneath
the surface layers, of his or her
cognitive self... to see, just that
which is present, within ephemeral
dimensions... upon this, or any
day... he or she might sit with
notebook, or word processor
keyboard, and just see what comes
forth. The presence of good,*

concerted thought... which makes sense... is ample proof, of ones good place, and standing, in respects to the larger system... only, one should remember... as uncertainty is some times present... or anxiety... such difficult feelings, point, most likely, to future seismic shifting... moving, or settling, of surface, or sub surface material, some where in ones land... and we should remember, to see the term

'land,' in a relativistic manner.

Ones place, and standing... ones
home, or church group... ones
corporate name sake, or sakes...
ones political, or governing board,
or agency... ones local, state, or
federal organization... ones school,
or university system... the current
metro logical system, even, ones
local weather, in his or her
neighborhood... and relationships,
are subject, sometimes, to pre

science... and these things, are
some times confounding...
confusing, or be wildering. Some
times, ones writing, only comes
'self subtractively,' in other words,
one starts, with a bold brush stroke,
or anachronistic posit, in some
way... and only gradually works
back from that crude beginning, to
arrive upon the more timeless form,
upon the page. This is the way, I
feel this morning... as if my

thinking, is off, such that my thoughts, will be practically like, telling, or revealing, of something un manifest... and so, that thought, will be wrong, in the present sense... as it points unto future, trouble. So, in writing, the opening thoughts, will be anachronistic, and illogical... and will require working back from, a ways. Some times, seeing things in general, from anothers perspective, is whats most

needed. For example, take the thought, ' It's not what you do, but how you do it,' for instance. One can easily perceive the good value of honest work... but, not just any work will do. Ones entire being should pursue what ever ones work entails, with the consistency of high standards, of perfection and quality... and never allow the half hearted, or immature expression, to go to the customer. Just remember,

if ones own quality standards, begin to fail, or fall short of the goal... we then should look at possible reasons, why this may be happening. Is ones soul, mind, and spirit, too, aligned, in a concerted manner, within the good task of ones chosen work... or are ones inner resources expressing dissent, or dis satisfaction... is there a murmer of disagreement? Is uncertainty present? Was there an

un welcome fruit? You see, how,
for instance, in the gathering, and
developing, of intellectual
properties, mental illness,
sometimes plays a bit role, or a
larger role. If the demands, of ones
work, are such that, he or she
cannot clearly distinguish his or her
own problems, from the larger
troubles, faced on occassion in the
land... then he or she, should
definitely get more in touch with

his or her feelings... for failure to
acknowledge, and credit ones better
half, for instance... is tantamount,
unto ignorance. But, the usage of
nature, or naturalistic imagery... or
just natural resources, in general...
comes replete with certain definite,
attendant darkneses, as Mother
Nature sometimes goes through
times of cataclysmic change, and
chaos!

Some thoughts: When pain arises,

he should be met by all of the
gentle, agreeable, gentle
shun, and acknowledgment, you
can muster. Dance, is a concession,
unto forgiveness, and conception...
dance, doesn't signal self defeat, or
disgrace... dance isn't a disgrace at
all.. but an allowance, of one's inner
joy, and bliss, to find best
expression... outwardly. This can
be a gentle appeal, unto a more
powerful suitor, but most

commonly, dance, is given to
soothe the bad natures, of Nature
herself, as may be shown... as there
are at least three areas of active,
dangerous volcanic seismicity, in
the western hemisphere, alone... we
may get the crazy thought, that we
alone, are the experts at ghost
chasing, or at wind mill dueling...
as we can easily see, how, the mind
is so easily tripped over, into
thinking, the moving vanes of the

wind mill, present such concerted threat, unto our well being! But, our present time, this year, is in another period of seismic volcanism. I've had it explained unto myself, like this: The planet we live upon has a liquid magma core... which sometimes, behaves, a bit like an golf ball... whose liquid core, has inertial properties, which, in the course of spinning, and wobbling... sometimes turns faster,

than the mantle, and crust layers,
which lag behind. Thusly, the
liquid core of the Earth, sometimes
'comes around,' suddenly, and this,
then, you see, is when seismic
volcanism generally increases... on
a planet wide scale... magma gets
driven up, through the inner
fissures, in the mantle, and crust,
sometimes all the way up, to the
surface, and can cause volcanic
eruption, of magma... and increased

seismicity.... tremmors, and earthquakes. I first read about this phenomenon, back during the most recent period of volcanism, which I think, was in twenty eight teen. And, now, it is occuring again. At any rate, you see, now, how some times upon earth, may appear to be riskier, than others... as people experience more pre science, and migraines, and anxieties... these, as well as uncertainty, and un

easyness, could all be seen as red flags, alerting us to the presence, of an un manifest, emerging times...

but, as our main worries. most likely will be definite 'false flags,' or 'false positives,' I, as I age, increasingly feel that I tend to over think everything. In other words, for those who don't often speak on the phone, the static on the line, may be all he or she hears... the message gets lost, in the needless

worry. Does that make any sense to
my reader? At least, I tried to
neutralize the moon light. Well, all
for now, Greg.

~

I was thinking, this afternoon, and
returned to the concept of ones
'future self image reflection.' This
concept, is I think, what forms such
an invisible presence, in our lives

as we age, and change. How does
this 'reflection,' relate unto the
'clear light,' of bliss? Seeing things
visually... this may help one
understand: Our eyes show us what
is in front of us... but, at the edge of
ones field of vision, is what's called
ones peripheral vision. Just past
ones peripheral eyesight, is a zone,
where our sub conscious fears, un
certainties, and doubts play. *They
don't just play, they often rough*

*house, and can get down right
frightening.* But, I've found how,
with the right meditative
visualizations, one can modulate
this impingement, and get plenty of
good rest, no matter what the
weather might do! But, back to the
concept at hand. Ones 'future self
image reflection,' varies from day
to day... these variances, are usually
experienced, as sub conscious im
pingements, which we can come

into full consciousness of, with practice. This is the implicit nature, of the 'hind sight.' (*Hind sight, is an interesting term... you may have heard the expression, 'Hind sight is twenty two hundred.'*)

Is it any coincidence, that the worst migraines, and psychic pre science we might find, is usually experienced, at the back of our cranium, as tensions, and tack tile im pinge ments, which can be so

distracting? So, ones 'future self
image reflection...' or the good and
bad ways we see and perceive
ourselves, in the future of
tomorrow, isn't this the same thing,
as our 'hind sight?' And, couldn't
we, here in America, say that we've
got some worries in our own back
yard? *Yes, I've seen this, too.* But,
in actuality, our nation, I think, has
built, and made within ourselves,
and enjoyed, such good relations,

with our indigenous populations,
and natural resources, and interior
lands. If we had neglected our
Native American peoples, or their
lands, two hundred years ago, or
practiced discriminatory ways, we
would indeed have a very different
country. But, we've enjoyed years
and years of peace, prosperity and
power. We've always set the
standards. Just a reminder, for those
who think or say that our land is off

the rails. *American internet companies, like Microsoft, Apple, Google, and You Tube and Facebook, and Twitter compile, the modern times... putting our lives and times upon the small screen, where they can be given, and seen, and understood, and shared. We indeed can hold these times up to our faces, and look upon, and regard our own selves. We can stop, the world, and let it go. We*

can celebrate its finer ways... we
find ourselves, every day, the whos,
whats, whens, wheres, hows, and
whys. So, to be truthful... the
Temple of the Immortals, has come
in to nearly universal fruition...
wow. So, if our hind sight is, really
twenty two hundred, then, we
should feel great... all the time.
There should be the 'clear light,' of
bliss. If things are as good as they
look, there should be a great, future

self image reflection... with no regrets. But, in reality, these times of bliss, and clarity, seem to be earned... there will be plenty of work to do, dues to pay... from week unto week... *as progress, is built into our system... into our lives, and times...* and we just understand, and accept, that, the rest, and comfort, is usually found on the week end. But, too often, the work of any given week, will

prove itself too tea dues, and we give it up, or else, lose focus, and control... messily acting out, and disturbing the other team members.

So, remember, in a bustling, hard working land... there will always be some things that need attending unto... each day has its own share of issues. Just a reminder, for those who might be looking for rest... this is so good, but rest is usually, even for the weak, and feeble, deferred

unto weeks end. So, this can be
anyones guide, used, in most cases.

All for now, Greg

~

As one goes to sit afore his or her
notebook, or word processor key
board, he may or may not have
ideas, ready to be written... but, he
or she should remember... *"If you
feel good, you can do good."* How

one feels, inwardly and outwardly,
is, in my view, the best all around
determinate guide, in sigh zing up a
time... anxiety, and un certainty will

be part of some times, as future
seismiscity, and reverse causation,
send reverberations back, unto our
present, from times yet to be. This

can be un settling, as, then, one
seeks to find out more, about the
problem. But, I feel, as one is more
or less able, to write, from a mainly

placid, and tranquil kind of place,
keeping writings on the level, so to
speak... *and not making*
predictions, or judgments, about
the future... so his or her
happiness, and satisfaction, with
the new writing, is seen to grow.

Maybe, happiness with the writing,
itself is of greater importance, than
any possible future outcomes.

Maybe this is what is meant by the
expression 'Whatever will be, will

be."The futures not ours to see,' but
instead just keeping the quality
values high, and not 'writing ones
self into a corner,' is of importance.
Perhaps, living is an understanding,
and seeing of how, 'There are a set
of possible goals, with real hazards
and obstacles,' which play into the
life of the mature human being...
and not wasting time, or getting
hung up around the obstacle course,
is of importance. Thus, you can

see, how we should 'chart the path,
across and through the perilous
bramble,' with discernment, and
decision, and not 'rage with the
lions, in the drunken, maddened
jungle.' *Life's not a party, perhaps,
until it is carefully planned, and
carefully, and inn sight fully
implemented... then, you'll see, the
cards will be more on your side of
the table, and answers will come
easier.* In writing, this becomes

crucial. The more I sit and dwell upon a thing, the worse, then, that thing begins to appear. If there were one definite quality, in living, which I myself cling to, as unto life, it's probably my resourcefulness, in effectively solving problems, through stream of consciousness writing, music, and art of any kind. Those who understand, and embrace this principle, will not allow the ways

of difficulties around him or herself, to distract, or swerve, himself, from his chosen direction, and course. There aren't many things more rewarding, or fulfilling, than in seeing ones own inner resources, come forth, in managing, and coping with life problems. Ones spirit 'being there,' for him or herself... expressive freedom... is tantamount, unto problems solved... unto not loosing sight of personal

power, and success in living. At any rate, the day is Friday, and I sit writing, this late April afternoon.

When I can rest, in the accomplishment, of some good writing, or music, or photography... then today has better qualities. Just finding the knowing, to share my thoughts, and not keep them hidden away, I think, is important. At any rate, you can see my thoughts, on these things. At least, I can rest in

knowing, *'with this self work, I'll at least have something, to show for the time passed today...'* as many, many people go a life time, without finding this *'most precious of gifts,'* and through adopting, and embracing the best possible strategy, *'An ounce of prevention, is worth a pound of cure.'* And, with our group relishing the serenity, of knowing we're ahead, of so many, even in our simple vaccination,

against corona virus, we'll be less
troubled, by doubts, and worries,
around this period of time, on
Earth. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

One of the best ways to build trust,
and faith, within and amongst
members of ones community, is
through speaking of, and
acknowledging the great variety, of

thoughts and ideas, affiliated
around the concept of *individual
perspective*. This is one of our
most powerful ideas, this notion, of
subjectivity, in arriving upon
understanding, amongst people...
*individual perspective always
varies widely... and people use
definite symbols, and signals, to
stand for, distinctions of individual
perspective*. This allows for
people, to get together, upon a

similar wave length. For instance, one might be further to the right, or the left, of center... and so will express signals, reflecting that characteristic. The experienced moderator, can readily read, these signs, and signals, in facilitating understanding, amongst members of groups of people. **Can you imagine, how important it is, for civil servants, to be able to read signs, and symbols, in quickly**

resolving disputes? The masks,
and symbols, we wear, and use, in
general society... these all tell
stories, and have meanings, which
stand for certain definite back
grounds, and experiences, and
natures, in our culture... *knowing
how to read, these appearances,
and signs, gives us some vantage,
over myth, and rite...* as they occur,
wherever two separate worlds of
life, come into contact with one

another... as in, within the individual perspective, where there will be certain presences, animating, and enlivening the *basic boundary, between the worlds above, and the world of shades, and spirits... and our fleshly, dense material world, here, of concrete forms, and definite masses, and volumes.* When people who don't know one another very well are put into group relationships, like, for

instance, at a football game...
there's an injury, or an altercation...
or a disagreement, at an public
festival, or a public demonstration,
or civil protest... Or weather event,
or other such disaster... natural or
man made, these kokopelli... these
dancing phantoms... are seen, in the
awakened mind, and appear to stand
for, experiential backgrounds, and
worlds of experience, which may
not be present, in the physical

sense... *you have got to be able to read, these signs, and mythic symbols, as they occur, just as our five senses tell us of occurrences, and appearances, of the empirical kind.* This will be necessary, in mitigating, and solving these types, of situations, or events. At any rate, I was thinking, recently, about the three main stages, of individuation, as they are found, within our society. First, there will

be the seeker mentality... which is avidly pursuing visual phenomena, and mental states, which remind him or her of his 'child hood reveries,' and which appear to make good sense, in light of Orientalism, or Eastern Mysticism... and which readily parallel the expressive visions, of musician entertainers, and poetic gree otts, which speak of inner phenomena, and the natural heavens, in certain stylistic ways...

and which appear, to point the youth, farther along the mystic path... to some eventual enlightenment, or awakened state.

Secondly, there will be the awakened, yet insular stage... at which, the whole range of sociological cues, and mythic rites, will be seen as something unreal... or as 'all in ones head,' and perhaps, rightly, as products of his or her imagination, or that of other people,

around himself or herself. *This person, will see solitude, as the obvious doorway, in to further understanding, and in to eventually solving, the riddles of the heart; he will wish to be alone... he will begin shutting his door, unto certain others, in his life... streamlining... and will, perhaps, also rightly, feel that he or she, alone holds the keys, and powers, which will allow him or her*

entrance, into civilized society.

And, thirdly, there will be the
awakened, spirit conscious
individual, who understands, that
other people, around him or her,
hold many, many keys, unto his
own paths, and will therefore, wish
to live, in group living
arrangements... *and may relinquish,*
many aspects, of personal control,
unto the 'central authority,' in his
or her land... as it were, taking

shelter, within his or her lands
social welfare system, and allowing,
and following, its guidelines and
rules, adhering unto healthy diet,
and good hi jean, as well as
household responsibilities, as he or
she is called to do. At any rate,
seeing these three main life stages,
in individuation, can help one in
understanding, and 'telling the
difference,' between some people,
who may be in one stage of

development... and others, who may or may not have individuated, and who may or may not have not come through, the three stages earlier in life... **being mentally or emotionally challenged, at a young age, in my view sets the person 'upon the path,' so to speak, at an earlier age.** Some may be late bloomers... and these may become the ones, who get all the attention. 'Its hard to teach an

old dog new tricks.' But, it can be accomplished... its feasible... its in the realm of the possible. There's

another way to see these three stages... *you have the child...* with his books, and coloring, and play toys... left unto his own devices, or with plenty of peer involvement, he or she, if certain genetic risk factors are present, (a grand parents alcoholism, or mental illness,) eventually enters a phase, where he

travels from 'high to high,' relying on chemicals, for enlightenment...

(at least, this was my own experience,) ...it may be here, that

he or she, if he survives, these games, and obstacle courses, *eventually garners for himself, or herself, what might be called*

'natural wisdom.' This is the wisdom of the wolf pack... the lessons taken, and any advances, from the insular years. Seen as a

continuance, with old age, and
appearing to bridge, childhood, and
healthy adulthood, this, with
consciousness of the encompassing
spiritual lattice work, and matrices,
around him or her self, becomes a
real path of socialization, *which, if
each task and lesson, is well taken,
and finds forgiveness, becomes then
what might be called 'Godly
wisdom.'* This seems to be the
eventual ultimate goal... even

perhaps eclipsing, even the needs,
to earn an honest days work, or be
thought of as a productive member
of society... the 'Godly wisdom,'
which is present, in effect solves
both of these vexations, and one
enters into his or her graceful old
age. At any rate, these have been
just a few of my recent ideas, which
just since late yesterday, have been
percolating, and fermenting, within
my sub conscious and conscious

imagination... I give these thoughts
unto you now.

~

What makes a work of art, or
literature profound? Perhaps, its
that sense, the artist puts into the
work... that such is *just like the life*
experiences, that we may have been
living through recently, or which
high lights, and acknowledges the

*beauty, with in our mundane
existences... as it were, a telling,
'You are not alone...' 'Your mundane
experiences, really are beautiful,
and soulful...' or the sense, that
honestly recognizes the pain, in the
listener, and presents myriad
affirmations, and validations, that
such is still a good thing... even
with the odor of sweat... or the
presence of clutter... which smiles
upon, even ones imperfections, and*

pithy natures, on a given day. This is what reaches me the most. At any rate, I sit, and think, over possible directions for this writing. The pain I may be feeling... how is such beautiful? *Can I see the invisible fill aments, connecting worlds of life?* With a little more perspective, upon my broader community... and maybe, with the right music... could the beauty, of a melancholic time, be discovered... a

patient people, waiting for the next
joy, bearing sorrow, knowing...
sleep brings rest, and restoration.
Each day, is framed and anchored
by sleep. The presences, of other
lives, near by, their warmth, and
radiance... such saves the night
from despair. Oh, all of the poetry,
where people live as family. Its
like a central light source, shining
above, our lives... con joining
everyone in friendship, and love.

The love of life, for life. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, tonight. *When our sense of normalcy erodes, we indeed take shelter, within our most trusted voices...* this is how I felt, numerous times before, in the first decade, of this century. *And now, I am feeling it again.* Only now, I've grown much more familiar, with my strengths... my self confidence, is more definite... as I've indeed

shown myself, so many good ways,
to feel, and see. And now, anyone
can share in the abundant over flow.

So, a small time of languish ing,
isn't the end, for myself. Just set
the course, for greater self same
ness. As most of the work, (the
worry, and doubt,) has already been
seen to... I've been upon a path of
sobriety, and right living for years
and years, and artistically, I've
produced a lot of music and video.

So, I rest upon promises of beauty,
and musicality. I have seen
recently, that there are two ways to
see things, in life: One, the
paranoid way, almost always get
you in trouble... will almost always
be wrong... and won't at all
approach the well reasoned
thinking. *The other, will be
balanced, well reasoned, and
insightful... and will make sense, in
light of consensus reality... in light*

of my own best thinking. So, this
will be consensus reality... which
truly interests me, and excites me...

as I like the technologically
progressive nature of our society,
just fine... *I am just as enthusiastic*
about following our emerging
advances, as anyone is. So, but,
socially, I'll always be a little bit
retrograde... as I tend to always
wish to be 'alone with my thoughts.'
Only, this modus operandi is only

truly functional, when I'm staying
closely within a set family group...

I can easily have a creative life...

while avoiding self isolating... as

all of our meals and snacks are

communal... we share the same

table, so, from day to day, it will be

clear, 'Are you doing well?' will be

answered by, 'Well, you see me

here, don't you, with a glimmer in

my eye, and a smile on my face?'

And a kind word, or smiling

affirmation, can make all the difference. **So, you see, its hard to stay sore for long...** our meals are so good, and rewarding... we're then full filled, and glad, to go the next distance. But, boy, if it weren't for my lands social welfare system, I'd have died long ago... a miserable, isolated death, starved of warmth, and the comfort of a human smile. So, I tell the story... I love to tell the story. The story, of how my

Savior died for me... so that I might live. **Our Social Security system, was put into place, by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in nine teen thirty five, as a way of insuring steady income, for our elderly, un employed, and disabled persons.**

All pay roll checks, in our you ess system, are taxed, according to how much money you make. Eligibility, to receive Social Security income is determined, by your work history.

So, giving back, in this fashion, writing thoughts out, or recording myself playing piano, or through photography, and sketching, is I think, proof enough, that the spirit of work, is still very present, in my living... when I can give back, in this way, my 'owning up,' is easier, as my account will be good. Peer pressure, keeps us, to one another, on the level. So, this is the truth, as I have been given it. **I hope your**

**lands social welfare, for you,
makes sense, when you really
need it... it will come through.**

Well, all for now, Greg.

~

As I sit down, this evening, I am
going unto my word processor
keyboard... because I've got a
reasonable amount of ability, within
my self... *and so, feel that I should,*

*with a little guidance, be able to
conjure a few lines of 'thought
jazz.'* I feel as if I am inwardly
overflowing, and boo we ant...
which is, a definite improvement,
from yesterday. Perhaps, its just
this unseasonably cool afternoon,
this last weekend in May... with the
heat of the summer, practically like
an afterthought, it feels to me more
like its late October... almost like a
harvest time... peering into, the

winter, of twenty twenty one, even though, the years not yet half done!

But, I don't want you to miss understand me, I know the summer heat is, or will be real... it's just not here today. *It just goes to show, how ones mind is sometimes a bit hypnotic, or suggestible... almost, as if ones appreciation of reality, is more or less of a subjective thing.*

Perceptions, seem to be easily malleable... just tweak a few

nuances, and details, and this could
just as easily be Thanksgiving
morning, nine teen eighty three... *I*
would believe! Such is the power
of suggestion. The more you
expand your horizons... and look,
out past yourself, (which tends to
be insular, and suggestible...) for
inspiration, the more the richness
and diversity of our culture,
becomes a real pleasure for you.
'What you get, is what you give,

**back.' If you don't ever get much
culture, you'll over look so many
of the hand holds, and helpful
guide posts, present within the un
folding, always emerging Now.**

So, it really helps, to relate unto
some contemporary particulars,
within the culture you inhabit.

'Who said what?' and to whom?

And, then this reveals your own
self... *as our culture reveals, who
so ever participates within it... and*

this makes the Now, so much more relevant, unto that self. At any rate, if you wish to be a writer... if you are a novice, and wish to begin with a book idea, then 'thought jazz,' just might work, for you. Just remember, you don't have to write an entire page, all in one sitting... so going away from the page, and returning, numerous times... even if you only get one or two good paragraphs... this may be all you

have to do. Many people find frustration, in thinking, and feeling, that they've got to write a whole essay, all at once, or that they've got 'writer's block.' But, if you think of writing, as often being like, a slow, gradual process... a week, or more, for writing just one essay... a series of licks, or riffs, which are arranged into a flowing sequence, like a sentence, or a paragraph... you'll see how, even small words,

adjectives, and exclamations can
become real writing.

As I was reading back over some of
my recent written pieces, I was
impressed, by this observation:

*Attuning, with classical forms, and
styles, within a piece of writing,
for a reader, definitely recalls a
true appreciation of the time.* In

other words, as a writer allows his
or her writing voice, to express
only the subtlest nuance, and shade,

onto the page, this, then amounts
unto nothing less, than an attuning,
of the written words... of the writer,
himself... unto the 'universal back
ground tapestry...' In writing... this
'classic,' expression, then freely
interacts, with in the reader or
listeners appreciation of the
emerging Now, revealing, and
unbinding, the most relevant,
important impressions, of that Now,
unto the mind of that reader, or

listener. *In effect, a revealing, and sharing of the writers own self... in relation to the Now... with the readers self... in relation to that Now.* In so much as the writer, or artist, has observed, and exercised adherence, unto the beauties, and perfections, of the natural world, and the emerging times, so you'll find the reader or listener, most soundly benny fitted. This isn't a trans mutation, from within the

writer, to the reader, or listener...

but, instead an relating, and

sharing with the listener... as in

sound reproduction... *the listener*

doesn't necessarily come away,

with new musical ability... but

instead, just simply reads the

images, and designs, which the

musician writes, into the recording.

This is, then, a communicating...

an communicating from the writer,

to the reader... and, always in

relationship unto the emerging

Now. At any rate, there are many,
many people, who are content,
within the two or three dimensional
hobbies, of reading good books...
and listening unto music... and
audio books... **these are**
interpreted, and appreciated,
within the theatre of the
imagination... and rely upon the
mind... whether the reader is
more, or less receptive, to this

**information... the art is projected
into, and leaves within the mind.**

So, those of us, who feel 'less is
more,' especially as in minimalist,
instrumental music, and simple
album artwork... or in the writings,
of an imagistic wizard... the writer,
lacking in credentials, or rank or
degree... *such art is yet story
telling, in its purest form...
everything is revealed, and shown
within the mind. The interactive*

ways, of reading, books, and good music... the mind learns so much faster, when it actually participates, within the 'getting' of the work... reading, especially, expands the working vocabulary, enormously, and music, reveals more, of itself, depending mainly upon, the readers or listeners receptivity, and following, of the inner structures, and meanings of the performances.

So, the more you 'get into' the

**music, the more you get out of
that music, or writing.** At any
rate, just some thoughts, around the
two most important meditative past
times... music, and reading... both
use the human imagination. All for
now, Greg.

~

I recently listened to a short talk,
on the nature of our individuality,

as people... and how, to paraphrase,
the speaker, *'There's this one facet,
of being human... of one's essential
individuality... and the art of
remembering to show caring, and
love for ones self...'* (to paraphrase,) *'something so elusive, that most
people don't see it... until the
moment that it's too late.'* We have,
in living, our conscious experience.

Our husband, or wife... our kids,
our job, our hobby, or leisure... we

have this experience... what we are
doing, right now... but the part we
see, usually, is what's in the
foreground, of our perceptions.

The visual picture, involves a series
of objects, functions, tasks... our
daily routines, and the feelings, of
how it is to be ourself, right now...

for instance, our irritations. Our
annoyances, are sometimes
experienced, as a kind of deafening
roar, or rush, of stimuli... which we

would have a hard time, imagining being gone... but which we try to escape from, when ever possible.

The humanist philosophy of Buddhism, helps individuals on the personal, individual journey, say, from adolescence to young adulthood, to maturity... and into old age... through the contemplation, of spiritual truths, in the forms of lessons, as parables, and storys... which illustrate, the development,

of the foundations, of wisdom,
righteousness in living, and right
mindfulness, in the human
consciousness. Buddhist
philosophy, centers around the
easing of life's sorrows, by
illuminating of the inherent truths,
which underpin the universe, and
which permeate, all life, and
ongoing, not just upon our planet,
but every planet... truths, which our
lives illustrate, and demonstrate...

no matter whether we wish to allow them to, or not. At any rate, *in the contemplation, of these truths, we can enrich our experience, even in our ordinary tasks, and on goings... by shifting our focus of aware ness, to include not just the foreground, of our experience, but the full human experience... things which we take for granted... things, which we sub consciously stance ourselves, in relation unto... in the*

*forms of neuro muscular tensions...
which tax, and put stress upon our
clear focus, and attention, and
which can even alter our bodys
chemistry, and natural balances...
making us more prone to diseases
brought on from inflammation, like
cancer. At any rate, part of the
Buddhist meditation practices
includes this three hundred and
sixty degree field of awareness
consciousness practice... and in*

seeing, not just the foreground, of
our individual days' experience...
but the background... *the re seeding*
of our days events, into the past,
back and behind ourselves... into
the past. And consciously
remembering, to keep things in
good perspective... and especially,
in the lessening, of our
subconscious stances, and neuro
muscular tensions, unto stimuli and
experiences, in life... and learning

to allow proper perspective, and to
let yourself relax. *It's just clear,*
that after traumatic events in the
wider world, we're sometimes asked
to work through, and learn to
consciously relax this self
amplifying tension, this muscular
tightness, which arises, like a
memory, of pain... a shell of shock,
or trauma, around ourselves. As
each one of us, will be a small
component part, of an larger group,

of beings, or as a spirit in the world, it's easy to see, how one might feel empathic pain, although he or she wasn't physically affected, personally. When I find myself negatively affected, by thought chatter, I think the best way to see this, is as a spin off, or consequence, of the 'stories told,' as we all tell stories... this sometimes shapes people's views, and expectations, of ourselves... making

the problem worse, than before...

as, our mental experience, is

sometimes shaped, by the

prevailing expectations. Well,

while there may be various reasons, people feel like they do, but the point is that our thoughts are subject to interference, and poor expectations of others... can affect this. But, in general, we ourselves make our own ideal, or less ideal future... indeed, our

**western civilization, is so
abundantly ideal... as is really a
very safe, secure environment, for
most people.** But anyway, today is
Friday, and our sky is overcast with
haze... we've been in a rainy patch,
for nearly a week now... and more
to come, through the weekend...
this is so good for the growers, as
hopefully no one place got
flooded... our rains have been
widely scattered. To peer within

the empty surface, of a blank note book page, is to consult, with ones higher powers... to access ones higher mind, and consciousness.

What are your oracles seeing today? Asking ones self this question, occasionally is a good thing, and while we ourselves are grieve ing the loss of one of our most important ladies... you could say, that she 'made it home,' and it is only up to ourselves, now, to as

usual tread lightly, and always
allow, her to '*wear all of her soft
garments.*' (This may be speaking
in an objective sense, about the
after life, but most of us, are private
Orientalists, anyway, so I don't feel
too out of place.) At any rate, all for
now, Greg

~

Some people, go about their lives traveling... sometimes half of their lives, thinking that the world is one way... with some such a set of experiences, and factors... *only to be surprised, when coming of age, to find that the world is really an entirely different affair... an whole new game... which he or she may be entirely un familiar with!* I went the first twenty one years of my life, base ing everything, around the

dynamics of the physical, material,
concrete reality... which I simply
felt myself to be a master of... *I felt*
I could, if I applied myself,
accomplish anything, without any
help. I felt I was above criticism,
and that the sayings, just didn't
apply to me... *I felt above it.* So
you can imagine my surprise,
around age twenty one or two,
when I quickly found out, our
physical world is based upon, and is

initiated by, *a spiritual plane, of reality...* like a transparent overlay, upon, and across the world, of youth... an wholly different set of importance, and significance, and more eyes... of an galactic derivation... overlaying the mundane, dense world, like a piece of transparent, clear acetate, used by an artist to superimpose information, or images over a base image. *This individuation, or trans*

*personal odyssey, required ten
years of my life... after which,
today, there still seems to be a
great abundance, of the concerns,
and worries, about the spirit realm,
and its inhabitants... as they may,
or may not pertain unto our selves.*

But, you see, surface appearances
of the world can be highly miss
leading. The spirit conscious
individual, may be upon an entirely
different program, from the

younger, teen ager, or transitional person... who may, even be based around consciousness expanding substances... and, may be living, from high to high... simply living, for the intoxicated state. At other times, his better half, may be 'offline,' just dragging himself or herself through existence. At any rate, you should see, how ones experience of reality, may be pretty subjective... relative unto

how well, he or she knows, and is true to his or her own self. This, I would venture, is the best worth, and value, and meaning of ones Earthly father... someone who sees you, and understands what you are meaning... *regardless of whether you are being true to your self, or not... he will know.* So, this Fathers Day, I salute my Dad, who quickly sees right to the heart, of most anything I will ever encounter... and

deserves some recognition, and acknowledgment. So, thanks, Dad.

Your good, straight walking has always made my way, before me,

easier, and gentler, and more

compassionate... thank you. I

think, that there are many things,

which come to mind, about the

'transparent overlay' metaphor.

Earlier in this writing, I delved into

some ideas around the Platonic

Ideal. This is, in my view, the best

way to see, the mind brain
situation, in general, *and in the
clear light, also, of the sixth sense,
of the spirit realm.* As mentioned
previously, this Platonic Ideal
includes the notion, that **'Ideas pre
date their physical things.'** The
**'idea,' of a person always
predates the person himself or
herself.** There is another good way
to look at this matter, and this is in
the practiced form of transcendental

meditation. Brahma, or Atman here in translates generally as the unified field, also used in physics (which I have loosely referred to as 'the mind,' of God,) and which represents the place of all origins, the place to which all return, and of all unity consciousness in the Universe... **the essential sameness of all life, in its consciousness, of its own consciousness.** All good, proceeds from this Atman

consciousness, and returns to
Atman consciousness. Whether one
chooses to use the Hebrew term, or
the Polynesian, or the Buddhist, or
the Christian concept, of the
Omniscient God and Creator of the
Universe, *is yet another subjective
distinction, which varies widely
from person to person, as a
personal interpretation of their own
unique God concept.* At any rate,
the notion of 'transparent overlay,'

may be insufficient for illustrating
the ground of all being, as the
Atman consciousness doesn't
suddenly come to be... mid way
through a persons life... like an
super imposition, of some kind.. **it**
has its own Being, and one is
'allowed in,' so to speak, but only
when things are 'in order.' The
unity consciousness predates the
person him or her self, *so that*
person is kept from experiencing it,

only through the 'illusion of separateness,' which is the state in which many are born into... the persons youthful years, and the good sense of parental upbringing, being sometimes discarded, as chafe, when, in actuality, that natural state, was closer to the Divinity, than the skit so frenic fragmented consciousness will ever be. So, these are a few thoughts upon that. And, as there is only so

much mind to go around, in
communal living arrangements, I
begin feeling the strain, of building
this article... so, In order to remain
'in the black,' so to speak, I'd better
go now, and attend unto my group
home responsibilities. All for now,

Greg

~

As I sit to collect my thoughts and feelings, this late June morning, I'm sorting through my memories, of my twenties... the decade following my high school graduation. I'm trying to think, just what has changed, in my life? How am I improved, from the person I was in my youth? I think that the answers to this question, are numerous. I've certainly acquired the right strategies, through the most recent

twenty years, to occupy my mind,
spirit, and hands... while improving
my value, as a person... **having
something to show, for the time
spent, will always be of greater
value, than having nothing.** Of
equal importance, I've definitely
made the crucial connection... that
people need other people. I had
lost a decade of my life, thinking
that I wanted to be a hermit, and to
live in solitary fashion, for the

duration. *Boy, did those plans ever fall through.* Group, foster, and boarding home living, has been the only way for me, for the past two decades, and I've no plans to quit it. As I'm going through these ideas, I return to a good recent insight, from just this past week. *The thoughts and ideas, which occur unto myself, are meant, mainly, to explain certain nuances of heavenly life, unto myself... not unto the*

*other people in the Universe, but
unto myself.* So, as I'm thinking, in
general, I'm not trying to reach the
others in my midst, but mainly to
explain things, to myself. I am
thinking all of the time... its been
important, lately, to realize... these
thoughts aren't for the benefit of
others... but are an explaining, to
myself. **'Love is a simple
explaining, without causing
harm.'** So, this has brought me

peace, and understanding. You see,
the Mysteries of heaven... and the
wisdoms, of my own particular
family tree, are always near by...

when I have the courage, and
presence of mind, to tune into them,
and to receive them, in the forms of
written documents... books 'from
the ancestral book shelf.' Without
the path of writing, well entrained
into my life, these books, might
would have remained in a higher

plane... and not been shared, with myself... much less anyone else.

So, a big part of my writing, is about, the path of writing itself...

writings about the processes of their own creation. As one is upon the path of writing, and creativity...

there will be times of surety, and definition... and there will be times of searching... things just sometime

happen... there's a loss, or a set

back... and one some times

questions ones own reasons for
being... art, poetry, writing of any
kind, new original music, always
seems to come down unto the 'to be,
or not to be,' question. **For
sometimes, there isn't clear
guidance.** The thing I've found to
remember, is this: 'If something
artistic doesn't come as easily as
leaves on a tree, in spring... well, it
had probably better not come, at
all.' You'll find, graceful living

comes as we learn to say, '**Not by my will, Lord, but Yours;**' this keeps one closely in step, and in tune, with ones higher mind, and higher spirit... only then, will one truly have something good, to show for the time spent. At any rate, as we travel through our lives, we sometimes come through down times, and so often, you'll find that you're mentally grasping, and groping, for just the right words to

say, to express a specific thought...
this will be a process happening, in
the back of your mind... like
following a train of thought, and
suddenly realizing, 'Hey that's
good,' or 'That makes sense to me!'
This, then, is when you should get
your pen and note book out, or get
to your computer key board. For
this thought was meant, for you,
especially crafted by one who loves
you... and for your own

enlightenment, and edification...
finally realizing this, and seeing,
and knowing to write such thoughts
down, is something a kin to a kid,
getting his drivers license...
something worth celebrating. *A
lifetime of writing, can follow.* At
any rate, these are a few of my
good ideas. Do you see, how, as
the Taoists say, 'The good of the
Tao, is in the way it smoothes out
all of the tangles, and unifies all of

the lights! And, then, the spirits become enlivened with mysterious powers!' Or, something like that, anyway. We know, we just want, and have, and intend to keep, our good strong national interests intact, and safe, and prosperous... long into the foreseeable future. I think that this applies, no matter where you might happen to live... not just any one country. Still, it seems, today, that there are too

many uncertainties... as I myself,
have seen enough of the world,
today, to tell me, sometimes, border
line cases get sick... **I have really
come down, unto the belief, that
the modern predicament, is not,
'To be, or not to be.' But, instead,
*'Just how can some one get to, and
save, a poor suffering, lost soul,
before he or she makes a mistake,
he will regret, for the rest of
Eternity?'*** At any rate, all for now.

Greg

~

*About my 'early works,'
Fountainspirit Music, et cetera*

"As I think back, across the past
twenty years, or so, few things have
offered so much perennial interest,
for my soul, and spirit, than have
these recordings, made from late

nineteen ninety nine to late two thousand. To myself, the 'dynamic arc mow teef,' used in these recordings, spoke directly unto that time period... *these sounds were, every bit as easy to make, as 'falling off of a log,' and this should tell you of the unconscious blind spot, I had, collectively, during that period... I was completely blind-sided, by the horrific events of Sept. 11, 2001... This was the first time, I*

had ever been really consciously hurt, by unexpected events... in real time... as I was very much in the world, then, and was just as insulted, as anyone would be, under similar circumstances. But, at any rate, these things have stayed with me... and as I played back these sound scapes, this afternoon, I remembered the power of this music, and knew I had to write these thoughts down, here, if only

in order, to get them out of my
mind, which is where they've been
since this music first began to be
seen, and heard, in mid two
thousands.

This music, to me, was like, the
first cold blast, from a decade long
winter, which presaged, the much
more warm hearted breezes, (knock
on wood,) which my piano, has
channeled, since twenty twelve!
So, enjoy the new, but while

appreciating, from whence it came.

Balanced sounds!"

In the three years following my space music project 'Respite,' I further refined my piano abilities. Especially, I began recording piano solos, incorporating my own breath work... as it were, 'breathing' the notes, melodies, and phrasing... and as if whistling each melody under my breath, with pursed lips... trying

to imbue as much feeling as I could, into these recordings. Also, during that period, I began consciously balancing positive sonic spatial elements, with the negative sonic spatial elements, the spaces between the notes... the silence behind the music. At any rate, the period of time, which that period was, being nine teen ninety eight to two thousand... I would relate, that, while there were many,

many great and wonderful things
that came around that time, that
early music, of mine, today, sounds
dated. The dynamic arc mow teef...
today, mainly annoys, and irritates
my mind, hearing that downward
rhythm, like that.

But, I feel it nevertheless comes
under, the category 'Nada Terma,' or
immature literature. *This is a
Buddhist term, which is self
explanatory... these sorts of*

*literature, will be seen, for
whatever good or bad reason, to
have inadvertently become 'dated,'
or 'out moded,' or usurped... by
manifesting realities. The artist, or
artists, therefore, necessarily, will
have later sought, to advance
beyond that 'dated,' literature, and
change with the time... and later
begin producing a more mature
product. It's in the nature of the art
world, to evolve, and develop out*

of the more 'dated,' styles, and
natures, and into more modern,
contemporary styles, and
techniques. Finding new ways, to
do or accomplish the same effect,
for instance... the dynamic arc move-
ment, mainly just introduced the
vertical dimensionality, into my
mind, at the time, which was, then
an insularity... (not interwoven,
into the societal latticework, of
spiritual presences, around myself...

but cloistered, within my own person.) (It was, also, the traumatizing events, of September eleventh, two thousand and one, which were stressful enough, to bring me out of my time shrouded insularity. So, naturally, when I was ready to play again, I had evolved my musical ideas, considerably, and in twenty twelve started the Piano Meditations series.) But, you'll see, I re

discovered dimensionality, in a jazzier sense... and, sought to express loftier 'heights,' of emotion... melody, and harmony, and rhythmic phrasing. Whether or not to 'keep' the earlier, 'Nada Terma,' literature... is a very subjective question... and I just wouldn't wish to 'delete,' artistic history... I myself grew from out of that immaturity.

~

Thoughts on my ancestors:

As someone who's something of an student, of the early twentieth century, I understand how truly advanced, our present world is... our digital amenities, such as pocket-sized internet access, and smart watches, entirely out-strip the technology of the nine teen twenties. My great grandparents

were poor, by worldly standards...
but spiritually, they were wealthy.
Great Grandad was a cook in World
war one, in France... when he
returned home with honors, his first
wife, a Cherokee woman, had
passed away, back home in
Alabama, leaving a daughter, with
his brother to care for her. Before
his return, from Michigan, after the
war, to Alabama, Grandad met a
lady, Sarah, and they fell in love

and were married. She had an upright grand piano, and some books, and little else, so they arranged to have it shipped, back to Alabama, and both returned, and lived happily ever after. *Could they only have seen, our media devices and appliances of today, their vast dream life would have been proven... but they remained only figments... an inner beckoning, drawing them ever onward, and*

always fascinated by technology.

My Great Grandad never owned a Victrola, but Marie, Grandads' daughter, by his first wife, was seeing a man, during the thirties, who had a portable Victrola, and they had social parties, with records playing, and were to become married... their sons were Ken and Buddie, my Dad. Myself, something of a medium is tick sigh kick, I've been able to channel, and

allow many, many creations...
through, my subtle receptivity, and
sensitivities. So, to those of my
generation, I give this record, and
others... filtered through my eyes,
comes the melodies, of the past...
into the future!

As I sit to write a few lines, this
summer's evening in early July, I'm
definitely feeling the lazy, hazy
moods, which this time of year is
known for. One of the local yard

dogs, is in our yard, this evening...
stretched out, beneath our out door
table... and raises his head, lazily,
as I walk past him, to and from our
smoking area, where I go
sometimes for privacy... and
especially to play my music,
through my external, 'blue tooth'
speaker, and to hear how the
world's music sounds, today. I've
been a little shy of writing my
thoughts out, recently, but, can now

see, an easier and more boo wee ant
relationship, with the text, flowing
onto my word processor screen... I
guess that, the way the keyboard
feels beneath my fingers, is more
conducive to good writing... in
other words, my hands feel large,
and completely competent, in
entering this text, right now... and
my thoughts appear to dance, amid
the hand, eye, mind 'circuit,' or
'energy loop...' appearing to write

themselves, in such a nice manner.
At any rate, the after noon sun, onto
our end of this house, has raised the
temperature, in this room
considerably... but the air
conditioning, here, helps a whole
lot. I've been thinking a bit,
recently, about, my own values, and
priorities, in managing my writing
craft, and my other hobbies... just
what beliefs, are most important, to
myself? from over a life time of

memories? The sylvan times of
child hood, and that natural
wisdom, are providing such
resource... I definitely find great
resource, in the memories, of my
inter actions, with my friends, and
play mates, as children. *We never,
even once, had a physical
altercation, or disagreement, which
words, or parental council couldn't
solve.* I really think that this is,
among many others, just a sacred

recollection. I wouldn't trade that
for anything. *And, I guess that
stands as testament, to the peace
loving values, which our good
parents had, and imparted, also,
unto us.* Well, all for now. I'll send
this posting along to you, now.

Greg

~

*There's a way of seeing, and of not
judging things, or people by
outward appearance, which I find
very appealing. But, somewhat
closer to the truth, is, that, I think
we have to use all of our six senses,
in a wholistic manner, in
continually measuring, and
weighing the empirical universe...
we feel, that only this can give us
new ansed insight into the inner
plane of unmanifest appearances,*

and the higher realms. I have read,
that artificial intelligence can be
made to read the empirical world,
optically, and sonically, and just
with various sensors, and detectors,
to deduce, and inference
tendencies, and likelihoods, and
somehow arrive upon a data set, of
emergent realities... based, upon
accepted human parameters... in
other words, with a person present
in the data sample environment. At

any rate, such is data analytics.

*But, I'll tell you, if your judgments
of others, are based around skin
color... if you can't see the essential
equality, of all peoples... if you can
ignore the inner sameness, of all
people... if you think that only
people of your skin color enjoy
good family life... like yours... or
that the laws of your land are only
for white people, or black people...
or, if you can't see, into the inner*

*natures, of all mankind... how we
all look identical, on the inside... or
how, the inner spiritual qualities, of
a black person, are identical, in
quality, to a white person... on the
inside... if this becomes
problematic... then we might should
think about some other ways, of
analysing our data. We shouldn't
think, that we can judge people,
based around skin color. What I
think, is that sororities, or*

fraternities, which exclude anyone based upon skin color, or racial origin... are inherently wrong... and miss guided. When, you base your group or organization, around skin color, doesn't this seem to cause problems? Because, right away, we're identical on the inside... *so aren't racial biases, or judgments based around skin color, right away, basically an idiot test?* Folly? Aren't those who judge

others, around color of skin, right
off, already mistaken, in an
fundamental manner... because, all
equality, hinges, and depends upon
the inner fabric, of consciousness,
which connects all life... like it or
not... not just human... and, isn't
this fabric of society... tantamount
to honesty itself... and integrity?
Because, look where we are with
out it! *With out strong inner
guidance, which sees all life, as*

*intrinsic, and precious, within the
earthly plane, 'All life is
sacred,' ...then look what we get!*

So, to me, exclusive, or exclusional
type groups, which pertain around
skin color, these organizations, are
flawed, in an intrinsic manner...

since, skin color, doesn't have
anything to do with who we are on
the inside? However, being under
appreciated, or under privileged, or
dis advantaged, or handicapped, or

impoverished, or an abuse victim,
will always, be worth talking
about... as people, who have
experienced, the similar, common
types of inequities, will always be
encouraged by, and empowered, by
forming groups, for mutual support,
and understanding. *If we've seen
trouble, we are drawn to others,
who've also struggled.* But it's the
inner commonalities, like shared
experience, and learning... which to

me are worth gathering over. Not
over 'racial differences,' which,
when you are white, just creates
suspicion, and distrust... *most guys
like me won't categorize other
people, on basis of skin
bias... much less, themselves...*
that's unthinkable. Right away, it's
the inside that matters... not surface
features, or appearances. That's
just us... for, we see the inner
natures. So, to the awful

conversation, I add my notes, on this. And you'll say, "Oh, any body can talk about racial equality!" I would say, yes! Anyone can speak of racial equality! That's why I picked it for a topic, in finishing this chapter. Because, the field is so fertile! We are all made of the same stuff, on the inside. And, the popular, Black Lives Matter, is an support group, and they aren't exclusive, or exclusionary. They

allow any one who has ever been
hurt by discrimination, to
participate. This is why, We can't
very well argue, with that! Well, all
for now, Have a good new week,
Greg.

~

I was thinking, this morning, and
started brainstorming, on the ideas,
around, the yin and yang, type of

relationship, in our minds eye. Our physical world, of corporeal forms, and definite masses, and volumes, makes up at least one third, of our lives. *The other two thirds, it might could be said, are invisible... the past, and the future, for instance.*

This way of thinking sort of goes a ways toward our view of the balance, between the positive, and the negative spaces... the active, and the reflective. But, we here,

can easily see, that there is
something hidden... *some thing,*
which has been subtracted, or has
passed beyond, our sphere. If you
ask yourself, 'What is it, beyond the
peripheral eye sight, which holds
such interest, for myself?' then you
might, can go a distance, under
your own mortal power, or with
guidance, toward the seeing, of an
all encompassing, realm of non
existence... or the Mind. I used to

be able to more or less inference, an perception, of what might be called the After world, through the usage, of logic, and reasoning. *When I know, that many other people, share my world, and reside out of sight, but are definitely 'elsewhere,' and when I think, of all of the people, whom have gone before, on this earth, and have passed beyond, the mortal plane, through the centuries... well, then, I could just*

*imagine, the spaces between
people, as being full of activity, and
ongoing, only, it's just outside our
conscious awareness, and appears,
to exist as some form of light,
which, we know, can allow for co
incidence, and synchrony... simul
tudes, and happen stance... while
explaining the ways, in which
'Angels always appear to show up
when they are needed most,' then I
could easily envision, the Mind, or*

*the place where souls freely
travel... maybe, the After life, and
what we would call, Heaven, or
Hell, dependent partly upon the
merits, or worthy ness, of our
mortal existances, in our living
years. So, I was only so surprised,
to find this to match up with, the
appearances, when I was allowed,
into direct spiritual experience, of
the Deveachaic plane, and the
awareness, of what might be the*

After life, back in two thousand and two... as being a real, but hidden place, as close to ourselves, as the space in front of our eyes... yet for many, out of sight. **Being born, into life on Earth, we exist, mainly as positive spatial forms. But in dying, I can just see, how, we might then appear to reverse, or flip flop, and become negative spatial forms. Do you see the Yin Yang relationship, now? Of course,**

I don't think, we here will ever be able to observation ally verify, just exactly what, specifically, is to the other side of the veil... *in fact, we don't have a clue.* As none, have ever really posted us back, to say, *'Hey, its me again... I'm over here in this Afterlife, as I'm sure you will know. Here's what it's like.'* But, many many, have walked the fine line, between truth and fiction, between here and over there, and

shared many wonderful visions.

This writing, presently, stands toward that goal. But, at any rate, I just wanted to delve, into this topic, to refresh my memory, of my Orientalist reading. Isn't this a nice way of seeing? At any rate, all for now, Greg

~

THE PRESENT WORLD, HAS AN
INNER REALITY. *I think that, it's*
the poet, who connects with the
hidden world, in such a manner, so
as to provide unique illumination,
within the minds, of an audience of
readers. The inner reality, in my
view, is the elephant, in the room...
which the various blind people are
learning about... through their
tactile, and other sensory faculties...
these men and women are tapping

into the poetic inner reality. Any blind mans view, will be unique, in that such will express a particular quality, or nature... for example, one poet, thinks the whiskers, are worth mentioning... *the next, feels the wrinkled skin,* and the next is concerned with the large ear flaps, and the next wishes to talk about *the presence, of a long nose, above a mouth, or, the trunk...*and still others will see fit to write, upon the

process of illumination, itself... as it were, *the prominent blind person, speaks of the fraternity, of blind people...* or of the excitement, in the process of discovering the nature of the beast... or of the profusion... the great variety, of different beasts, to describe. As the characteristics, of the pachyderm, are eventually illuminated, in poetry, the poets gradually form a consensus, of understanding, and

then, the beast, is known of, and
there are less frequent poetic up
well ings. Then, the next day,
another mystery... another puzzle.
We sometimes look for any inkling,
as to what may be meant, by
phenomena. **There is an in
dwelling... which is usually a
source of endless worry, and
strife... he or she has said too
much, or too little... We wonder,
about free will. Artists and poets**

are looking for any clues, or signs,
from the inner on going, as to what
might be transpiring... *on a basic*

*level, we are on our own, in
esoteric experiences... there may be
no one, but ourselves, to make the
crucial choice.* And, in real life, in
forgetting to wear ones face mask
when we go into a retail outlet, or
doctors office, we may be
compromising our bodies immune
system... in such a way, as to make

us very sick. You could die, from the virus variant. Then what? *No more you.* As I sit here, with this mid summers rain, just beginning, this early August afternoon, I'm reminded, of how important it is to remember... *physical fitness, isn't always the obvious choice.* As ones mental states are in a constant state of flux, **morphing them into an healthy exercise, like sit ups, can be the best sort of recovery, as**

sometimes the waters 'run too deep,' moving right into some physical activity, like knee bends, or toe touches, or sit ups, can be the best response, to this sort of wipe out. With the Summer Olympics just behind us, many of us find ourselves challenged, to come up to a competitive standard, physically... if only in owning up, to the victories won, by our athletes. So, you can see, while

outwardly, our lives and times may appear plain, and un eventful... *but from within, the perspective of the inner reality, there is really a great bit more, than meets the eye... one wants only to attest, somehow, unto the sub reality... for in truth, the sometimes perilous nature, of ordinary life... when something does go wrong... there's a criminal fiasco, or a drunk ard behind the wheel... our ordinary choices, and*

*selections, become distorted, far
beyond the norm... as hind sight,
was shown to be twenty two
hundred.* This is sometimes, when
trauma, and self blaming, can creep
into our lives, *for an others action,
of the type, which we ourselves
would never do.* At any rate, such
is life. To peer just beneath the
outer skin, of life, is to perceive a
world, of gran dure significance,
and richer meaning. If one

remembers to practice, this sort of interior navigating, and with out fail, solving the vexing problems, of ones life... and courageously searching, and seeking out the path of least resistance, like water, or, **alternatively, holding and keeping to the lofty ideals, and principles.** Being a main pillar, or load bearing member, is most like, to me, the old Alcoholics Anonymous saying, 'Just for today.' One day at a time. All

for now, Greg

~

As solitary ways, will get you into
trouble, in independent living, I
have, for eighteen years, now, lived
entirely in group, boarding, and
foster home arrangements. *This is*

so, as to prevent me from having a third suicide attempt. At any rate, over thinking, has been something of a problem. The problem is, in life, things sometimes happen.

Spirituality, for the schizophrenic, is usually a bit like a magnifying lens... so, in reality, people trying to live solitary lives... people who don't tend to socialize, in the usual way, will often find, that sense of perspective, and proportion,

becomes somewhat lost, from one or another setback, of greater or lesser magnitude. *The person then becomes susceptible to depression, and more depression.* 'The more I think, and dwell, around a thing, the larger, and worse, it tends to become.' At any rate, the reader will certainly have heard the maxim, *'If the doors of perception were truly opened, we would see things as they really are... infinite.'*

(And, this can be generally seen in two ways... as something brought on by way of 1) the psychoactive substances, (including entheogens,) and 2) naturally, through gradual processes, learning additionally to focus, and channel ones consciousness into a way, craft, or practice. *Both of these tend to excite the perceptual faculty.* With both of these things, time perception, eventually becomes

altered drastically, and tiny details,
like a radio playing in the distance,
or the humming of a refrigerator
become magnified, and seem to
consume consciousness, with these
miniscule details. These effects,
are generally relegated to controlled
scientific study, but have equivalent
in the awakened mystic
consciousness. *Our society frowns,
upon substances, or chemicals,
which become used as 'crutches...'*

But the other significance, of the
'doors of perception,' is such that,
this connotes the relaxed, at ease
state of being... *the Buddah or*
Christos mind... no pain, no
boredom, no dis ease of any kind...
and, which can be seen as
prerequisite, for any real creative
work. This then allows for un
limited creative expression, and
nearly limitless self invention, and
re creation. This, as long as the

creative latency, within has been given spark of being... as long as the person knows, when the time has come to arise, and sit afore his or her word processor, or work station, or notebook, or empty canvas... and to 'seize the day,' not with wrong, but with right on your side... this second meaning, of the 'open mind,' this is to me the ultimate goal, of maturity, and of aging...) You can easily see how,

with this hyper consciousness, or
spiritual consciousness, you don't
really need any special
hallucinogen, or potion, as the
creative impulse, is only natural,
and human... on Earth, as it is in the
higher planes, or dimensions. *'The
spiritual Mystic swims, at the
surface of the waters of the
collective consciousness, while the
schizophrenic merely thrashes
about, and drowns.'* This is the best

analogy, and while in group, or
boarding, or foster home
arrangements, I can easily go from
day to day, week to week, year to
year, effectively being a creative
person... and live productively, and
happily... were I to be faced with
the prospect of independent living,
I don't think my strategies would let
me effectively live, for very long at
all, much less, be happy and
productive... as I tend to wish to

always be 'alone with my thoughts,'
where as, in the group home
scenario, there is an impartial, un
biased central manager... who is
paid, and tasked solely with the job
of maintaining the group
household... there will always be
good promise for myself, in this
way.

~

Whenever one wishes to begin writing, in stream of consciousness fashion, he or she can get himself unto his notebook, or word processor keyboard, or empty canvas. As one is practiced, at this way, there will usually be a proximal presence, which comes unto the fore, in distilling the newest thoughts. The experienced medium will be familiar with the

many ways to begin new writing...

therefore, his mind should be a good enough filter, or sieve, for anything which comes forth. This

is a crucial lesson, to have integrated... for, one does not want to write, just anything... but the words should be an accurate mirroring, of what has been shown.

As for my self, I am glad, and relieved, to have finished my latest two piano albums... and gotten

them out. This may not be too much, but for myself, this 'sharing,' by independent, and amateur music makers, and producers, has sustained myself, now for two decades. *So, having belief, in this path, I'm just so satisfied with my own results. This successful sharing, is the source, of my inner joy, this morning.* So, while the South of my land, may be in the difficult part of the summer, this

year, right now, weather wise, I do find blessings, in the good crafts of my heart, and hands. *But, each year does seem to have its own share, of droughts, wild fires, flooding, and wend disasters, like tore nay dos.* I remember, back in twenty seventeen, there were terrible hurricanes, affecting the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean... at least three or four consecutively, in the late summer,

of that year. So, this year, isn't too unique. At any rate, we here aren't really in a flood prone area... but, since we are at one thousand and one hundred feet in elevation, we always deal with worries around tore nay dos, *as they sometimes like our high plains, like we have here, on the Cumberland Plateau.* When one desires to peer beneath the surfaces, of the collective fabric, in general... and to glean subtle

impressions, about the
encompassing time... the week, and
the month... then, writing is the
easiest way. Just in resting hands
upon the word processor keyboard,
this good afternoon, I can more or
less instantly feel, certain things...
such as the sense of strength, and
capability, and portent, from my
two writers hands... typing, in my
way, feels like second nature... *just
as easy, as walking, or playing*

piano... or I guess, even talking. I

know, times like we've had,
recently... twenty people, having
been killed, from bad flooding, in
the adjoining state, this past
weekend... and this, is only the
middle, of that week... *there are
real hurts, and losses... people just
like you and me, having lost a
provider, or a loved one... any one
can see, these kind of losses, and of
property, are only improved, by*

passage of time... and that's just what is so hard... missing family, or friends, like that. Anyway, words can't help much... but, as I sit here, I am conscious of a powerful thirst, for cool, refreshing water, in my heart... and remember, and experience, just what the ultimate meanings, of being born, upon Earth, really are... this good, of being able to drink cold water, to your contentment... or to eat a hot,

savory meal... these, being two of
the best things, on Earth, in my
opinion... *two of the main things
which keep the revolving spheres,
in such precise orbit, and axial
tilt... this desire, to live, and
experience life, as an embodied
human.* I've written on this before.

Desire, perception, and belief,
being just the things, 'on Earth, as it
is in Heaven,' which make it all
happen, and continue... Eternally.

Well, I look at my digital clock, and realize, it's almost time for my three thirty soft drink break. All for now, Greg. LATER: The cola was good.

I was recently listening, to an old back up CD containing downloaded podcasts... music especially, and came across that good old concept, 'faster than light,' this being a song title, by an obscure space rock band, I came across, in another popular podcast directory. The

concept, is useful in speaking, or
writing of jazz based art forms...

*any musical expression, of this
nature, will be inhabiting the
leading edge, of the on rushing
flow of moments, upon the fore
front, of intuition... 'pre intuition,'*

for want of a better term, and I
think it's useful in thinking of my
stream of consciousness based
writing artform. If only, my
writing, could be really like, 'faster

than light,' but I can definitely think
of a few modern poets, whose
channeling ability, can so sue sink
lee describe, an artwork, like an
folk music album, and be such
excellent liner sleeve notes.

*Various genius artist poets come to
mind.* At any rate, tuning my
consciousness into this inner realm,
just beneath the surfaces, of my
empty page, tonight as the sun sets,
in this clear, cloudless sky... *is*

surely, a blessing I appreciate.

There is nothing else quite like, this
writers mode, of attenuating, with
the unspoken vernacular, which is
more or less always happening,
*below the surface, of conscious
awareness... somewhat out of sight,
from those who use only the five
senses, as we are given them... this
is the language of flow, and of
spiritual momentum... something to
be cultivated, and nurtured. At any*

rate, as this writing flows along, I
rest within the sonorous melodies,
of this piano album, on my disc
machine... I hope that my reader
has found harmony, from within my
most interior reflections, this good
evening. *Keeping it simple, and in
not leaving the baggage wagon...
or ones own doorway, he or she can
know of all things under Heaven.*
I'll bring this writing to a close. All
for now, Greg

~

Solitary people are in possession of certain insights... which might prove very useful, along lifes way. Many people have been touched, at some time, artistically, spiritually, and have entered into some what solitary introspection and contemplation. *Most people are there already, but they simply aren't*

conscious of this fact. This is by way of an explanation, for the reason, that it can be so hard to form real connections with others... this lack of conscious familiarity, in some, with this land of shades.

These will be very intelligent people, but many of them are in the dark, as to this. Such is life. There is a special quality, in religious, or spiritual belief... what is it? Righteousness? Individuation is a

Jungian term, which I've seen used
before. Is religious or spiritual
belief the same thing as
individuation? *I don't really know,
but I don't think you can make
generalizations, very easily.*

Maybe, belief, can be anything.
Those ideas, and main themes, and
Qualities, which we attach to our
inner, and outer experience...
*maybe, this, whatever it is, is our
belief.* So, belief can be anything

held, intellectually, or philosophically, by a person. Does a person have to attend a church, or special building to be a believer? I

don't think so. *Ones beliefs, are just everything which makes oneself a passionate person... I don't think this has to have any special trapping, or lingo, or garb. It can be anything.* But, I believe, that it's

the Mystic seer, (who is in consciousness of, and participation

with the land of shades,) who
balances, usually, between a
Buddah, or Christos state, and its
opposite... psychosis. One of the
sayings, that the spiritual people in
my life have impressed upon
myself, is 'Cleanliness is next to
Godliness.' I believe that this is
very true, and reflects so many
ideals, of our society. Wherever
you see real organization, and
cleanliness, I believe you have

Godliness. The *Mystic seer, might well be a real slob, without much leaning toward order and cleanliness.* But, this person might yet be very Godly. **But, the Spiritual devotee, will be inseparable, from his or her organized nature, and cleanliness.**

I think that there are literary analogues for the ideal consciousness state... Rip Van Winkle, is one example. After

drinking of the ambrosial brew, *the young Rip falls into deep slumber, only to awaken forty years later, as an old man... lifes journeys, and struggles behind him. Popeye, might be another example... the scrawny young scapegoat, who eats of his spinach, (healthy diet,) and becomes a muscular champion... a paragon of Buddah consciousness.*

The notion of ambrosia, or the philosophers stone, the elixer of

eternal life, is of course an old one... *this being the long sought, 'Fountain of Youth,' as well as the alchemists goal, of limitless wealth, and happiness... the gold from out of the lead.* At any rate, you can easily see, very good, might have as its correlate, very bad. *Positive has its negative... as in the Yin and Yang concept of Zen Buddahism. Doctor Jekyll, has his Mister Hyde.*

Artistically, positive spatial

volumes, have as their correlate,
negative spatial volumes. *This,
indeed is how the art student sees
his subject... as an harmony, or
symphony, of positive with negative
space volumes... darks, with lights.*

The musician juxtaposes his
silence, with his sounds, in an
inventive or creative manner, using
melody, and phrasing, with
harmony, set to rhythm.

Some people are friendly,
charismatic, and out going... *seeing
cleverness and wit, as the height of
personal identity... and seeking out
others like themselves.* But, when
a person like this, gradually finds
his or her mind, clouded, and
ensnared, with in hazes of pain...
and discovers this to be the
outcome of all he or she does,
*(except, now, for solitary
contemplation, and artistic, or*

literary success, which he or she is really proud of,) **then, these will be the avenues, of behavior, he or she will seek out.** *This is much like myself, and many others, who find themselves led into and along artistic, literary areas. In my view, the spirit guides in ones life, will exert pressure... not by sweet talk, or carresses, but through societal pressure, which often takes the form of pain, felt within ones mind,*

or soul... (a side street, for the Native Great Spirit, or the Jungian collective soul.) This spiritual, or psychic pain, some people will seek to alleviate at a stage, (if other means fail...) through artificial chemical means, such as alcohol, and pain pills. *But, the mature, well developed mediumistic artist will come, in time, to seek out artistic, and literary solutions, to the pains life brings... this tends to*

make for prolific artists, and lots of them. I count myself among this number. The chemical addiction part, has been sublimated, as I conformed to societal pressure, as soon as I got myself into a group home environment. The mediumistic part, enters ones life, for some earlier, for others later.

For myself, this spiritual awakening was around the time of my coming of age, and seemed

*adjunct to getting off of the pills
and potions, and living my life
simply, and ordinarily, within
societies normal bounds.* Spiritual
awakening wasn't an end result, but
a beginning... and for some, this
brings pains of a different sort.

Aristotle spoke of the 'prime
movers,' as being the immovable
objects in ones life... the thorns,
which must be adapted unto... or
the person faces interminable diss

ease. This, of course, is what I found, and did. *Only five years later, when the thorns were removed... Gods judgment reversed... was I able to pursue real creativity, and self expression.* This was where the mediumistic part, began to pay off... for I became conscious of much larger voices, and visions welling up from within my heart, *than I alone knew myself to be capable of... this was the*

sacred artistic impetus, the larger voice, mysteriously arising from within my expressions... and in the context of those expressions. So, and still today, this to myself stands as the culmination, and fulfillment, of any childhood dreams, which I may have ever had... this is, then what my life is about, and around...

this free interchange, with the higher planes, or dimensions, this which can allow for the 'higher'

*self expression, than the youth ever
will have experienced.*

**The goals of cleanliness, and
hygiene, organization, and
healthy diet, find answer, and real
reason for being, in the artistic,
literary pursuits.**

*And maybe this, then, is the
crucible, of this life... the inn fuse
ing, and im bue ing of prolific
artistic expression, with these
ideals of healthy living... this is the*

main thrust, and goal.

Well, as I am finishing up this 'spirit dance,' or writing session, I see I am farther along in producing my new audio book chapter, than I was before. So, with a few more re reads, and some polishing, I'll finish this days production work.

All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit down, to write this first day
in September, this year, I once
again remember, some of my
antiquated wisdoms. Despite the
fact, that I've got a lot on my mind,
this morning, the work seems to
pile up enormously... my mortal
limits, clearly pushed. *This is how
life is...I tell myself...* it really
becomes necessary, to see entirely

past, ones stagnant, limiting
worldview... this is a part of life.

*"When it rains, it pours," and I've
got plenty proof, of this simple
notion.* But at any rate, seeing past,
these local phantoms... who seem to
like watching me sweat... while I
dislike, the extra work... I quickly
get myself, into the groove, of these
things, putting pride and resentment
aside... as time is short. Anyways,
peering farther, along, into the good

morning, today, I'll try and head for the kitchen for some good ice and water, for my thermos. *In the summer, there's nothing better.*

Weather, here in my region, has again arisen and passed. In the state just to the south, from us, many homes and businesses are flooded, and many are in make shift living arrangements. But, fortunately, the hurricane that passed up through our state caused

few deaths. *But, when it was over*
us, I imagined that I noticed
particular gloom, and a sort of
baffling confusion. No one likes
hurricanes. Now that the sun has
once again returned, we're just left
with the sense, that we need to get
our coronavirus booster
vaccination, as soon as possible.

Dark visions, appear to be haunting
my mind... of the finite natures of
time... and of peoples intense

frustration, with how our past two years have gone. Thinking, is for the birds... people want results. So, writing, this morning seems to relieve me of the burden of having to think, the useless ness of it. So, enscribing on lasting media, indeed proffers her 'shelter, from the storm.' It's really like, I'm in desperate need for sun glasses, this morning... and that's just how it looks. But, at any rate, I'm able to

smile, and feel, if I were to arrive
upon the right combination of
words, and lines, the inner troubles,
would lessen, and vanish from
sight. So, this keeps my typist
fingers moving, and these words
going onto my pages. 'We should
cherish our sorrows, as we do our
own bodies... for, if we had no
body, well, what sorrows could we
have, then?' This little verse, is
good to remember. Well, I seem to

be upon another writing journey,
this morning, and feel somewhat
relieved, that good work, has come
through... *'When the going gets
tough, the tough get going!'* is
another of my favorite aphorisms.
'The best never rest,' is still another,
which gets at the essence, of what it
takes, to keep up a successful
writing path, for instance... always
remembering ones moment, and to
get ones self to his or her work

station... or note book... this has always had definite benefits, into the future. I just don't think ghost chasing, is worth my time, or energy, this day... *but, I'm not surprised, to see just that. Part of my mental illness, is a tendency to over think everything.* Anyways, as I sit writing, this afternoon, I'm inwardly hoping that everyone reading this stays well, and that blessings continue. My prayers

have already been answered... so many are already on the path to recovery, and our administrative lady just stopped by, and brought our pizza dinner, which we have once a month... fresh, hot pizza pies from the restaurant... as we usually have a few dollars left over, from week unto week, we're allowed this luxury. *At any rate, this goes to show, how, no matter how gloomy and oppressive things may seem, in*

*the present... the narrows will once
again open out, into the bright,
verdant pasture lands... and into
greater light and loveliness. I tell
myself, never to forget this simple
hope.*

~

Sometimes, the simplest little thing,
can throw the human mind into

useless worrying, and unnecessary
strife. *But, remembering the ways,
of how any narrow, oppressive
gauntlet always opens out into
greener pastures, and easier
walking... you'll be sure and see the
signs, when they appear... 'Worry
no more, for your troubles are
behind you!'* At any rate, we here
rest, after our morning snack, and
I'm truly grateful for this writing art
form... having a working word

processor, this allows me to 'get into' some new writing, now, and see just what resides beneath the surface, of mind, and consciousness. *To the conscious awakened mind, there's just nothing better... than being able to write just what you think... nearly as quickly as you can think it...* and so, words flow onto this page. When one wishes to come into alignment, with his or her higher mind, and

consciousness, you can just start a simple flowing of words, onto a notebook page, or word processor screen... *and see what arises*. The more I think and worry over a thing, the larger, and worse the thing begins to appear. But, as ones words begin to open up, and unfurl onto your page, the more possibilities will appear to increase, and develop. This should be indispensable wisdom, for the

young writer, and, through just
starting a flow of language
symbols, onto a page, you'll begin
to break free, from the tangled knot,
and get further down, along the
page. Starting from nothing, you
will see how, new original thought,
usually just needs some coaxing, to
come forth. *Many times, I have
began from just thin air, and have
found my spirit guides to join in, as
a momentum is began.* So, just

because there is nothing in your mind, doesn't mean that good writing is impossible... *for the more muscular intellects, await just off to the side... needing only the right invocation, to begin contributing cogent thinking.* At any rate, I myself, have been awaiting the time, at which I feel like putting some words onto the page. And, this time seems as good as any.

Being an active medium istic

writer, is an envy able position to be in... for it's just exciting... on the basic level... he or she may not know, just what will come forth, and the evolving now, the simulcron, of the blinking cursor, on his screen, appears to move along, of its own power... *ones typist hands flying over his or her keyboard.*

This is what good writing is like.

The writers hand eye mind energy loop, or circuit, begins to power up,

and blissful poe E sis, becomes truly possible. To come to better understanding of that which is just beneath the surface of your mind... within your encompassing higher mind fabric, you can just try sitting before your word processor, or notebook, and starting a simple flow of words onto the written page... *begin to peer within.* As many times as I have started out, in writing... one truly never really

knows, what will emerge, from within the shadows of his or her mind... each moment, is unique unto itself, and is distinct from all others. But, through time, and experience, one can just begin, to go a ways, toward teaching the mind eye hand circuit, to just begin writing, and see what comes of it. This is not an easy ability to learn, but once you get the knack of it, just limit less writing, and self

creation awaits. *As words are coming rather slowly, this evening, I take my thesaurus dictionary off of my book shelves, and begin flipping through it.* This can help, to un block the writers mind, and stimulate new ideas. There's an idea, which leapt out at me, from through this... the lachrymal glands, are located around, and behind the eyes... *when the eyes tear up, this can produce a sleepy feeling, since*

tears happen to have some of the same chemical, as which is found in turkey meat... which, when eaten in any amount, brings on restful sleep.

For a while, now, I've believed that,

this tear solution is very sleep inducing, and plays a key role, in our falling asleep, at the end of a

long day. I think, that the

lachrymal fluid, is secreted back behind the eyes... *and in bringing on sleep, it is secreted partly into*

the pre frontal grey matter... the brain... and this brings sleep on quickly. So, walking in faith, how, then, can one direct ones thoughts, to request sleep, of his or her closest spirit guides? **I fall asleep quickly by this method, every night.** Interesting, isn't it? At any rate, these are some thoughts, this second week, in September, this year. *Here's something that's been on my mind, recently...* being of an

age, and living here, in America, as I do, I will never forget the events of September eleventh, two thousand and one... I'm quite neurotic, about it, and feel so called, as we approach each anniversary, of this event, to make completely sure, that I'm not overlooking some logical gaffe, or ignoring an critical loop hole, in my thinking, which would leave us vulnerable, in that matter, ever

again. *Here we are, at the twentieth year, in which we've observed this remembrance.* Do I still feel safe and sound, in this part of the world? Do I still feel, that the threats to our democracy, are in check, and under control? I ask myself this same question, every year, and even more, on the years, that end in the number one... these, especially, annoy me. So, I tell myself, some things, we are

confident in... and they are fully
known of, and understood... other
things, such as the afterlife, are less
understood, and we will always
challenge ourselves, to learn more
of, such. *So, as I ask myself, if
there's anything I'm over looking,
or miss ing, it's mainly the ones
we've lost, this year already...*

*death doesn't always ask
permission, before knocking...
barriers of health, age, status,*

*fame, wealth or poverty... all are
seen to dissolve, and erode, into the
general fray...* take for example, in
an earthquake... which we know, we
might not always, for see, or be
able to anticipate, much less fully
prepare for... as the very ground,
itself sometimes tries to shake us
off.

When one wishes to peer within
mind, heart, and imagination, you
can try some improvisational

writing. Just starting out, you'll find certain nuances, in the ways the keyboard, or stylus feels beneath your fingers... does one feel in control, of the writing session... or are there discomforts, or annoyances, which seem to be vye ing, for your attention? *When one has concerns, pressing in... then this might not be the best time, for improvisational writing... as one is distracted, by worry. But,*

just get the mornings main things,
behind you... you know, like the un
necessary concerns, with other
peoples mental illness symptoms...
*when your own are all you should
really be worried about.* As I was
thinking this morning, I realized,
how, once we here in America get
past Labor Day, it's not long then,
until the seasonal observations...
*All Hallows Eve, followed closely
by Thanksgiving...* these two, really

bringing the spirit of youth, and spiritism, and gratitude back into our culture... we start thinking, and considering, *'What might children like for gifts, the most this year?'* right up until Christmas Eve, Day, and New Years. We observe the Festival of Lights, in our own way, in the West, of course, with pageantry, and glitter... it's just that the antiquated Bible story, is so often re told, and our culture stays

around this simple little story, from
the New Testament... *no matter,*
how far technology reaches, into
our minds, and lives... and glam or
seems to rule our thoughts. We
always return to these primitive,
rustic values... as the Virgin Birth,
and the Adoration of the Magi... as
well, as the Ministry centered life,
of Christ, and Crucifixion and
Resurrection... are woven into
Anglo Saxon culture, and have echo

ances, in other societies, and traditions, thru out the world.

Myself, having more affinity for the

Theosophical ways, offer that

maybe the Magi, spoken of were

Native American chieftans! At any

rate, there seems to be a lot on my

mind, lately, and I wish to write as

much of it as I can, down into my

word processor. Because, these

dreams just pass me by, unless I can

apprehend, for a moment... *the*

*unspoken vernacular, is sometimes
the strongest, most articulate
idea... and should be saved, onto
the written page! At any rate, I
myself deal with depression, by
staying somewhat around this
written journal... as I'm quicker to
ascertain, "This is quality
thinking," when my word processor
keyboard is close by my side. But, I
ask my reader, 'How does one begin
a conversation with the person*

sitting next to you, when your mind is almost all of the time, in a deep fewG state?' **It seems like, to me, that once one locates the inner conversation... this ephemeral realm tends to consume, most of ones span of attention...**

Abandoning, or leaving the outer conversation, for the inner one, so to speak. By this time, the person will likely be like the outcast, considered unclean, or dirty by

others. *But, this is not to say, that his or her views aren't relevant, or meaningful... it's just that our culture revolves, and focuses around the youth culture.* Our schools of higher education, are really the centers of the intellectual life, in our lands, and most of our Western society, is structured around, these universities... and new research culture, appears to be at the forefront of everything. *And*

*these wouldn't be universities,
without the eccentric wizard
hermit, just across the tracks, who
is in touch, some how, with the
higher planes, or dimensions. All
of these types of relationships,
become mirrored, in the Church
discussion... especially as they
remain clean, and sober, and try to
avoid plagues of the spirit, like
tobacco addiction. But, some of
this may be 'par for the course,' it's*

*just that the Church is right behind,
to emphasize values of
righteousness. At any rate, all for
now, Greg.*

~

Whenever one wishes, to look into
the simple flowing of stream of
consciousness writing, onto a
written page, he or she can start
with a line of thought like this one.

One should be able to tell, then,
from these simple beginnings, that
good, well intentioned and sensible
writing, is well within reach.

Equipped, then, with this insight, he
advances, along down the page...
letting intuition... pre intuition...
guide his or her sigh kick typists
fingers. The thoughts, then, which
form, do so in an flowing coming
together... thoughts, and typing
simultaneously. This is important

to remember. Your hands won't necessarily know what to type, unless moved by the sentient spirit, within the mind... concurrently, and just before the typing. *The prerequisite for this type of writing, is typing ability.* Knowing the keyboard, is important... this will allow your thoughts to move, and work, in synchrony with your typing. At any rate, I sit here, writing this mid September

morning. *The more one thinks, and dwells upon a life issue, the larger, and more troublesome it becomes.*

There's a kind of flowing yet receptive state, which the active writer attunes with, in writing... letting fingers rest, upon keyboard, and awaiting eventual inspiration. When you can effectively banish any one certain thought, or direction, from ones mind... *but simply being open to whatever*

*thought arises, and quickly
weighing it in the scales of
conscience... then one can
accomplish successful writing.*

Many times, I have started out... my
mind, and hyper cortex, in a
condition of turbulence, and strife...
and found, much to my surprise,
that the sub surface anxiety, and
migraine symptoms, are simply the
trappings, and garb, of new writing,
trying to get to the surface. When I

can externalize an insightful article
of contemporary, relevant thoughts,
and impressions, onto lasting
media... *needing only the*
'gumption,' to type it out... to get it
down... then this, to myself, is a
higher purpose... a calling. Many
times, I have been just bewildered,
and baffled, by surface
appearances... just not having
conscious idea, as to what is the
matter... and found all of these

phenomena, to be readily
subsumed, and incorporated easily,
into new writing, onto the written
page. At any rate, surface
appearances, can be quite miss
leading... knowing this, the
successful writer, can easily trans
mute these distortions, and darkness
S, if he knows how to grasp, his or
her moment... to seize the day, so to
speak... then good work is possible.
But, not just any work. Because

otherwise, the un suspecting artist
or writer, sometimes finds him or
herself, blamed, for some kind of
phenomena, which in actuality, isn't
pertinent... which he cant help, at
all, or has no control over... or, that
he or she has to share the
contemporary time with, and
should, stance himself, against, or
unto. And this is life. So, at any
rate, as people have indeed to live
together, one should always

remember to be courteous, and considering, of others... *some of whom, may or may not be 'on the same page,' spiritually, or emotionally, or intellectually... or whom may have passed through the stages of individuation earlier, or who might later.* At any rate, there is much that can be seen, from my vantage. As I have recently finished recording, and mixing a new album of piano meanderings,

this is a very meaningful thing for
myself... as this provides a still
point, amid the storms of living.

Being in possession, of this piano
work... I tell myself... that, some of
the attendant phenomena, unto self
recording definitely includes
migraines, and tension head aches.
As there will be many, and various
future co associative relationships,
with those other souls, in this
world, who may have more or less

vested interest in amateur media,
entering into alignment, with such
artist, or poet... and can and usually
will come into contact, with this
artistic work, by the medium of the
internet. ...*Well, its just plain to
see, that this can definitely produce
these sorts of tension headaches,
and my grains, as times co labor
ate, and con mingle... and are in an
constant state of change, and flux.*

This is complicated language,

getting at the point, of notating how
any writer, or artist, musician, or
poet, and, any new work of
literature, like this... in coming to
be, can be so much like, *a parting
of the waters, of the collective
ocean, of consciousness... an
easier, or more difficult
accomplishment.. as sometimes
times contract, expand... or are
more or less resistive, to change of
any kind... or become emotionally*

*bruised, or wounded, by un
expected or unforeseen events... any
of this can have bearing upon the
experience, of finishing a new
album of music... and can be seen
as often more or less difficult, or
challenging to get through. At any
rate, these are some thoughts. One
may wonder, from which particular
field of research, these thoughts
arise... to the reader, if you
haven't figured it out yet, this is*

**Theosophical literature. Western
Theosophy sees all beliefs, as
aspects of their times, and while
not elevating any one belief above
another, can often be seen to
'illumine the shadows,' of the
present world... to de mystify, the
mysterious, and put words and
meaningful writings, unto the
modern worlds' inner darkness,
and further human
understanding, in general... from**

a Western perspective. Well, all
for now, Greg

~

What is this thing, called problem
solving? *Meditating, upon an
article of writing, or a pen and ink
sketching, or a song file... for long
enough to get the dents, and flaws
worked out of it?* Or, in sitting, and
dwelling, upon a thing, for much of

any time at all... will the thing, be a
fail... and, become magnified, out
of proportion, to reality?

*(Sometimes, however, this is what it
takes, to solve a problem.)* Our
worry, and fretting, around our
foundering... and feeling, that we
are wasting time, or squandering
the good gifts, of the spirit, then
comes to the fore. This, to me, is
usually when it is time, to get ones
self, to his or her word processor,

and put down a few thoughts. One usually will perceive, that the art of writing, to him or herself, is much more profitable, than pacing the floor, or thinking about the problem. *So, this will be a wind fall, only as I remember to get my self engaged, into image capture... writing, or musical instrument sampling... just any creative work... a hobby, or a craft... this can and will stabilize, the depressive*

*symptoms... when given of vision,
and imagination. But we have to
remember, to use this latent ability,
of ours... before we cause injury
unto ourselves. For, in reality...
maybe we are working, on our
Selves, with a capital S... and
therefore, should worry less about
others, and more about ourselves.*

At any rate, these are a few
thoughts, this last week in
September, this good year. I think,

it's important, to remember the
distinctions, between rational
thinking, and good judgment... *and*
paranoid delusional thinking. The
President comes on the television...
he is holding a press conference...
about keeping and insuring that we
have strong, secure national
borders... that we prevent illegal
immigration. But, the paranoid
delusional person, glances at the
television, and immediately jumps

to the conclusion, that the
conference, is part of himself, or
for himself... *just a further
development, in the ongoing saga,
of his or her latest escapade.*

Down through time, there have
been those, who were, for whatever
reason, 'touched by God...' and he
or she feels this kind of
immanency... *he may even think,
for whatever reason, that he is
God.* At any rate, one can easily

see, how with this way of thinking,
and believing, he or she could
easily find himself making wrong
choices... based upon delusional
mindsets, or assumptions. So, this
is one of the perils, of the Mystics
path... this tendency to see all of
reality, as being little more than a
back drop... or a play, of supporting
cast, and crew... like in an old
movie... where 'its all for the lead
players benefit,' and to amuse the

Gods. Well, at any rate, you can see a few vain imaginings, which my mind easily conjures, this morning. While, life on Earth, is a vast universe, of desires, perceptions, and beliefs... schema, and happenstance, so diverse and manifold, such as to be in comprehensible... to see it all as revolving around ones self, is something like, the baby infant... born into the world, with little or no

ink ling into origins, of all which he
or she sees... and, it's all a play, for
his short span of attention... and to
pass the hours... an endless parade,
or flow of amusements. *Maybe, this
is the essence, of the infantile,
schizoid state of mind... that of a
little child.* In any artists course, it
just takes one or two deaths, within
his or her home nucleus... and he or
she experiences ranges of
depression... and begins seeing all

through the lenses of a 'system of a
down,' to use the popular artists
term. In my experience, it's then
that the symptoms of depression,
and schizophrenia together, can
produce this sort of warped way of
seeing... this tendency, to make
poor choices, based not upon
rational intellect, and sound
reasoning... but upon paranoia, and
self delusion. In this sort of frame
of mind, it's very easy, to kind of

moth ball everything one is
working upon... and scuttle it... to
call it a day. But, I feel, too, that
we should remember... *that life
goes on, even after death and loss...
that, 'this old world, keeps right on
turning...' to paraphrase the
popular tune... and to see, how
what we'll remember, will be the
good times... not the times of
sorrow.* There will always be set
backs. More importantly, can one

keep plugging, even through set
backs, and disappointments? This
will be the more full measure, of
your talents... *your gifts, which
indeed are given, of both
'accidents, and inspiration.'* Just
some thoughts. All for now, Greg.

~

WHENEVER ONE WISHES, TO
PEER beneath the surfaces, of the

waters of the collective
unconscious, he or she can do this.
*Really, the biggest hindrance, for
the aspiring writer, will be the
subconscious longing for an 'inner
guide.'* This, indeed, is true... so
many deal and cope with feelings of
loneliness, and isolation... there's
an yearning... there may be nothing,
other than passage of time, for this
puzzle to be solved... yet so many,
are impatient, and give up hope...

the need to locate the 'clear light,'
of bliss... and this presence... for
some, may go un fulfilled... the
tangled thicket, may be too dense.
It seems to me, that in life, people
go years of living, and eventually
hope, for something better... for
spiritual awakening. Whatever it
is... the sins, or excesses, or miss
deeds of youth, or young adulthood,
have a way of darkening, the clean
and innocent... and one begins to

seek, for an alternative, and to find
an 'inner,' or higher, or 'hidden'
reality... to 'atone,' through
'spiritual' practice, of some kind.
*(He or she may not know, however,
at the beginning, just quite what
this might mean.)* Through the
thoughtful investigation, of the
parapsychological literature, and
poetic mystical literature,
(Theosophy, or Eastern Mysticism,)
ones stumbling foot steps, gain

more purpose, and direction... the inner lamp, begins to glow with radiance. This is an unmistakable transformation. Those around, will begin to warm up, in it's glowing. If the person makes it though the first waves of potions and powders... and honestly seeks, to get him self or her self clean... in light, of the grown up realities, and consciousness... (which anyone will have become acquainted with, by

his or her time of coming of age...
around twenty one years of age...)
*and really deal with life on its
simplest terms... he or she may
meet 'Jesus.'* There are various
terms, and associations, for this...
Krishna, or Buddah consciousness,
or simple Christos, or an Divine
presence, within... even something
so simple, as what is spoken of as
the 'still small voice...' these
various descriptions... *these all get*

*at this which can bring the mind, to
eventual full fledged consciousness
awareness, which is so desired.*

The 'Jesus' consciousness, leads the
person, sometimes through thorny,
tangled undergrowth... others may
label, the young adult, as schizo
affective... as the spirit awakening,
may occur early... prior unto really
developing grown up strategies...
*he will be weak, having known only
child like consciousness, for all of*

his or her life... this, isn't always avoidable. I myself, was shown the way, more or less... and I was rarely led into paths of delusion... and always had a modicum of common sense, and rationality, about myself. *But, I was weak, and the walking, for myself, was difficult.* I had two serious suicide attempts, before getting myself into constant company, with other warm hearted presences. If only I had done, and

seen this sooner, these self injury attempts, might could have been avoided. But I had my mind set on being a hermit... and going it alone. The only thing that turned me from this, was my second suicide attempt. For, only then, did I understand... *I needed to live, in an group household... a group home.*

In an healthy environment, like most group homes are, timely things, like seasonal changes, and

other weather changes, as well as death, and loss... fortune, and miss fortune... all are seen, and dealt with from the collective, group perspective. The coming of winter, brings contraction, and density, unto the languid, and lazier summer consciousness. *The centaur, or hybrid consciousness, goes through a kind of quickening, and thickening, in anticipation, of the bitter frosts to come.* I think, that

this alone, spurs myself to get to the word processor keyboard, and in seeing through the 'vexation,' of the coming of winter, in solving the puzzles, I just always find myself with new writing. *You see, then this works in two ways... in finding real answers, and correspondingly, in having new material, to show for the time.*

Well, I look, now, and realize that this article, of writing, is coming

along well enough... and, that it gets at some ideas, which I haven't covered, as yet... and so there's an up welling of pride, and I find myself encouraged, to finish the second half. A full article of writing, may take a week, or more, to come to completion... it often boils down, unto, just 'how patient, am I, in allowing time, for the new ideas, to gestate.' *Trying to 'rush to completion,' usually only makes for*

*half way thinking... I'll cherish the
hard copy, more, I think, if I allow
plenty time, for its gradual
completion.* There's this paradox,
or what might be called, a parallax,
of difference, between, the ideals,
of spiritual consciousness... *and the
sin full natures, of the flesh, of our
physical, sensual embodiment.*

There will always, be some
disagreement here. As we age,
increasingly, we're faced with this

dichotomy... the spirit is more than willing, but the flesh lags behind... this is seen, following losses, such as death of a loved one... the mind, and spirit lags behind... while the matter changes state... from living to inert... the matter returns to dust.

This, indeed is a simplistic, yet profound shift... you see... the memory, of the person remains, while the mass falls away... the soul experiences loss, and separation.

Our sinful natures, might be the sense of loss, and miss placed longing, for that flesh, which has fallen away, and become deceased.

How can grief, be any more acutely experienced, than in the eventual loss, and grieving, of ones very own self? So, you see, the problem is elusive, in nature... as our living minds, too, dream of those whom have gone before... of those whom we have lost... and, of

their misplaced desire, for their life,
they left behind. At any rate, there
are two ways of seeing Heaven...

one, as the Atman, or Braman
consciousness... which precedes, all
others... as a rule, or constant... and
the other, as simply an expression,
or projection, into empty space, of a
living beings mind... and thusly,
that all Mind, and Consciousness, is
delved of and around, the minds,
and physical existences, of the

living. *The magical part, I think, is just in how, the Minds of the departed souls, in Heaven, also project, and expand outwardly... casting beautiful fields... the Silver Realm, from out of the 'Haunts, of Antiquated Peace...' and out of the Minds, of All whom have ever been, and gone... before.* Well, all for now, have a good new week.

When one wishes to get into alignment, and step with the

encompassing fabric, of his or her higher mind, and consciousness, as he or she can find it, *he can situate him or her self in front of a word processor keyboard, or empty notebook page.* As any thinking, feeling human being would know, *(if he or she has entered the flow, of life upon Earth, in this twenty first century,)* there are enormous troubles, appearing to come unto consciousness, upon the surfaces of

the empty air. I ask myself, this
one singular question: **Where
should I place my substantial
focus of attention?** Show me just
where, and I will. *But, only if
doing so will not harm my clean
conscience, or make me sick, in the
process.* Because, where I put my
focus of attention, is mine, to
decide. *I, myself, won't allow my
peace to be ruined, or given an
endless run around, when there are*

much better things to see, easier ways, right here at home. As our area, is getting through our real 'coming of winter,' currently, there's some bluesy components, to our mornings, noons, and nights. Winters coming 'icy fingertips,' are definitely showing up, (*Most people will know, what I mean, by this,*) These 'frigid fibers,' appear, indeed to be somewhat set off, by the past years' mortal short

comings... *death has claimed so many, and we've certainly had losses, where we are.* This writing, however, comes, as I give thanks, for my own good health, and pain free existence, right now... *and we'll see what the doctor says, after our physical exams tomorrow.*

But, our groups' losses, have been pretty intense... and its almost like, death claims everyone, eventually, so we can see, presently, how those

whom have passed, and ascended,
in this way... despite the sense of
loss, a daughter or son may feel, for
a father, or a mother... *are really*
'home free,' as we all, eventually
face the same transition... indeed
we could do no better, ourselves!

One here upon, rests in sympathy,
with the other, poor human
survivors, whose existence must
continue, *must journey on.*

Animals, are a big part, of our

human bargain... as well as are
many, many plants, and minerals...

we simply couldn't exist, in our
present form, without harvesting,
and mining them! *And, any one*

can see the clear victory... as up
right bipeds, our fore limbs, with

hands, ten fingers, including
opposable thumbs... our large, self

aware, thinking and feeling
cranium, and brain... *we appear, of*
all others, to be in charge. And so,

we expect nothing less, than Godly
ways, of our grown men, and
women... and, the antiquated
saying, **'Don't wait for your child
to be a great man... Make him a
great boy!'** is still as relevant as it
ever was. This is good steward
ship. The fewer mistakes, a boy
makes, in his or her nature
relationship, the better... as I'm just
sure, young men are many, whose
conscience, can't just be entirely

clean... *as the sometimes wicked adolescent ways are, boys do get together, and sometimes two are worse than one, alone.* Mistakes in these areas can last a life time... sex, drugs, automobiles, *and the ubiquitous roles, humble nature plays, in young mens lives.* Unnecessary cruelty, to animals, is today thought of as being the same thing, as cruelty to another human. This should always be taught, to

young people. At any rate, I sit here, writing this cloudy, rather windy early afternoon. Even if I only get one or two paragraphs, from this writing session, I'll at least be that much farther along, with this essay. This keeps me going back, unto my keyboard, to see just what new words, might form. **Those we've lost, to sickness, and death of any kind, do indeed 'live on, in our**

memories.' This is a grown up mystery... adults, generally, do not speak of this. *(In case, you were wondering what people, who've experienced death of a loved one, do, all of the time... cooped up in their dwellings, and abodes. At least, I've tried to 'disspell the shadows,' and 'demystify' aging, and older peoples' secrecy.)* Such is life. All for now, Greg.

~

*Whenever one wishes to tap into
the spiritual plane, of
consciousness, within, and around
all life, and matter, he or she can
do that. To know, of that which is
beneath the level of surface
appearances, he or she can simply
peel back, a line of thought, and
find what is within it... by peering
upon the thoughts, which appear to*

follow sequentially, from the first one. When each successive thought, is within the folds, of the previous, you can see something like, the layers of an onion... with each thought, nestled snugly within the previous... right down the page, unto the heart of the onion... *the main idea, of the essay*. There are many ways, such as this one, to look at the art of writing. Getting the 'internal radio,' on the right

signal, is another... as well as is
'getting ones self in step,' with his
or her higher mind, and
consciousness... attuning with
classical patterns, and styles, while
yet expressing the essence, of the
moment, for him or her self. *All of
these simmy lees get at this which
the writer does.* Everybody knows,
what is meant by 'creative writing.'
But, when one is attuning, unto the
subtlest of impression, and

inkling... this goes beyond simple creative thought. When thoughts are given in an applied manner, as it were, as in an discerning, of the all around best ideas, about the writers best here and now picture... then this is the sigh kicks art form... the discerning, really taking place, in the writers innate reactions, and responses, unto the inner sigh kicks educated guesses... and, through shifting perspectives, between

inside, and outside... *this usually involves an attuning, and listening, for the faintest of voice, or signal... and paying attention, to that, and going from there.* So, what one then has, is usually something like an self help lesson... a gift, given only through many, many tries and attempts, at successful writing... learning good paths, only over time, *and years of developing of spiritual discernment...* and this might

require ten years, or more, just of
learning the 'ways of the spirit,' not
to mention, a childhood rich in
reading... and all of that vocabulary
enrichment, and literary
familiarizing, with the various
modes, of story telling, and
character development... in writing.

*So, and this which you can see on
the page, isn't just a cookie cutter
writing... but the accumulated
wisdoms, of many years... and*

*writing, based around the process
of its own coming into being...
writings about writing... which
somehow get at the essence of the
time... the moment, and day. Well,*
we here in the Northern
hemisphere, have come through
another Samhain, or symbolic 'end
of harvest,' and 'coming of winter.'
(Observed as the mid way point,
between the fall equinox, and the
winter solstices.) Seasonal

observances, are, for myself, a bit of a gass. Capers and shenannagins accompanied our Halloween, *and I myself received a fright, while putting away my weekly clothes washing, that morning, in my bedroom, around nine a.m.* Go figure. At any rate, another days end, and I had better get to sleep.

The next day, and our persistent winters' rain has still got our skies overcast. But, by lunch time today,

the sun is expected to return, and I hope to finish my video capture work for a new nature film... *then, if the creek doesn't rise, I'll be able to produce and mix it down.* This work, I am able to find and accomplish, helps to mark the passages of the days into weeks, and gives me something tangible to show for the time spent. As I sit, and brainstorm, over topics to include in this essay, I'm drawn

unto the random playing of my juke box device, which is beside my bed.

My early works, some of which exist only as digital files, are exact copies of the master tapes. *I'm just as amazed as I ever have been, at how this digital solid state storage, affords perfect, archival preservation, of any tape recorded music... down to the faintest nuance.* These audio captures have been with me for more than fifteen

years. At any rate, when one wishes to come into step, and alignment, with his or her higher mind, and consciousness, through writing, onto the page, of an word processor, or note book... then, he or she places hands, upon keyboard, or pen to paper... awaiting the subtlest impulse, or inspiration... *one can easily see his or her 'big picture,' and can readily speak to the various peripheral perceptions,*

around his person. In thinking of ones ultimate identity, he might see himself as his Mamas boy, or his Dads son. As such, sitting here, I am trying to make the best of this chilly early November morning, by attuning with these thoughts, here now... how will this writing be seen, in the over all sense? *Just how, will these thoughts fit in with the others?* These questions, are hovering just about my person, here

on this bed. There's a thing, about writing such as this... while these thoughts may appear pretty commonplace, in this present moment... with the passage of years, and the golden patina of time, (*especially considering, how digital media tends to linger, far past its creation*) this period, for myself, is certainly a continue a shun, of the prolific creativity, of my most recent five years. Before

this period, my piano playing, was much more scarce... I would make a set of recordings, an album... then put my piano away, for a year or more... only returning to it, the following season. *Nowadays, playing, for myself, is therapeutic, and comes in very useful, in dealing with my week to week emotional ups and downs... there's nothing better, for turning the tables, on a bad emotional*

*experience... than getting ones self
to the piano, and playing my heart
out.* So, this has increased my out
put, in recent years. Hopefully,
we'll avoid having to deal with a
weather event, like a tornado
outbreak, next year, or the next.
So, if everything goes according to
plan, this can be seen as a fairly
good time period, *and our
memories, will mix and mingle,
with the positive directions, our*

land is going in... our having developed, good vaccines, for dealing with the coronavirus... but, on the down side, so many have been negatively affected... we ourselves, may be among the majority, who escaped getting this illness, but others close by, weren't so fortunate. The losses we've had, have been profound. At any rate, these are some thoughts. Well, all for now. I think it's my lunch time,

so I'd better put this writing away,
and get into the dining area. All for
now, Greg.

Ones hyper cortex, or the area just
above, and around the brains
cerebral cortex... *outside, of the
cranium, and above it...* the
proximal space, above and around
the cranium... this area is of great
significance, in higher cognition...
and in making leaps of insight...
which can only take place, at the

*juncture, of the inside, and outside,
of the cranium... looking into this
area, in discernment... can reveal
much, about present ranges... and
of the importance, of ones voice.*

*'Resistance, is proportional,'
another writer has said, 'to the
square of the importance of what
you're talking about.'* So, one can
easily see, from looking, from the
inner eye, into this shimmering
window, of appearances... this

juncture, between inside, and
outside, of self... whether the scope
of ones work, presently, is larger, or
smaller... and by assessing the
phenomena. Some reptilian
appearances, have a certain
connotation, as do the lighter, easier
features. *I might can easily explain
the reptilian phenomena, but this
doesn't necessarily mean, that an
outside person can.* So, see? Such
asks questions of the world,

inherently, and always has... and
always will. Some will use these
types of things, as excuse, or
justification for further miss deed...

*but, this, in some, spells out, the
'facts of life.'* But, at any rate, we
here, are still awaiting any good
sunshine... we've had none this
week, and this is Friday. As I sit
typing these words into this word
processor keyboard, now, I can
easily make out, words at the back

of my mind, which say something to the effect of, *'Times have gotten scary, again, over here on my side of the world!'* While, that may be

true, over there, our Western system, here, appears to be moving along... just another beautiful day in the neighborhood. At any rate, I sit writing. I have definitely found that my daily ups and downs, are dispersed, almost entirely, by the quality, of my written output.

*Finding this, again... how my daily
dark nesses, are really no match for
my writers mind, and*

*consciousness, is important. 'The
sum of me, is more than my
transient emotions, and the thoughts
which bee devil my mind.'* So, and
then, gratitude is my proper
attitude. And, our seasonal
observance of Thanksgiving, is just
ahead, in three weeks. This
writing, should give my reader, a

sense, of the times we are living in... 'under,' might be a better term, *as surely we all will have seen, in the recent months.* But, at any rate,

these are some thoughts, this morning. When one wishes to get into step, and alignment, with the ultimate best intention ality, and the most advanced economy, then he or she, might sit before his or her word processor... and see just what thoughts, arise. The more I sit and

dwell around a thing, the larger, and more pronounced, it appears to grow. **But, when one will have given the best he or she is able, in honoring those whom he or she has lost... this then frees one up, to rest easier... and put mourning, and grief away.** This is always, a relief, to see, coming forth. We do believe in healthy grieving, but also, in moving on when thought all right. At any rate, to my readers,

and anyone else connected to these thoughts, 'Thank you!' for without a listeners seeing, and having, of a thing, I don't think, I would have much reason for writing, to start with. Well, anyways, these are just some ideas, which have been percolating, and fermenting around thoughts of, this weekend, for myself. *I pray that everyone is well, and stays well, through and past Thanksgiving, into December.*

All for now, Greg

~

Modes of literary criticism... there are many... some are little more, than a sort of '*taking issue with a piece of furniture.*' This effect, should always be avoided. Instead, if you're writing, is solely, or mainly, an 'getting into step,' with ones higher mind, and

consciousness... *or, if it's of some value to yourself, therapeutically, or, if it's given, so as to better see, some otherwise obscure phenomena... then, this can be allowed, in some cases. Here's an example, using the Lewis Carroll story, Through the Looking Glass, to somehow shed light, and look into the 'Human Predicament.'* (Especially, as in how there's this dichotomy, between the mortal

*beings, on earth... and the higher,
ascended beings, which some might
would point unto, in solving our
puzzles...)*

Here's what young children, some
of them anyway, ask of their Higher
Power: *"When a magic portal, or
secret magic window opens up,
you'll tell me, won't you? So that I
can be just like you, in your sooth
saying?"*

We may not tend to think of our ordinary grown up lives, as being magical, or as inhabiting an 'Magic Kingdom,' or 'Wonderland,' but, think about it... to a neophyte, some things, in adult living, are just far out.

Here's what their higher beings answer is: *"NO!!! I'm going to keep the secret portals, and magic looking glasses a secret, and not say a thing!"* So, is it any wonder,

how young people... *mortals...*
proceed to blindly fall into the first
mud puddle that opens up?
*Inadvertent fate! The higher being
eschews them right into it! Un
intentionally.*

You see? We mortals, here living
our time on Earth, pray this way:
*“Dear Lord, in Heaven, please,
won't you give me insight, into the
Future?”* The Lord, then, in His

wisdom, replies, *"No, my child. I must keep some things hidden from you... just Trust and Obey."* The

Lord looks upon the world, and sees trends... and more trends... *and still more trending signs.* But before He can say anything, about what He's seen, *His own child has made a mistake... from out of the mess of which, God knows... well, only God knows, what!*

Well, at any rate, I sit thinking, this Sunday evening, and mulling over the events of the recent week. Do you see how the above paragraph describes a unique view into the paranoid mind... *you see, aren't we all just wanderers, watching the signs, and making the best possible choices, as we know how... with limited information?* Doesn't the walking seem difficult, at times?

**'Isn't life strange? A word we
arrange... with no thought, or
care... Maker of despair?' - J.**

Lodge

I can think of writings, and sketch
ings I have saved, from deep times,
in my life... *looking back, upon
them... trying to remember specific
contextual information, solely from
looking at an artwork, for example,
from twenty years, or more ago, I*

find nearly impossible. This is
nearly like awakening from a
dream, and having only vague
impressions, of what was
happening, in the dream... but
knowing, it was a very real
experience... *like a peek into a
complex contextual situation, which
has simply passed us by...* with no
real information, as to the whos,
whats, whens, wheres, hows, or
whys... *with practically no physical*

*link, whatsoever... and trying to
make sense out of a jumble of
impressions... this is what this
present time reminds me of. I can
see, how, our readers, may be
many... (especially when the
possibility of a higher plane of
consciousness, around ourselves,
seems likely,) maybe, we're just not
completely us, right now... we're
some figment, of a readers, or
listeners dream of ourselves... or*

their after life dream... we find ourselves draped, and en meshed in some one elses ephemeral dream, of us... and in of how we relate, unto them... and to their sub conscious minds, and souls. So, this present time we're in, right now... feels a bit like a dream. It seems clear, how we seem to be reading the scrolls, and the runes, which point unto phenomena, which is sometimes, outside our mortal understanding.

It just feels kind of deep. Kind of
psychedelic... like a sort of brew, of
deep voices, and visions... all
pointing unto that which lies, just
around the bend... *'when we come
down, from the 'dreams of the
evening,' so to speak. At any rate,
these are some thoughts, this
evening.*

**'Where do people go, when they
don't know where their lives are**

**going to take them? How could
they know, which way the wind
blows, when they don't stop, to
feel and listen?' -Jamey D'Arnold**

*It's been so good, to have a real
connection to the practical, honest
every day reality... despite the
winds, of change. It's clear, having
thought this way, about the hidden
world, that we then, at some point,
must realize, that the departed,*

maybe, can't really affect us, in our
lives... *(for, this would be a
violation, the prime directive)* and,
that there is, usually, thought to be
nothing, but our very own selves,
which control the ways our lives,
and times go... the direction, and
path. *After all, it is really ourselves
alone, who have been so
ceaselessly building and creating,
in our striving, our heavenly
palaces, and temples!*

Well, just thinking.

All for now, Greg

~

I have wanted to return, to writing,
for several days now... to again
revisit the thinking, on the various
risks and perils, of substance abuse.

As I entered puberty, in my life,
around age twelve, and into age
thirteen... I began noticing physical
changes... most people will be

conscious, of how, in males,
testosterone begins entering at a
point, and in the females, estrogen.

*For myself, these new chemical
hormones, were something entirely
new, unto all of my previous life
experience... I didn't know what
was happening, to me... I just
wanted it to stop. So, in an effort,
to restore my child like innocence,
and comfort levels... I took to going
into my parents medicine cabinet. I*

found that some of these medicines, gave me a false sense of power, and comfort, as if higher abilities, were mine for the taking, in the form of a pill, or a syrup. I became troubled, right away, by blinding head aches, *which, in my ignorance, at the time, I couldn't much even objectively apprehend, that I was feeling.* I just learned that, I felt very bad... others my age, seemed to hold, this power over me, and all this blinding

pain, would dissolve, by taking the pill or potion... and I would have three or four, or more hours of forgetfulness. *Never mind, that this fix, was artificial, and habit forming... I thought, to myself, at the time, that the trade off was worth repeating, over and over.*

Without a tear, or a whimper, I became addicted to pills, by age fifteen. Let me tell you about these headaches. Thirty five years later,

and I can still remember the
numbing blindness, which
consumed my entire upper body...
without warning, or my having
inkling, into the cause-effect
relationships involved, I would self
medicate... only to be sent into
throes of despair, as the
encompassing societal pressure,
which I had no conscious awareness
of... no appreciation of,
objectively... would flare up, in

company with my peers. I had committed the cardinal sin, of de personifying the spirit, through artificial chemical means. To my peers, at that age, some of whom could have told me, even then... *taking an artificial chemical pill, or potion... is the same thing, as dishonesty, unto those peers... I might as well, have concocted a false story, about being a super hero, or a genius like Einstein. I*

was being diss honest with my friends, and by constantly being high, on something, in their midst, I wasn't acting right. But, you must understand, that, when you're twelve, or thirteen, and find your self tossed around, by the emotions, and turmoil, and angst, of early puberty... some kids, will head for the medicine cabinet... after all, your head, or something 'hurts.' If only I could have known, or been

told, how upon entering the journey
of adulthood... and often early, as
young as twelve, young people, in
families, begin to be tasked,
spiritually... mentally... with finding
balance... between the polarities, of
the two, or more paired families...
this finding of balance, is akin
unto... might as well be as
challenging, as the need for
balance, between young, and old.
Since husbands, and wives, are

*each formed of distant shores, and
various backgrounds, and
families... it's just reality, that the
youth, of the family, ultimately get
tasked, with reconciling the
polarities, of those paired families.*

And, the youth, who might be
reading this, may well, not, have
yet noticed, or had their attention
brought unto, the invisible,
emotional planes, of experience,
within the human imagination. He

or she, may be somewhat blind, to
the 'whispered phantom thoughts,'
only reading the surface
information, **as it were, blindly
stumbling through, the
experiential universe, and not
ever finding, or connecting,
intellectually with, experien
chally, with his or her Angels....
and all of that beautiful being
ness, just slips away. At any rate, I
sit writing here, this late Sunday**

afternoon, in mid November. The
more I think about a thing, the
larger, and more imposing, it seems
to grow, in my mind. But, with a
measure, of patience, in living,
anyone can come to greater
understanding, of his or her higher
mind, and consciousness. *It
usually just takes an attuning, and
receptively aligning, with that
higher mind, and consciousness.*
And, this will be given of a mind

full ness. So, no matter how far, he
or she may travel, he will always
return to his home, safe and sound.

As the song goes, 'Every day is a
winding road.' And this is usually
experienced, as a series of
gauntlets, which one passes
through, each new day. The mind
always seems to close in, to a
narrow point, only before opening
back out into greater light and
loveliness. *And, you'll see this, in*

your ordinary living. All for now,

Greg

~

For the past five years of my life,
I've been led, inwardly, to really
work on visualizing, and
developing, my centers of the inner
focus. *Along the astral body, there
are areas, which, unless they are
really entrained, and unless one*

*acquires the focus of concentration,
to rapidly activate these centers,
when one is faced with daily
migraines... you'll definitely live
with pain. But, this is not an easy
goal to get! Buddhist practices,
have language to describe this
practice, and involve refining, of
the subtle neuro musculature, of the
psyche... and familiarizing, oneself,
with the various centers, to
alleviate some of the pains, creative*

living brings. Or, can bring. As stated, this refining isn't an easy goal. Reclaiming of the astral body. But, when we can entrain, the mind, to understand, that in any ongoing, of cognitive, or physical activity, these sorts of bad migraines, will tend to pounce, which produces a kind of blinding pain. (Mainly, as a sort of 'block,' unto the inner vision, usually experienced, at the back of the

head, and, at the hypercortex, just around and above the scalp.) Due to these sorts of migraines, you'll want to entrain, the mind, to understand, that this pain is a part of any creative life... and accompanies any physical or cognitive ongoing, or distraction. *This, however, can be alleviated, or mitigated, by simultaneously knowing, to activate the subtle neuro musculature, of the astral body... and in my recent*

years, I've learned, to work this subtle musculature, in order to maintain mental fitness, and keep the dross, from forming across my third eye. These visualizations are many, and they all seem to get at using the left and right sides of the astral body, in concert, and as in *isometric exercises*, lapping the right over the left, and alternating with the left over the right, as in doing washing, or scrubbing of

fabric. And, you may wonder, if the fabric is dirty! *This mainly is to keep The slack out... because The Devil loves this slack, and turns it against me.* The blurring of boundaries, between self, and ones higher access on all spirits... this alone, can result in this pain. More blurring, comes when one makes a recording of an environment, or a sample of an instrument... and you're given pure poe eesus...

something, from nothing.

This sharing is a big part of my every day! Until one learns, to mentally reach, with the inner hands, into the middle and lower astral centers, or the solar plexus, and work the neuro muscular visual faculty... this area, will lay dormant, and you'll entirely overlook, this dormant latency. *You see, when you visualize, in the solar plexus, and, simultaneously, in the*

language centers, in tandem, and as one, you can effectively rid ones mind brain, of all migraines.

(Temporarily, that is. You'll want to continue to access this subtle neuro muscular fabric, within yourself, in tandem, within your astral fields.

Because, living is almost always painful, on some level. And focusing ones inner vision, is exercising which one can do any time... during other activities.) Well, all for now,

Greg.

*As I start my day, the next morning,
I make a note: I've practically
never had a migraine this bad
before. I'm completely engulfed, in
the tangled briers, and impassably
dense under growth!*

*(Metaphorically speaking, that is...
as I'm poetic, this morning, on the
inside?) Our weather man tells us,
there's to be rain moving through
this morning... but, not everywhere,*

will see rain... We should just have much colder temperatures, here, by tomorrow. But, at least, it should be sunshine.

At any rate, I've brought my phone, and wireless keyboard outside to this covered shed, and am writing, just a few thoughts, to finish up yesterdays work. There's a story, about these young people, who made the innocent mistake, of lying flat on their backs in a field, and

staring up, into the sun. An experienced writer, will have seen this... how, yesterdays writing, of mine, appeared to speak, objectively, of Gods country, of the lands, within the human mind. This is a place of bleak same ness, and harsh contrasts... of aliens and extra terrestrials... just as much as it is of light and bliss... truth and peacefulness... *and speaking, in that manner, as I did, pretty much*

set in place, conditions for a bad migraine, for myself, the following morning... as I proposed myself, as being on top of Gods job! This is a basic truism, how after a night, of ecstatic dancing, there will be hard questions to answer, tomorrow.

When we're 'all too on,' today, we'll by default, by in the off position, the next day. *Anyways, the most beautiful relationships, will yet tend to be mired in, and have*

attributes of, duality. When one is good, the other will tend to be bad... because, this under lying nature, of our world, of 'spirits, in the material world,' is so often driven, by and of, dichotomy, and dualism. *These words, may seem dull, and un enlightened today, but with time, their inner lumin essence will be revealed.* So, see? In the time, it takes to illuminate, and point unto, a hidden nature, within

all mind, and consciousness, that
same material being, will have,
mentally, journeyed, more than his
share... and will have been shown,
of the Byzantine natures, of this
world, of flesh, mind, and spirit.

'Traveling at the speed of light,
those left behind, will have long
since died, and new times, will
have been born.' One will have
catching up to do. Isn't this just
bizarre? *This present writing, is a*

bit too bizarre, as nothing in this world, is that bad. But, at any rate, I've got some words down, to start with. Over the course, of the day, I'll try and refine them, to make them shine! As, that which the writer is given, so to speak, is not the end of the story, but instead, a primacy, from which to work back, and which is gradually 'toned down.' *This is the human perspective... and, as the wrens,*

*building a nest, we really watch,
carefully, over time... and refine a
thing, in time, removing the
imperfections, and bringing it unto
fullness, and completion. Well, all
for now, Greg*

~

**While, I may not can change time,
nor see the future, I can make
room for a friend. The amazing**

thing, about the poetic, intuitive inner reality, is this: Just when, I think I've got the right methodology down, to an art form... the puzzle rules, all seem to change. So, you think you understand the inner, esoteric reality? That's a good sign, that you're lost. And, this stuff, of magic, and sooth saying, is the subject of lore, in terms of being something you can learn, or get under your fingers, thoroughly...

just when you think you've got the
answer, a new world, opens out,
and you find yourself blind sided!

*Having great knowledge, can be the
same thing, as being made to look
ignorant.* Indeed, they are two
sides of the same coin. We seldom
can comprehend God's view... but
we may imagine, that we know... in
our imagination. An aspiring
writer, or musician, is just like a
commodity, or a future, which

hasn't yet proven itself to be...

which hasn't yet manifested itself.

In light of the spirit world, I might

go years, of being pushed, and

shoved into the places I need to

be... in much the same way, as a

farmer, or a rancher would, his

crop, or his horses... before his or

her usefulness, being shown. At

any rate, my living my life, as I

am... *I might be at a place, of*

esoteric fullness, and sense of

*completion, before being shown,
the real world reality, might be
different.* We inhabit, the inner
world, and are often impressed, by
the inner experiences, and
phenomena... but being in the flesh,
as we are... mortals... have always
to keep our other five senses,
closely attuned to the exoteric on
goings happening all around
ourselves. But, with an balanced
approach, to the outer, as well as

the inner worlds... as in a group living environment, when such is healthy... we can find continuance, and endurance. This can allow, for transcendent living. At any rate, I sit here, to see if I have any closing thoughts, to finish this audio book

with. *The calendar is now at December, and we're trying not to repeat, last years mistakes.* But, in truth, we haven't changed, much... we still believe in Father Christmas,

and the promise of a New Year.

How would one describe this present time? Perhaps, like the Internet Technology entrepreneur, whose basic templates, and directory comes, in a rush, to be the home to, not just millions, of persons media, but billions... you know. *What all might be contained, in this directory, is a matter of speculation...* as, simply, it would take several life times, to

look over it all... but all of this media, however, is indexed, and tabulated, to appear, given specific, or more generalized searches, or queries... *there's methodology in how this material is organized...*

but as for specifics of the directories full contents... no one alive could actually read, all of that media. So, the question, of just

'what have we got here?' may never be answered, in full, but none

the less, 'we have got a lot, of
data...' this must be known, and
understood to be the case. Well, all
for now, and have a Happy New
Year. Greg

